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THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

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——— SANCTOS AUSUS RECLUDERE FONTES. VIRG.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

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M DCC XCVI.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE SEVENTH BATTLE, FOR THE BODY OF PATROCLUS: THE ACTS OF MENELAUS.

MENELAUS, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus who attempts it, is ſlain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires; but ſoon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a flight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas ſuſtains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horſes of Achilles deplore the loſs of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkneſs: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occaſion. Menelaus ſends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmoſt fury, he and Meriones aſſiſted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ſhips.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The ſcene lies in the fields before Troy. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS is the only book of the Iliad which is a continued deſcription of a battle, without any digreſſion or epiſode, that ſerves for an interval to refreſh the reader. The heavenly machines too are fewer than in any other. Homer ſeems to have truſted wholly to the force of his own genius, as ſufficient to ſupport him, whatſoever length he was carried by it. But that ſpirit which animates the original, is what I am ſenſible evaporates ſo much in my hands; that, though I cannot think my author tedious, I ſhould have made him ſeem ſo, if I had not tranſlated this book with all poſſible conciſeneſs. I hope there is nothing material omitted, though the verſion conſiſts but of ſixty-five lines more than the original.

However, one may obſerve there are more turns of fortune, more defeats, more rallyings, more accidents in this battle, than in any other; becauſe it was to be the laſt wherein the Greeks and Trojans were upon equal terms, before the return of Achilles: and beſides, all this ſerves to introduce the chief hero with the greater pomp and dignity.

P.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus ſpread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead.
Great Menelaüs, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:

Ver. 1.] This is finely poetical. The following couplet is literal:

Nor, ſlain by Trojans in the martial field,
Patroclus lay from Sparta's king conceal'd.

Ver. 3. *Great Menelaüs,*—] The poet here takes occaſion to clear Menelaus from the imputations of idle and effeminate, caſt on him in ſome parts of the poem; he ſets him in the front of the army, expoſing himſelf to dangers in defending the body of Patroclus, and gives him the conqueſt of Euphorbus, who had the firſt hand in his death. He is repreſented as the foremoſt who appears in his defence, not only as one of a like diſpoſition of mind with Patroclus, a kind and generous friend; but as being more immediately concerned in honour to protect from injuries the body of a hero that fell in his cauſe. Euſtathius. See the note on ver. 271. of the third book. P.

Thus round her new-fall'n young the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and firſt-born of her loves;

Ver. 5. *Thus round her new fall'n young*, &c.] In this compariſon, as Euſtathius has very well obſerved, the poet accommodating himſelf to the occaſion, means only to deſcribe the affection Menelaus had for Patroclus, and the manner in which he preſented himſelf to defend his body: and this compariſon is ſo much the more juſt and agreeable, as Menelaus was a prince full of goodneſs and mildneſs. He muſt have little ſenſe or knowledge in poetry, who thinks that it ought to be ſuppreſſed. It is true, we ſhould not uſe it now-a-days, by reaſon of the low ideas we have of the animals, from which it is derived; but thoſe not being the ideas of Homer's time, they could not hinder him from making a proper uſe of ſuch a compariſon. Dacier. P.

Ver. id. *Thus round her new-fall'n young*, &c.] It ſeems to me remarkable, that the ſeveral compariſons to illuſtrate the concern for Patroclus are taken from the moſt tender ſentiments of nature. Achilles, in the beginning of the ſixteenth book, conſiders him as a child, and himſelf as his mother. The ſorrow of Menelaus is here deſcribed as that of a heifer for her young one. Perhaps theſe are deſigned to intimate the excellent temper and goodneſs of Patroclus, which is expreſſed in that fine elogy of him in this book, ver. 671: Πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίφαλο μείλιχος εἶναι, *He knew how to be good-natured to all men.* This gave all mankind theſe ſentiments for him, and no doubt the ſame is ſtrongly pointed at by the uncommon concern of the whole army to reſcue his body.

The diſſimilitude of manners between theſe two friends, Achilles and Patroclus, is very obſervable: ſuch friendſhips are not uncommon, and I have often aſſigned this reaſon for them, that it is natural for men to ſeek the aſſiſtance of thoſe qualities in others which they want themſelves. That is ſtill better if applied to Providence, which aſſociates men of different and contrary qualities, in order to make a more perfect ſyſtem. But, whatever is cuſtomary in nature, Homer had a good poetical reaſon for it; for it affords many incidents to illuſtrate the manners of them both more ſtrongly; and is what they call a contraſt in painting. P.

And anxious, (helpleſs as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcaſe came,
His broad ſhield glimmers, and his lances flame.
The ſon of Panthus ſkill'd the dart to ſend,
Eyes the dead hero, and inſults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warriour! deſiſt, nor tempt an equal blow:

Ver. 7.] This couplet is a ſuperfluous appendage, and might be reſcinded without any detriment to the paſſage.

Ver. 10.] A fine verſe, but as the warriours had but one *lance*, though not unfrequently ſeveral miſſive weapons of ſmaller ſize, the *plural* number is employed merely to accommodate the connected *verb* to the rhyme of the foregoing verſe. Thus?

His threatening javelin, and his buckler's flame.

Ver. 11. *The ſon of Panthus.*] The conduct of Homer is admirable, in bringing Euphorbus and Menelaus together upon this occaſion; for hardly any thing but ſuch a ſignal revenge for the death of his brother, could have made Euphorbus ſtand the encounter. Menelaus putting him in mind of the death of his brother, gives occaſion (I think) to one of the fineſt anſwers in all Homer; in which the inſolence of Menelaus is retorted in a way to draw pity from every reader; and I believe there is hardly one, after ſuch a ſpeech, that would not wiſh Euphorbus had the better of Menelaus: a writer of romances would not have failed to have given Euphorbus the victory. But however, it was fitter to make Menelaus, who had received the greateſt injury, do the moſt revengeful actions. P.

Ver. 12.] The latter clauſe is a mere expletive of convenience. Ogilby is rude, but exactly gives the ſpirit of his author's ſenſe:

Nor by the body ſtood old Panthus ſon
A mere ſpectator, idly looking on.

To me the ſpoils my proweſs won, reſign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.
The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguiſh, and in ſcorn return'd.
Laugh'ſt thou not, Jove! from thy ſuperiour throne,
When mortals boaſt of proweſs not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his ſpotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (thoſe terrours of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vaineſt of the boaſtful kind
Theſe ſons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.

Ver. 20.] So Denham, Æn. ii:

Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, *not his own:*

ſee the note on book ii. verſe 159.

Ver. 22.] If we can rely on the authority of Juvenal, xv. 163, theſe ferocious animals obſerve a league of perpetual amity with each other, and men are the only animals ſo beſotted as to fight and murder their ſpecies: our poet, therefore, muſt not be indulged in this ſlander on the brute creation without any warrant from his author. Thus?

Nor ſpotted panther *vents his rage* in fight.

Ver. 23.] The following couplet as fully expreſſes the original:

Nor thus the boar, whoſe terrors fierceſt glow,
Such fury as theſe ſons of Panthus ſhew.

Ogilby ſeems good to me, with trivial correction:

Whoſe brutiſh nature *no ſoft arts* reclaim,
Compar'd to Panthus' haughty ſons, are tame.

Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring ſteel
This boaſter's brother, Hyperenor, fell:
Againſt our arm which raſhly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.
Theſe eyes beheld him on the duſt expire,
No more to chear his ſpouſe, or glad his ſire.
Preſumptuous youth! like his ſhall be thy doom,
Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
Or while thou may'ſt, avoid the threaten'd fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
His weeping father claims thy deſtin'd head,
And ſpouſe, a widow in her bridal bed.

Ver. 27.] The rhyme is ſcarcely ſatisfactory, but the couplet may be rendered more expreſſive of it's model thus:

Late, *in his prime*, beneath my conquering ſteel ——.

Ver. 29.] Fidelity may be conſulted without difficulty here:

Againſt our arm, which raſhly he *decry'd*——.

Ver. 36.] A happy repreſentation of the proverbial ſentiment of his author! Thus Chapman, with no leſs dexterity:

A foole ſees nought, before tis done; *and ſtill too late is wiſe.*

Ver. 37.] The concluding clauſe of this verſe is impertinent and unauthoriſed. I would propoſe this ſubſtitution, with due deference to the merits of our tranſlator:

Euphorbus thus, unmov'd: Thy life, this day,
My brother's blood, proud boaſter! ſhall repay.

Ver. 39.] What could induce him to diſregard his author on this occaſion? The return, I ſuppoſe, of the word *parent* in ver. 42. Thus?

On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils I ſhall beſtow,
To ſooth a conſort's, and a parent's woe.
No longer then defer the glorious ſtrife,
Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.'
Swift as the word the miſſile lance he flings,
The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
But blunted by the braſs innoxious falls.
On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
Nor flies the javelin from his arm in vain,
It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain;
Wide thro' the neck appears the griſly wound,
Prone ſinks the warriour, and his arms reſound.
The ſhining circlets of his golden hair,
Which ev'n the Graces might be proud to wear,

His weeping *parents claim* thy deſtin'd head,
On theſe thy conquer'd ſpoils *ſhould* I beſtow,
I ſoothe a *father's*, *mother's*, conſort's woe.

Ver. 43.] Our poet had his eye on Ogilby:

——————— Soon we'll *decide* this *ſtrife*,
And one by th' other's proweſs loſe his *life*.

Ver. 45.] Our tranſlator, after Ogilby, miſtakes his author. The Greek word, as I have had occaſion to remark before, means "to ſtrike hand to hand," without diſmiſſing the weapon. Thus?

Swift as the word he ſmote the convex ſhield;
Nor made his lance the plate well-temper'd yield.

Ver. 49.] The ſame error, as that juſt noticed, may be thus removed:

Nor *drave his forceful* arm *the lance* in vain.

Ver. 51.] So Dryden, Æn. xi. 54:

But when Æneas view'd *the griſly wound* ——.

Inſtarr'd with gems and gold, beſtrow the ſhore,
With duſt diſhonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
As the young olive, in ſome ſilvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;

Ver. 55. *Inſtarr'd with gems of gold.*] We have ſeen here a Trojan who uſed gold and ſilver to adorn his hair; which made Pliny ſay, that he doubted whether the women were the firſt that uſed thoſe ornaments. *Eſt quidem apud eundem* [*Homerum*] *virorum crinibus aurum inplexum, ideo neſcio an prior uſus à fœminis cœperit.* lib. xxxiii. cap. i. He might likewiſe have ſtrengthened his doubt by the cuſtom of the Athenians, who put into their hair little graſhoppers of gold. Dacier. P.

Inſtarr'd is a happy word of our tranſlator's own coinage, to which I can have no objection; but it ſuits the *gems* beſt, and they are an unauthoriſed ornament in this place: not to mention, that the word *ſhore* is a mere expletive. Thus?

With gold *entwin'd* and *ſilver, bright no more!*
Defil'd and *clotted lie* with duſt and gore.

Ver. 57. *As the young olive,* &c.] This exquiſite ſimile finely illuſtrates the beauty and ſudden fall of Euphorbus, in which the alluſion to that circumſtance of his comely hair is peculiarly happy. Porphyry and Jamblicus acquaint us of the particular affection Pythagoras had for theſe verſes, which he ſet to the harp, and uſed to repeat as his own Epicedion. Perhaps it was his fondneſs of them, which put it into his head to ſay, that his ſoul tranſmigrated to him from this hero. However it was, this conceit of Pythagoras is famous in antiquity, and has given occaſion to a dialogue in Lucian entitled The Cock, which is, I think, the fineſt piece of that author. P.

Ver. 60.] More agreeably to the purport of his author, thus:

And waves it's verdure to the foſtering air.

But our poet has profited by Chapman:

When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.

And all his freſh and lovely *head*, growne curld with *ſnowy flowres*,
That *dance*, and floriſh with the *winds*, that are of *gentleſt* powres.

And ſo Ogilby, at Virgil's Georg. ii. in an elegant verſe:

The wild aſh ſilvers with *a ſnowie flow'r*.

A writer in Dryden's miſcellanies ſays very prettily:

And thoſe bright flames, that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a *ſnow*.

This part of the beautiful *ſimile* before us, is executed with great delicacy by Mr. Cowper; and for the gratification of the reader (if I can promiſe myſelf this effect from my labours) I ſhall attempt a literal tranſlation myſelf:

As in a lone receſs, well fed with ſtreams,
The ſpreading olive, nurtur'd by ſome ſwain,
Grows fair and verdant, waving to the breeze
Of every wind, and teems with flowers of ſnow:
When ſudden ſprings a whirlwind's furious blaſt;
Tears from it's bed, and lays the plant in duſt.

Ver. 64.] Young, perhaps, had in memory this delicious paſſage, when he penn'd thoſe pathetic verſes of his Narciſſa:

Like bloſſom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the *beauteous ruin* lay.

A writer in Dryden's Miſcellanies, vol. vi:

Quick as the flow'rs are mown, he yields his breath,
But ſhews like them awhile, *ev'n beautiful in death*.

Ver. 65. *Thus young, thus beautiful Euphorbus lay.*] This is the only Trojan whoſe death the poet laments, that he might do the

Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies:
Flies, as before ſome mountain lion's ire
The village curs, and trembling ſwains retire;
When o'er the ſlaughter'd bull they hear him roar,
And ſee his jaws diſtil with ſmoking gore;
All pale with fear, at diſtance ſcatter'd round,
They ſhout inceſſant, and the vales reſound.
Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
And urg'd great Hector to diſpute the prize,
(In Mentes' ſhape, beneath whoſe martial care
The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)

---

more honour to Patroclus, his hero's friend. The compariſon here uſed is very proper, for the olive always preſerves its beauty. But where the poet ſpeaks of the Lapithæ, a hardy and warlike people, he compares them to *oaks*, that ſtand unmoved in ſtorms and tempeſts; and where Hector falls by Ajax, he likens him to an *oak* ſtruck down by Jove's thunder. Juſt after this ſoft compariſon upon the beauty of Euphorbus, he paſſes to another full of ſtrength and terrour, that of the lion. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 69.] Thus, more exactly to the words and arrangement of the original:

As a fierce mountain lion, in the meads,
Springs on the talleſt heifer as ſhe feeds,
Breaks her ſtrong neck with unreſiſted jaws,
Quaffs the warm blood, and reeking entrails draws:
Hounds bark at diſtance; and, all pale with fear,
At diſtance ſhout the ſwains, nor venture near:
Thus in their breaſt the hearts of Trojans fail,
Nor dares one warriour Sparta's prince aſſail.

Ver. 75.] Theſe are the rhymes of Chapman, who yet is not worthy of quotation in this place.

Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitleſs ſpeed to chace
Achilles' courſers, of æthereal race;
They ſtoop not, theſe, to mortal man's command,
Or ſtoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
Too long amus'd with a purſuit ſo vain,
Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus ſlain!
By Sparta ſlain! for ever now ſuppreſt
The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breaſt!
Thus having ſpoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
His words infix'd unutterable care
Deep in great Hector's ſoul: thro' all the war
He darts his anxious eye; and inſtant, view'd
The breathleſs hero in his blood imbru'd,

Ver. 81.] Thus Chapman:

——————————— by any *mortals hand:*
The great grand child of Æacus, hath onely their *command.*

Ogilby is exact; and, with correction, tolerable:

No hands can manage that cœleſtial pair,
But great Achilles, whom a goddeſs bare.

Ver. 85.] Thus, with fidelity:

O'er their Patroclus, Sparta's *king* ſuppreſt ——.

Ver. 89.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus? with a view to preſerve the *metaphorical* language of his original:

Deep ſinks the God's addreſs; and, crouding, roll
A train of ſorrows on the warriour's ſoul.
He darts ———.

(Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
And in the victor's hands the ſhining prey.
Sheath'd in bright arms, thro' cleaving ranks he flies,
And ſends his voice in thunder to the ſkies:
Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan ſent,
It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.

Ver. 93.] So Dryden, Æn. x. 1184:

Himſelf aſſiſts to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that *well'd from out the wound.*

Ogilby has a beautiful verſe of correſpondent purport, at the end of Æneid iv:

To raiſe her heavy eyes in vain ſhe try'd,
The crimſon fountain *bubbling* in her ſide.

Ver. 94.] His original preſcribes a more lively view of the action:

The victor, *tearing off* his ſhining prey.

Ver. 95.] Ogilby's verſion is truly comical, and furniſhes a fine occaſion for the various gloſſes of future *ſcholiaſts:*

Up through the ranks in glittering ſteel he came,
Roaring like a loud *breach,* or bellowing flame:

ſo that ſome commentators, no doubt, will ſhrink from their author with the decent caution of the great Roman rhetorician: "Ogil-"vium in *quibuſdam* nolim interpretari." And it is not unuſual for Chapman to ſpeak, in ſimilar phraſeology, of a hero *letting fly,* inſtead of *making an aſſault.* In this view, nothing can be more happily hit off and more truly humorous, than the traveſtie of our author at the concluſion of the twelfth Iliad; which is accurately faithful at the ſame time:

Whilſt thro' the *breach* the Greeks *let fly,*
And ran to wipe their b———s dry.

Ver. 98.] Rather,

Atrides from the voice the ſtorm divin'd,
And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.
Then ſhall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
Slain in my cauſe, and for my honour ſlain?
Deſert the arms, the relicks of my friend?
Or ſingly, Hector and his troops attend?
Sure where ſuch partial favour heav'n beſtow'd,
To brave the hero were to brave the God:
Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
Yet, nor the God, nor heav'n, ſhould give me fear,
Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
Still would we turn, ſtill battle on the plains,
And give Achilles all that yet remains

He flew, and fir'd the *ſquadrons* as *he* went:
but this line is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ver. 100.] I would propoſe, for the ſake of more fidelity,
And thus, *with ſighs*, *beſpake* his *mighty* mind.

Ver. 102.] Thus Ogilby:
And leave Patroclus *in my quarrel ſlain?*

Ver. 110. *Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear.*] How obſervable is Homer's art of illuſtrating the valour and glory of his heroes? Menelaus, who ſees Hector and all the Trojans ruſhing upon him, would not retire if Apollo did not ſupport them; and though Apollo does ſupport them, he would oppoſe even Apollo, were Ajax but near him. This is glorious for Menelaus, and yet more glorious for Ajax, and very ſuitable to his character; for Ajax was the braveſt of the Greeks, next to Achilles. Dacier. Euſtathius. P.

Of his and our Patroclus—This, no more,
The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the ſhore,
A ſable ſcene! The terrours Hector led.
Slow he recedes, and ſighing, quits the dead.
So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
Forc'd by loud clamours, and a ſtorm of darts;
He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
With heart indignant, and retorted eyes.
Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
His manly breaſt, and with new fury burn'd,
O'er all the black battalions ſent his view,
And thro' the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;

Ver. 113.] Thus, more faithfully:

Of his and our Patroclus: *this the leaſt*
Of preſent evils. Thus revolv'd his breaſt,
When Troy's collecting ſquadrons Hector led:

for the word *ſhore*, ſo often introduced, is ſcarcely proper, when the battle is conducted ſo near the walls of the city, with nothing but rhyming convenience to recommend it. Compare verſe 465, below.

Ver. 117. *So from the fold th' unwilling lion.*] The beauty of the retreat of Menelaus is worthy notice. Homer is a great obſerver of natural imagery, that brings the thing repreſented before our view. It is indeed true, that lions, tygers, and beaſts of prey are the only objects that can properly repreſent warriours; and therefore it is no wonder they are ſo often introduced: the inanimate things, as floods, fires, and ſtorms, are the beſt, and only images of battles. P.

This *ſimile* is complete in our poet's verſion, and affords a fine ſpecimen of his admirable powers.

Where lab'ring on the left the warriour ſtood,
All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
There breathing courage, where the God of day
Had ſunk each heart with terrour and diſmay.
To him the king. O Ajax, oh my friend!
Haſte, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
The body to Achilles to reſtore,
Demands our care; alas! we can no more!
For naked now, deſpoil'd of arms he lies;
And Hector glories in the dazling prize.
He ſaid, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
Already had ſtern Hector ſeiz'd his head,
And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;

Ver. 126.] A line ſuggeſted by the fancy of our tranſlator.

Ver. 131.] This verſe is degraded by the ſame *two* trivial words, and the gaping vowel. Thus?

'Tis our's, at leaſt his body to reſtore:
Achilles *this* demands; *nor* can we more.

Ver. 135.] I would venture the following couplet, to get rid of an imperfect rhyme:

He ſpake, and rous'd the warriour's generous rage:
They pierce the van, where thickeſt ranks engage.

Ver. 137. *Already had ſtern Hector*, &c.] Homer takes care, ſo long before hand, to leſſen in his reader's mind the horrour he may conceive from the cruelty that Achilles will exerciſe upon the body of Hector. That cruelty will be only the puniſhment of this which Hector here exerciſes upon the body of Patroclus; he drags him, he deſigns to cut off his head, and to leave his body upon the ramparts, expoſed to dogs and birds of prey. Euſtathius. P.

But ſoon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like ſhield,
Sprung to his car, and meaſur'd back the field.
His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
To ſtand a trophy of his fame in war.
Meanwhile great Ajax (his broad ſhield diſplay'd)
Guards the dead hero with the dreadful ſhade;
And now before, and now behind he ſtood:
Thus in the center of ſome gloomy wood,
With many a ſtep the lioneſs ſurrounds
Her tawny young, beſet by men and hounds;
Elate her heart, and rouſing all her pow'rs,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow low'rs.
Faſt by his ſide, the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his flight upbraids.

Ver. 150.] Chapman renders thus:

And lets his rough browes downe ſo low, they cover all his eyes.

But our incomparable tranſlator is very correct and ſpirited throughout the paſſage. Ogilby, gently chaſtiſed, may furniſh an agreeable variation to the reader:

As guards *the lioneſs her* ſavage brood,
Beſet with huntſmen in a ſheltering wood;
Turns round *and round*, *her* enemy defies,
And draws her frowning forehead o'er her eyes:
So Ajax ſtood.

Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find? 155
A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boaſted fame?
How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ
What other methods may preſerve thy Troy: 160
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand
By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?
Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect: 166
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,
While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,
A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air. 170

Ver. 155.] This moſt beautiful turn might ultimately originate in Ogilby:

If thus thou ſhrink'ſt, *thou art not what thou wert:*

for the original may be ſimply repreſented thus:

Hector, fair-form'd, but all unfit for war!

Ver. 163.] More accurately, I do not ſay more elegantly, thus:

In ceaſeleſs combat ſhall *my* Lycians ſtake
Their lives for you? thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from *thine arm* can *meaner worth* expect,
While low'd Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect?

Ver. 169. *You left him there A feaſt for dogs.*] It was highly diſhonourable in Hector to forſake the body of a friend and gueſt,

On my command if any Lycian wait,
Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the Gods impart
Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart;
(Such, as ſhould burn in ev'ry ſoul, that draws
The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,
And drag yon' carcaſe to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain
Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corſe again!
Greece with Achilles' friend ſhould be repaid,
And thus due honours purchas'd to his ſhade.

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and againſt the laws of Jupiter Xenius, or Hoſpitalis. For Glaucus knew nothing of Sarpedon's being honoured with burial by the Gods, and ſent embalmed into Lycia. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 170.] So the older French tranſlator: "En proye aux "*vautours* et aux *chiens*." Homer ſpeaks of *dogs* only.

Ver. 173.] This idea of *divine impulſe* is unauthoriſed by his model, which is properly taken off by Chapman:

> ——————— *Did ſuch a ſpirit* breath
> In all you Trojans, as becomes, all men that fight beneath
> Their countries ſtanderd.

Ver. 179.] Our tranſlator is too haſty and conciſe. His original may be literally rendered as follows; to verſe 183:

> Should that dead chief to Priam's city come,
> Drag'd from the battle's tumult; then the Greeks
> Might ſoon for ranſom give Sarpedon's arms,
> And we to Ilium his loſt relics bring:
> So great a hero ſerv'd Patroclus! firſt
> Of chiefs in Greece, and firſt of troops his men.

But words are vain—Let Ajax once appear,
And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
Thou dar'ſt not meet the terrours of his eye;
And lo! already thou prepar'ſt to fly.
The Trojan chief with fix'd reſentment ey'd
The Lycian leader, and ſedate reply'd,
Say, is it juſt (my friend) that Hector's ear
From ſuch a warriour ſuch a ſpeech ſhould hear?
I deem'd thee once the wiſeſt of thy kind,
But ill this inſult ſuits a prudent mind.
I ſhun great Ajax? I deſert my train?
'Tis mine to prove the raſh aſſertion vain;
I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
And hear the thunder of the ſounding ſteeds.

Ver. 186.] An inſipid and unauthoriſed line. Thus? very accurately:

Too conſcious of a nobler champion nigh.

Ver. 187.] More correctly thus:

With aſpect ſtern Troy's noble warriour ey'd ——.

Ver. 191.] This mode of expreſſion leads to a miſunderſtanding of his author. Thus?

Thy fame at home for wiſdom ill accords
With the weak tenour of theſe haughty words.

Ver. 193. *I ſhun great Ajax?*] Hector takes no notice of the affronts that Glaucus had thrown upon him, as knowing he had in ſome reſpect a juſt cauſe to be angry; but he cannot put up what he had ſaid of his fearing Ajax, to which part he only replies; this is very agreeable to his heroick character. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 196.] Somewhat better, perhaps,

And *brave* the thunder ——:

But Jove's high will is ever uncontroll'd,
The ſtrong he withers, and confounds the bold;
Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
Strikes the freſh garland from the victor's brow!
Come, thro' yon' ſquadrons let us hew the way,
And thou be witneſs, if I fear to-day;
If yet a Greek the ſight of Hector dread,
Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.
Then turning to the martial hoſts, he cries,
Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
Be men (my friends) in action as in name,
And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine,
Torn from his friend, by right of conqueſt mine.

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but it may appear frivolous to cenſure; and preſumptuous to correct ſuch an elegant and vigorous tranſlation of this excellent ſpeech, ſo characteriſtic of the dignity of Hector.

Ver. 209. *Hector in proud Achilles' arms ſhall ſhine.*] The ancients have obſerved that Homer cauſes the arms of Achilles to fall into Hector's power, to equal in ſome ſort thoſe two heroes, in the battle wherein he is going to engage them. Otherwiſe it might be urged, that Achilles could not have killed Hector without the advantage of having his armour made by the hand of a God, whereas Hector's was only of the hand of a mortal; but ſince both were clad in armour made by Vulcan, Achilles's victory will be compleat, and in its full luſtre. Beſides this reaſon (which is for neceſſity and probability) there is alſo another, for ornament; for Homer here prepares to introduce that beautiful epiſode of the divine armour, which Vulcan makes for Achilles. Euſtathius. P.

He ſtrode along the field, as thus he ſaid:
(The ſable plumage nodded o'er his head)
Swift thro' the ſpacious plain he ſent a look;
One inſtant ſaw, one inſtant overtook
The diſtant band, that on the ſandy ſhore
The radiant ſpoils to ſacred Ilion bore.
There his own mail unbrac'd the field beſtrow'd;
His train to Troy convey'd the maſſy load.
Now blazing in th' immortal arms he ſtands,
The work and preſent of celeſtial hands;

Ver. 215.] This *ſhore* might be truly ſtiled in vulgar language by the name of it's aſſociate in the ſucceeding verſe: ſee the note on verſe 113. Thus?

The diſtant band, *the radiant ſpoils* that bore;
Thoſe radiant ſpoils, which e'rſt Achilles wore.

Ver. 216. *The radiant arms to ſacred Ilion bore.*] A difficulty may ariſe here, and the queſtion may be aſked why Hector ſent theſe arms to Troy? Why did not he take them at firſt? There are three anſwers, which I think are all plauſible. The firſt, that Hector having killed Patroclus, and ſeeing the day very far advanced, had no need to take thoſe arms for a fight almoſt at an end. The ſecond, that he was impatient to ſhew to Priam and Andromache thoſe glorious ſpoils. Thirdly, he perhaps at firſt intended to hang them up in ſome temple. Glaucus's ſpeech makes him change his reſolution, he runs after thoſe arms to fight againſt Ajax, and to win Patroclus's body from him. Dacier.

Homer (ſays Euſtathius) does not ſuffer the arms to be carried into Troy for theſe reaſons. That Hector by wearing them might the more encourage the Trojans, and be the more formidable to the Greeks: that Achilles may recover them again when he kills Hector: and that he may conquer him, even when ſtrengthened with that divine armour. P.

By aged Peleus to Achilles given,
As firſt to Peleus by the court of heav'n:
His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
Forbid by Fate to reach his father's years.
Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar,
The God whoſe thunder rends the troubled air,
Beheld with pity; as apart he ſat,
And conſcious, look'd thro' all the ſcene of fate.
He ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Olympus trembl'd, and the Godhead ſaid.
Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy end!
A moment's glory! and what Fates attend?

Ver. 224.] As the mention of *Fate* is arbitrary, and needleſs, perhaps the following adjuſtment of this couplet may not be diſapproved:

Not long *the ſon* his father's *armour* wears:
The ſon attain'd not to his father's years.

Ver. 225.] The accuracy of rhyme may be conſulted by this ſubſtitution:

Him, in *triumphant pride exulting there* ——:

and our poet is very diffuſe in his tranſlation of this preamble, making *ſix* verſes of that, which Ogilby, with a brevity equally expreſſive, has concentrated in little more than one. The original is commenſurate with the following plain verſion:

Him when apart ſaw cloud-collecting Jove
Stalk proudly in divine Achilles' arms,
He ſhook his head, and thus addreſt his mind.

Ver. 231. *Jupiter's ſpeech to Hector.*] The poet prepares us for the death of Hector, perhaps to pleaſe the Greek readers, who might be troubled to ſee him ſhining in their hero's arms. Therefore Jupiter expreſſes his ſorrow at the approaching fate of this

In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
Thou ſtand'ſt, and armies tremble at thy ſight,
As at Achilles ſelf! beneath thy dart
Lies ſlain the great Achilles' dearer part:
Thou from the mighty dead thoſe arms haſt torn,
Which once the greateſt of mankind had worn.
Yet live! I give thee one illuſtrious day,
A blaze of glory, e'er thou fad'ſt away.

unfortunate prince, promiſes to repay his loſs of life with glory, and nods, to give a certain confirmation to his words. He ſays, Achilles is the braveſt Greek, as Glaucus had juſt ſaid before; the poet thus giving him the greateſt commendations, by putting his praiſe in the mouth of a God, and of an enemy, who were neither of them like to be prejudiced in his favour. Euſtathius.

How beautiful is that ſentiment upon the miſerable ſtate of mankind, introduced here ſo artfully, and ſo ſtrongly enforced, by being put into the mouth of the Supreme Being! And how pathetick the denunciation of Hector's death, by that circumſtance of Andromache's diſappointment, when ſhe ſhall no more receive her hero glorious from the battle, in the armour of his conquered enemy! P.

Ver. 233.] From Milton probably, Par. Loſt. vi. 760:

He *in celeſtial panoply* all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended:

and the paſſage before us may be accommodated to the ſenſe of it's original by theſe corrections:

In heavenly panoply divinely bright
Of that unrivall'd hero, at *whoſe* ſight
All warriours, trembling, fly. Beneath thy dart ——.

Ver. 237.] More accurately,

Now of that gentle chief by thee are worn
Thoſe arms, *ſo rudely from his ſhoulders* torn.

Ver. 240.] He took a hint from Chapman:

For ah! no more Andromache ſhall come,
With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
No more officious, with endearing charms,
From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!
Then with his ſable brow he gave the nod,
That ſeals his word; the ſanction of the God.
The ſtubborn arms (by Jove's command diſpos'd)
Conform'd ſpontaneous, and around him clos'd;

——— in *glory* of thy acts: thou ſhalt have that fraile *blaze*
Of excellence, that neighbours death.

Ver. 242.] It may appear unreaſonably faſtidious; but I ſhould prefer,

With tears *of joy* to welcome Hector home.

Our tranſlator has acquitted himſelf here beyond all praiſe; and the Engliſh reader will be pleaſed to ſee the ſimple and ſlender materials, whence theſe *four* concluding verſes were wrought:

——— ——— for thy wife will ne'er receive
From thee return'd Pelides' noble arms.

Ver. 247. *The ſtubborn arms*, &c.] The words are,

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἑκτορι δ' ἥρμοσε τεύχε' ἐπὶ χρόϊ.

If we give ἥρμοσε a paſſive ſignification, it will be, the arms fitted Hector; but if an active (as thoſe take it who would put a greater difference between Hector and Achilles) then it belongs to Jupiter; and the ſenſe will be, Jupiter made the arms fit for him, which were too large before: I have choſe the laſt as the more poetical ſenſe. P.

I approve this acceptation of the paſſage, heretofore adopted by the two French tranſlators, and by Chapman, whoſe verſion is this, and might aſſiſt our poet:

To this, *his ſable browes* did bow; and he made fit his lim
To thoſe great armes; to fill which up, the warre god entred him.

Fill'd with the God, enlarg'd his members grew,
Thro' all his veins a ſudden vigour flew,
The blood in briſker tides began to roll,
And Mars himſelf came ruſhing on his ſoul.
Exhorting loud thro' all the field he ſtrode,
And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a God.
Now Meſthles, Glaucus, Medon, he inſpires,
Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
The great Therſilochus like fury found,
Aſteropœus kindled at the ſound,
And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
Hear all ye hoſts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
Of neighb'ring nations, or of diſtant lands!

But the epithet *ſtubborn* is, I think, both ungraceful and improper. Perhaps, we may ſubſtitute, with improvement to the paſſage,

Thoſe ample arms ——.

Ver. 251.] An additional couplet from the enthuſiaſm of the tranſlator, not without ſome obligation to his Engliſh maſter. Thus Dryden, Æn. vi. 78:

Her ſtaring eyes with ſparkling fury *roll*,
And all the god *came ruſhing on her ſoul.*

Ver. 254.] The mention of *a God* ſeems ſuperfluous, and is at leaſt without the ſanction of his author. Thus, exactly:

He went, loud-ſhouting: wide his armour gleam'd;
Nor leſs the chief than brave Achilles ſeem'd.

Ver. 260. *Unnumber'd bands of neighb'ring nations.*] Euſtathius has very well explained the artifice of this ſpeech of Hector, who indirectly anſwers all Glaucus's invectives, and humbles his vanity. Glaucus had juſt ſpoken as if the Lycians were the only allies of Troy; and Hector here ſpeaks of the numerous troops of different nations, which he expreſly deſigns by calling them borderers upon

'Twas not for ſtate we ſummon'd you ſo far,
To boaſt our numbers, and the pomp of war;
Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chaſe,
To ſave our preſent, and our future race.
For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
And glean the relicks of exhauſted Troy.
Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
To die or conquer, are the terms of war.
Whatever hand ſhall win Patroclus ſlain,
Whoe'er ſhall drag him to the Trojan train,
With Hector's ſelf ſhall equal honours claim;
With Hector part the ſpoil, and ſhare the fame.

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his kingdom, thereby in ſome manner to exclude the Lycians, who were of a country more remote; as if he did not vouchſafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what Glaucus ſaid, "That "if the Lycians would take his advice, they would return home;" for he gives them to underſtand, that being hired troops, they are obliged to perform their bargain, and to fight till the war is at an end. Dacier. P.

Ver. 262.] This agreeable notion of *ſtate*, which is not in Homer, our poet derived from Chapman:

We have not cald you from our townes, *to fill our idle eye*
With number of ſo many men.

Ver. 265.] Or thus, more preciſely,

To ſave our *wives*, and *ſhield* our *infant* race.

Ver. 272.] Ogilby renders,

The ſpoils betwixt us ſhall divided be,
And *equal honour ſhar'd* 'twixt him and me.

And I cannot diſmiſs this ſpeech, without expreſſing my admiration at the conſummate ingenuity diſplayed by our poet in the tranſlation of it; a tranſlation executed with freedom, but without the loſs of a ſingle thought, or the leaſt evaporation of it's ſpirit.

Fir'd by his words, the troops diſmiſs their fears,
They join, they thicken, they protend their ſpears;
Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey:
Vain hope! what numbers ſhall the field o'er-
ſpread,
What victims periſh round the mighty dead?
Great Ajax mark'd the growing ſtorm from
far,
And thus beſpoke his brother of the war.
Our fatal day, alas! is come (my friend)
And all our wars and glories at an end!
'Tis not this corſe alone we guard in vain,
Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain;
We too muſt yield: the ſame ſad fate muſt fall
On thee, on me, perhaps (my friend) on all.

Ver. 278.] Two elegant couplets, conſtructed from theſe plain lines of his author:

Fools! o'er the corſe from numbers life he took.
Then Ajax Sparta's warlike king beſpake.

Ver. 282.] There is a languor in this couplet, unuſual to our tranſlator, when a natural and pathetic ſentiment comes before him: but he followed Chapman, without truſting to his own powers:

——————————— O *my friend!*
O Menelaus! nere more hope, to get off; here's the *end*
Of *all our labours.*

Ver. 285.] His original dictates,

From dogs and vultures on the Trojan plain.

See what a tempeſt direful Hector ſpreads,
And lo! it burſts, it thunders on our heads!
Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
The braveſt Greeks: this hour demands them all.
The warriour rais'd his voice, and wide around
The field re-echo'd the diſtreſsful ſound.
Oh chiefs! oh princes! to whoſe hand is giv'n
The rule of men; whoſe glory is from heav'n!
Whom with due honours both Atrides grace:
Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race!

Ver. 288.] Our poet took Ogilby's verſion, and improved it:

Hector o'er all an iron *tempeſt ſpreads*,
Th' impending ſtorm will break *upon our heads*.

Ver. 290. *Call on our Greeks.*] Euſtathius gives three reaſons why Ajax bids Menelaus call the Greeks to their aſſiſtance; inſtead of calling them himſelf. He might be aſhamed to do it, leſt it ſhould look like fear, and turn to his diſhonour: or the chiefs were more likely to obey Menelaus: or he had too much buſineſs of the war upon his hands, and wanted leiſure more than the other. P.

Theſe rhymes return too ſoon. Thus?

Come, ſend thy voice thro' all the Græcian bands:
This hour of danger claims our braveſt hands.

Ver. 292.] Thus, more cloſely to the original:

He ſpake, the chief complied; and all around
His echoing voice diſperſt the piercing ſound.

And this paſſage, we may obſerve as we go, countenances a literal acceptation in it's primitive ſenſe of the *epithet* uſually attached to Menelaus; βοην αγαθος, *powerful in voice*, or *cry*.

Ver. 296.] Thus, more expreſſive of the original:

Whom *in their banquets* both Atrides grace.

All, whom this well-known voice ſhall reach
from far,
All, whom I ſee not thro' this cloud of war;
Come all! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
And ſave Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.
Oïlean Ajax firſt the voice obey'd,
Swift was his pace and ready was his aid;
Next him Idomeneus, more ſlow with age,
And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
The long-ſucceeding numbers who can name?
But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
Whole Troy embodied, ruſh'd with ſhouts along.
Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
Where ſome ſwoln river diſembogues his waves,

Ver. 302. *Oïlean Ajax firſt.*] Ajax Oïleus (ſays Euſtathius) is the firſt that comes, being brought by his love to the other Ajax, as it is natural for one friend to fly to the aſſiſtance of another: to which we may add, he might very probably come firſt, becauſe he was the ſwifteſt of all the heroes. P.

Ver. 304.] The latter clauſe is an addition of the tranſlator, and not unſeaſonable. The whole paſſage is happily executed by him.

Ver. 306.] A tolerable couplet may be made from Ogilby:

The reſt, what ſkill, what diligence could name?
What crouding princes *to* the battle came?

Ver. 310.] Our poet in this compariſon has doubled the number of his author's verſes, which may be repreſented thus:

As at the mouth of ſome impetuous ſtream
A huge ſwoll'n wave againſt the current roars;
Loud bellow round the ſhores, the ſpray belch'd out:
Such clamour rais'd the Trojans.

Full in the mouth is ſtopp'd the ruſhing tide,
The boiling ocean works from ſide to ſide,
The river trembles to his utmoſt ſhore,
And diſtant rocks rebellow to the roar.
Nor leſs reſolv'd, the firm Achaian band
With brazen ſhields in horrid circles ſtand:
Jove, pouring darkneſs o'er the mingled fight,
Conceals the warriour's ſhining helms in Night:
To him, the chief for whom the hoſts contend,
Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
Dead he protects him with ſuperiour care,
Nor dooms his carcaſe to the birds of air.

Ver. 314.] Chapman renders:

——————————— and all the *utter ſhore*
Rebellowes (in her angry ſhocks) the ſeas repulſive *roar.*

Ver. 316.] Thus, accurately:

Nor leſs, *around the corſe*, the Græcian band ——.

Ver. 318. *Jove pouring darkneſs.*] Homer, who in all his former deſcriptions of battles is ſo fond of mentioning the luſtre of the arms, here ſhades them in darkneſs; perhaps alluding to the clouds of duſt that were raiſed; or to the throng of combatants: or elſe to denote the loſs of Greece in Patroclus; or laſtly, that as the heavens had mourned Sarpedon in ſhowers of blood, ſo they might Patroclus in clouds of darkneſs. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 321.] This couplet is not altogether ſatisfactory. Thus?

Not hateful liv'd, *while yet Pelides* friend:

the original runs thus:

Nor erſt Patroclus did the god diſlike,
While yet he liv'd, and ſerv'd Æacides.

Ver. 322.] Ogilby more fully expreſſes his author in this place, though without elegance:

The firſt attack the Grecians ſcarce ſuſtain,
Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans ſeize the ſlain:
Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
By the ſwift rage of Ajax Telamon.
(Ajax to Peleus' ſon the ſecond name,
In graceful ſtature next, and next in fame.)
With headlong force the foremoſt ranks he tore;
So thro' the thicket burſts the mountain boar,
And rudely ſcatters, far to diſtance round,
The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
The ſon of Lethus, brave Pelaſgus' heir,
Hippothous, dragg'd the carcaſe thro' the war;

Who lov'd Patroclus living, and now ſends,
To ſave his corps from dogs, ſo many friends.

Ver. 325.] More cloſely,
They, *trembling*, yield ——.

And here our tranſlator omits the following portion of his author:

—————————— nor yet one Greek
Fell by the ſpears of their fierce, eager foes.

Ver. 328.] Thus Ogilby:

Ajax, for form, and deeds of greateſt fame
Next to Achilles.

Ver. 333.] After this line, *four* verſes of his original follow, which our poet has partly condenſed in verſe 330, to this purport:

Thus Ajax, ſon of noble Telamon,
Invades, and ſcatters quick the Trojan bands
Around Patroclus crouding, eager all
To drag him to their walls, and reap renown.

Ver. 334.] The rhymes are bad, and the ſenſe is miſtaken. I find no better ſubſtitution than the following, with which to preſent the reader:

The ſinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
With thongs, inſerted thro' the double wound:
Inevitable fate o'ertakes the deed;
Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
The ſhatter'd creſt, and horſe-hair ſtrow the plain:
With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
The brain comes guſhing thro' the ghaſtly wound:
He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him ſpread
Now lies a ſad companion of the dead:
Far from Lariſſa lies, his native air,
And ill requites his parent's tender care.
Lamented youth! in life's firſt bloom he fell,
Sent by great Ajax to the ſhades of hell.
Once more at Ajax, Hector's javelin flies;
The Grecian marking, as it cuts the ſkies,

Then thy bold ſon, Pelaſgian Lethus, came
And drag'd the corſe; Hippothous was his name.

Ver. 338.] Thus, more fully and correctly:

Fate, *which no comrade wards*, o'ertook *his* deed:

for the *participle* of the next line, *doom'd*, may now refer, according to the practice of the beſt writers, to the *pronoun* comprehended in *his*: but ſtood improperly without reference before.

Ver. 349.] The rhyming word is odious in heathen poetry. I ſhould prefer:

The conquering lance of Ajax bade him go,
A ghoſt untimely! to the ſhades below.

Shun'd the deſcending death; which hiſſing on
Stretch'd in the duſt the great Iphytus' ſon,
Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
The boldeſt warriour, and the nobleſt mind:
In little Panope for ſtrength renown'd,
He held his ſeat, and rul'd the realms around.
Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
And deep tranſpiercing, thro' the ſhoulder ſtood;

Ver. 352.] His author preſcribes,

Juſt ſhun'd deſcending death ——.

Ver. 353.] He got his vicious accent from Hobbes or Ogilby: Chapman is right. Thus?

Stretcht in the duſt, great Iphitus! *thy* ſon.

Ver. 356. *Panope renown'd.*] Panope was a ſmall town twenty *ſtadia* from Chæronea, on the ſide of mount Parnaſſus, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the epithet of *renown'd*, and makes it the reſidence of Schedius, King of the Phocians; when it was but nine hundred paces in circuit, and had no palace, nor gymnaſium, nor theatre, nor market, nor fountain; nothing in ſhort that ought to have been in a town which is the reſidence of a king. Pauſanias (in Phocic.) gives the reaſon of it; he ſays, that as Phocis was expoſed on that ſide to the inroads of the Bæotians, Schedius made uſe of Panope as a ſort of citadel, or place of arms. Dacier. P.

This epithet of *little*, was brought from Dacier's note: but ſurely it is as incongruous to the ſpirit of the paſſage as it is unauthoriſed by his author. I would propoſe the following ſubſtitution, which avoids alſo the ambiguity of the preſent reading:

In Panopeus he dwelt, a prince renown'd;
And rul'd with ample ſway the regions round.

Ver. 359.] Thus Ogilby:

—— the point *tranſpierc'd* his throat:

In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
The fields reſounded with his weighty fall.
Phorcys, as ſlain Hippothous he defends,
The Telamonian lance his belly rends;
The hollow armour burſt before the ſtroke,
And thro' the wound the ruſhing entrails broke.
In ſtrong convulſions panting on the ſands
He lies, and graſps the duſt with dying hands.
Struck at the ſight, recede the Trojan train:
The ſhouting Argives ſtrip the heroes ſlain.
And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
Fled to her ramparts, and reſign'd the field;
Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
With Jove averſe, had turn'd the ſcale of fate:
But Phœbus urg'd Æneas to the fight;
He ſeem'd like aged Periphas to fight:

And his next couplet, with correction, is good:

The braſs a paſſage through his ſhoulder found:
He falls *with* dying *groans*; his arms reſound.

Ver. 362.] This *ſuſpended nominative*, as *grammarians* ſtile it, of claſſical antiquity, our tranſlator has employed on other occaſions, and, I think, very pardonably. It is a privilege, with which our poetry ſhould be indulged. For inſtance, Ethic Epiſt. iii. 357:

Sir Balaam now, *he* lives like other folks.

The reader, who is inclined, may ſee more to this purpoſe in my Commentary on St. Matthew, p. 92.

Ver. 375. *He ſeem'd like aged Periphas.*] The ſpeech of Periphas to Æneas hints at the double fate, and the neceſſity of

(A herald in Anchiſes' love grown old,
Rever'd for prudence; and with prudence, bold.)
Thus he—What methods yet, oh chief! remain,
To ſave your Troy, tho' heav'n it's fall ordain?
There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
Have forc'd the pow'rs to ſpare a ſinking ſtate,
And gain'd at length the glorious odds of Fate.
But you, when Fortune ſmiles, when Jove declares
His partial favour, and aſſiſts your wars,
Your ſhameful efforts 'gainſt yourſelves employ,
And force th' unwilling God to ruin Troy.
Æneas thro' the form aſſum'd deſcries
The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.

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means. It is much like that of St. Paul, after he was promiſed that no body ſhould periſh; he ſays, *Except theſe abide, ye cannot be ſaved.* P.

Ver. 377.] The word *bold* is without authority, and for convenience only. Thus?

Anchiſes' herald, old in ſervice grown;
Well for the wiſdom of his counſels known.

Ver. 380.] The rhymes of this couplet are faulty, and recur too ſoon with equal imperfection. Thus? more exactly:

Some have *I ſeen, your worth excelling far,*
Whoſe valour, numbers, *ſtrength,* and arts of war ——.

Ver. 384.] I would thus correct, with the rhymes of Ogilby:

But ye, when Jove a conqueſt would beſtow
With partial favour, tremble at the foe.

Oh laſting ſhame! to our own fears a prey,
We ſeek our ramparts, and deſert the day.
A God (nor is he leſs) my boſom warms,
And tells me, Jove aſſerts the Trojan arms.
He ſpoke, and foremoſt to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hoſts purſue.
Then firſt, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;
Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, ſent his angry lance:

Ver. 390.] Our poet much curtails his author, whom, therefore, it will be proper to exhibit, in a verſion ſimple and commenſurate:

Hector! ye chiefs of Troy, and our allies!
What ſhame, that, conquer'd by the martial Greeks,
Troy's towers we ſcale again in coward flight!
E'en now ſome god ſtood by my ſide, and ſaid,
That Jove ſupreme enjoins and helps our war.
Then ruſh we on the Greeks, nor let them bear
In peace the dead Patroclus' to their ſhips.

Ver. 394.] Thus Chapman:

This ſaid, before them all he *flew:*

and, in the next line, Ogilby:

Th' example takes, all follow his command.

Ver. 398.] The word *chance* is a mere convenient expletive. Thus, more exactly:

His friend, by pity mov'd, and ruſhing near,
Launcht from his vengeful arm the glittering ſpear.

But our poet followed Ogilby:

Who, pitying this his friend's untimely *chance,*
At Amythaon threw his vengefull *launce.*

The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addreſt,
Deſcends, and pants in Apiſaon's breaſt:
From rich Pæonia's vales the warriour came,
Next thee, Aſteropeus! in place and fame.
Aſteropeus with grief beheld the ſlain,
And ruſh'd to combat, but he ruſh'd in vain:
Indiſſolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler ſpread,
And hemm'd with briſtled ſpears, the Grecians ſtood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.
Great Ajax eyes them with inceſſant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,
Cloſe in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And ſtands the centre and the ſoul of all:

Ver. 406.] Theſe *four* noble verſes were created from the following ſenſe and compaſs of his original:

——— for they with ſhields were fenc'd around,
Circling Patroclus, with protended ſpears:

but he owes ſome obligations to Chapman:

——— he could not breake
That *bulwarke* made of Grecian ſhields; and *briſtl'd wood of ſpeares*
Combin'd about the body ſlaine.

Dacier has alſo: "Tout couverts de leurs boucliers et *hériſſés* de "leurs piques." Through all this paſſage our tranſlator riſes with the fire and impetuoſity of his author, and has attained the true ſublimity.

Ver. 409.] Thus Ogilby, at Æn. x:

So thick the bodies, ſuch an *iron grove*.

Fixt on the ſpot they war; and wounded, wound:
A ſanguine torrent ſteeps the reeking ground;
On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And thick'ning round 'em, riſe the hills of dead.
Greece, in cloſe order, and collected might,
Yet ſuffers leaſt, and ſways the wav'ring fight;
Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
In one thick darkneſs all the fight was loſt;
The ſun, the moon, and all th' ethereal hoſt

Ver. 416.] The phraſe *on heaps* ſeems rendered ſuperfluous by the ſubſequent expreſſion: I would therefore adhere to the original by this amendment, if it be an amendment:

The Greeks, the Trojans, *and auxiliars* bled.

Ver. 418.] More correctly, with this trivial alteration:

Yet, *from her* order and collected might,
Greece ſuffers leaſt ——.

Ver. 421.] A ſupplemental line from our tranſlator, not correſpondent, I think, in vigour and elevation to it's aſſociates, and made tautologous by verſe 419. Thus?

Both hoſts, in vigour and in ſoul the ſame,
Fought with the fury of conflicting flame.

This and the *two* following couplets are wrought from the following compaſs of his original; of which we muſt regret, that our poet did not preſerve the full vivacity:

Thus fought both hoſts, a globe of fire! nor then
Hadſt thou the ſun deem'd ſafe, nor ſafe the moon.

Ver. 422. *In one thick darkneſs*, &c.] The darkneſs ſpread over the body of Patroclus is artful upon ſeveral accounts. Firſt, a fine image of poetry. Next, a token of Jupiter's love to a righteous man: but the chief deſign is to protract the action; which, if the Trojans had ſeen the ſpot, muſt have been decided one way or other

Seem'd as extinct: day raviſh'd from their eyes,
And all heav'n's ſplendours blotted from the ſkies.
Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the Night,
The reſt in ſunſhine fought, and open light:
Unclouded there, th' aërial azure ſpread,
No vapour reſted on the mountain's head,

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in a very ſhort time. Beſides, the Trojans having the better in the action, muſt have ſeized the body contrary to the intention of the author. There are innumerable inſtances of theſe little niceties and particularities of conduct in Homer. P.

Ver. 426.] I would render thus the diſtich of Homer, which is repreſented in this verſe:

Such gloom, where round the dead Patroclus ſtood
The flower of warriours, had involv'd the ſtrife.

Ogilby has a conceit here, not unlike Cowley himſelf:

So black a cloud inveloped the fight,
Where ſhining weapons were their onely light.

Ver. 427.] It is but an act of juſtice to our tranſlator, that the reader ſhould ſee the plain materials, from which his fine taſte and fertile fancy have wrought this magnificent and ſplendid fabric:

Elſewhere the Greeks and Trojans fought at eaſe
In open ſky: there blaz'd the piercing ſun
In full expanſion; nor one cloud appear'd
On plain, or mountain-top.

Chapman, I think, deſerves quotation:

——————— But all the field beſide
Fought underneath a lightſome heaven: the Sun was in his pride,
And ſuch expanſure of his beames, he thruſt out of his tarone,
That not a vapour durſt appeare, in all that region:
No, not upon the higheſt hill.

The golden ſun pour'd forth a ſtronger ray,
And all the broad expanſion flam'd with day.
Diſpers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
And here, and there, their ſcatter'd arrows light:
But death and darkneſs o'er the carcaſe ſpread,
There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.
Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor, in the rear,
(Their fellows routed) toſs the diſtant ſpear,
And ſkirmiſh wide: ſo Neſtor gave command,
When from the ſhips he ſent the Pylian band.
The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
In thought they view'd him ſtill, with martial joy,
Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy,
But round the corſe, the heroes pant for breath,
And thick and heavy grows the work of death:

Ver. 431.] Thus Ogilby:

Th' expanſion cloudleſs.

Ver. 436. *Meanwhile the ſons of Neſtor, in the rear,* &c.] It is not without reaſon Homer in this place makes particular mention of the ſons of Neſtor. It is to prepare us againſt he ſends one of them to Achilles, to tell him the death of his friend. P.

Ver. 444.] Our poet indulges his invention in the verſion of this paſſage. The following exhibition is literal:

The reſt all day contention huge employ'd
In toilſome ſtruggle: with laborious ſweat,
Inceſſant, ankles, knees, and feet below,
And hands, and eyes of each, were ſoil'd in fight,
Round the brave friend of Peleus' nimble ſon.

O'erlabour'd now, with duſt, and ſweat, and gore,
Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds ariſe,
And carnage clogs their hands, and darkneſs fills their eyes.
As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet-reeking hide,
Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from ſide to ſide,
The brawny curriers ſtretch; and labour o'er,
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with fat and gore;
So tugging round the corpſe both armies ſtood;
The mangled body bath'd in ſweat and blood:
While Greeks and Ilians equal ſtrength employ,
Now to the ſhips to force it, now to Troy.

Ver. 447.] This termination of a verſe *cover'd o'er*, is univerſally diſpleaſing, juſtly or not, to my fancy. The word *o'er* appears a low and inſignificant expletive. Our poet found it in Ogilby:

Their feet, knees, ankles dy'd in blood all *o're*,
Their hands and faces too beſmear'd with *gore*.

Ver. 450. *As when a ſlaughter'd bull's yet reeking hide.*] Homer gives us a moſt lively deſcription of their drawing the body on all ſides, and inſtructs in the ancient manner of ſtretching hides, being firſt made ſoft and ſupple with oil. And though this compariſon be one of thoſe mean and humble ones which ſome have objected to, yet it has alſo its admirers for being ſo expreſſive, and for repreſenting to the imagination the moſt ſtrong and exact idea of the ſubject in hand. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 452.] *Ecce! iterum Criſpinus.* Thus?

The brawny curriers ſtretch *with painful toil*
Th' extended ſurface, drunk with *ſearching oil.*

Ver. 455.] This verſe is added by the tranſlator.

Not Pallas' ſelf, her breaſt when fury warms,
Nor he, whoſe anger ſets the world in arms,
Could blame this ſcene; ſuch rage, ſuch horrour reign'd;
Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.
Achilles in his ſhips at diſtance lay,
Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day;

Ver. 458. *Not Pallas' ſelf.*] Homer ſays in the original, "Minerva could not have found fault, though ſhe were angry." Upon which Euſtathius ingeniouſly obſerves, how common and natural it is for perſons in anger to turn criticks, and find faults where there are none. P.

Thus, with the former couplet from Ogilby, this paſſage may be repreſented with ſimplicity and faithfulneſs:

Had Mars and Pallas this dire conflict ſeen,
He had not blam'd them, nor ſhe angry been:
Jove o'er the relics of Patroclus then
Such evils ſpread for courſers and for men:

or in the preciſe language of Homer:

Such baleful labour o'er Pelides' friend
For man and ſteed did Jove that day extend:

and it may be queſtioned, whether it be not rather a ſymptom of a ſickly taſte than a ſound judgement, that requires more embelliſhment of conceptions ſo ſimple in themſelves.

Ver. 463.] An excellent couplet! yet a tranſpoſition of the words would be more acceptable to my ears:

Nor knew the fortune of the fatal day.

Ogilby is pretty alſo, his age conſidered: and our poet had his eye upon him:

But all this while Achilles nothing heard
Of this misfortune, and as little fear'd.
They ſo far off fought near the Trojan *wall*,
He dream'd not of his friend's untimely *fall*.

He, yet unconſcious of Patroclus' fall,
In duſt extended under Ilion's wall,
Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
And for his wiſh'd return prepares in vain;
Tho' well he knew to make proud Ilion bend,
Was more than heav'n had deſtin'd to his friend:
Perhaps to him: this Thetis had reveal'd;
The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.

Ver. 467.] An interpolated verſe, which might make room for the following, with advantage to fidelity, and the ſpirit of the context:

Within their towers the foe compell'd again.

Ver. 468. ——— *To make proud Ilion bend,*
Was more than heav'n had promis'd to his friend:
Perhaps to him:——]

In theſe words the poet artfully hints at Achilles's death; he makes him not abſolutely to flatter himſelf with the hopes of ever taking Troy, in his own perſon; however he does not ſay this expreſly, but paſſes it over as an ungrateful ſubject. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 470.] This is too conciſe. I wiſh I were able to ſupply the deficiency with any tolerable ſpirit:

Tho' well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
E'en with his aid, not deſtin'd to his friend:
In ſecret oft his mother had reveal'd
This will of ſovereign Jove; the reſt conceal'd:
Conceal'd the ſorrows of this baleful day,
That the moſt lov'd of men a lifeleſs ruin lay.

Ver. 471. *The reſt, in pity to her ſon, conceal'd.*] Here (ſays the ſame author) we have two rules laid down for common uſe. One, not to tell our friends all their miſchances at once, it being often neceſſary to hide part of them, as Thetis does from Achilles: the other, not to puſh men of courage upon all that is poſſible for them to do. Thus Achilles, though he thought Patroclus able to drive the Trojans back to their gates, yet he does not order him to

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
And heaps on heaps by mutual wounds they bled.
Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
Who dares desert this well-disputed day!
First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice!
First perish all, e'er haughty Troy shall boast
We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost.
Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
Grant this day, Jove! or heap us on the dead!

---

do so much; but only to save the ships, and beat them back into the field.

Homer's admonishing the reader that Achilles's mother had concealed the circumstance of the death of his friend when she instructed him in his fate; and that all he knew, was only that Troy could not be taken at that time; this is a great instance of his care of the probability, and of his having the whole plan of the poem at once in his head. For upon the supposition that Achilles was instructed in his fate, it was a natural objection, how came he to hazard his friend? If he was ignorant on the other hand of the impossibility of Troy's being taken at that time, he might for all he knew, be robbed by his friend (of whose valour he had so good an opinion) of that glory, which he was unwilling to part with. P.

Ver. 477.] This, I think, is not to be approved, and bears no resemblance to his original. Thus?

First may this earth her gaping bosom rend,
And we to shades of endless night descend:—

but, in truth, our poet took what Chapman had provided for him:

Which let the blacke earth gaspe and *drinke, our blood for sacrifise*,
Before we suffer.

Ver. 481.] His author is but little considered here. Literally thus:

Then claſh their ſounding arms; the clangors riſe,
And ſhake the brazen concave of the ſkies.
Meantime, at diſtance from the ſcene of blood,
The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles ſtood;

Friends! tho' our doom ſhould lay us ſlaughter'd all
Cloſe by the corſe, let none the combat flee.

Ver. 482.] Our poet has an omiſſion here, which may be ſupplied and connected in this manner:

Thus each, as both their hoſts with zeal contend,
Excites the flagging ſpirits of his friend.
From claſhing arms, in air loud clangors riſe ——.

Ver. 484. *At diſtance from the ſcene of blood.*] If the horſes had not gone aſide out of the war, Homer could not have introduced ſo well what he deſigned to their honour. So he makes them weep in ſecret (as their maſter Achilles uſed to do) and afterwards come into the battle, where they are taken notice of and purſued by Hector. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 485. *The penſive ſteeds of great Achilles*, &c.] It adds a great beauty to the poem when inanimate things act like animate. Thus the heavens tremble at Jupiter's nod, the ſea parts itſelf to receive Neptune, the groves of Ida ſhake beneath Juno's feet, &c. As alſo to find animate or brute creatures addreſt to, as if rational: ſo Hector encourages his horſes; and one of Achilles's is not only endued with ſpeech, but with foreknowledge of future events. Here they weep for Patroclus, and ſtand fixed and immoveable with grief: thus is this hero univerſally mourned, and every thing concurs to lament his loſs. Euſtathius.

As to the particular fiction of the horſes weeping, it is countenanced both by naturaliſts and hiſtorians. Ariſtotle and Pliny write, that theſe animals often deplore their maſters loſt in battle, and even ſhed tears for them. So Solinus, cap. 47. Ælian relates the like of elephants, when they are carried from their native country, De Animal. lib. x. cap. 17. Suetonius in the life of Cæſar, tells us, that ſeveral horſes which at the paſſage of the Rubicon had been conſecrated to Mars, and turned looſe on the

Their god-like maſter ſlain before their eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human miſeries.
In vain Automedon now ſhakes the rein,
Now plies the laſh, and ſoothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Helleſpont they go,
Reſtive they ſtood, and obſtinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ſtone, never to be mov'd,
On ſome good man, or woman unreprov'd

---

banks, were obſerved for ſome days after to abſtain from feeding, and to weep abundantly. *Proximis diebus, equorum greges quos in trajiciendo Rubicone flumine Marti conſecrârat, ac ſine cuſtode vagos dimiſerat, comperit pabulo pertinaciſſimè abſtinere, ubertimque flere,* cap. 81.

Virgil could not forbear copying this beautiful circumſtance in thoſe fine lines on the horſe of Pallas:

" Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon
" It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora." P.

Ver. 487.] This contradicts alike verſe 485, and his original. Thus more exactly:

Soon as their god-like maſter ſlain *they know,*
They weep, and ſhare *the pains of* human *woe.*

Ver. 490.] Or, more faithfully:

To mix in conflict they conſent no more,
Nor turn to ſeek the navy on the ſhore.

Ver. 492.] This fanciful tranſlation is ſpun from *two* verſes only, which compoſe the *ſimile* in the original, and run thus:

But as a column keeps it's place unmov'd,
Fix'd on the tomb of man or woman dead.

But our poet derived his familiar and undignified language on this occaſion from Chapman:

But ſtill as any *tombe-ſtone* layes, his *never-ſtirred weight*
On ſome good man or womans grave.

Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd as ſtands
A marble courſer by the ſculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with ſilent pace,
Conglobing on the duſt. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and wav'd in ſtate,

Ver. 494. *Or fix'd, as ſtands A marble courſer,* &c.] Homer alludes to the cuſtom in thoſe days of placing columns upon tombs, on which columns there were frequently chariots with two or four horſes. This furniſhed Homer with this beautiful image, as if theſe horſes meant to remain there, to ſerve for an immortal monument to Patroclus. Dacier.

I believe M. Dacier refines too much in this note. Homer ſays, — ἠὲ γυναικὸς, and ſeems to turn the thought only on the firmneſs of the column, and not on the imagery of it: which would give it an air a little too modern, like that of Shakeſpear, *She ſat like Patience on a monument, ſmiling at Grief.* Be it as it will, this conjecture is ingenious; and the whole compariſon is as beautiful as juſt. The horſes ſtanding ſtill to mourn for their maſter, could not be more finely repreſented than by the dumb ſorrow of images ſtanding over a tomb. Perhaps the very poſture in which theſe horſes are deſcribed, their heads bowed down, and their manes falling in the duſt, has an alluſion to the attitude in which thoſe ſtatues on monuments were uſually repreſented: there are *baſs-reliefs* that favour this conjecture. P.

Ver. 497.] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed from Shakſpeare, As you like it: act ii. ſcene 1:

——————— and *the big round tears*
Cours'd one another *down* his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe.

Our poet makes uſe alſo of Dryden in the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. xi. 133:

Stripp'd of his trappings, with a ſullen *pace*
He walks, and the big tears run rolling down his *face.*

Trail'd on the duſt beneath the yoke were ſpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove diſdain'd to caſt a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the ſteeds he ſpoke.
Unhappy courſers of immortal ſtrain!
Exempt from age, and deathleſs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beſtow,
Only alas! to ſhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferiour birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duſt of earth;

Ver. 503.] The rhyme is imperfect, the ſenſe erroneous, and the *verb* improperly formed. The following attempt obviates theſe inconveniences:

Jove ſaw them weep; compaſſion toucht his breaſt:
He ſhook his head, and thus his mind addreſt.

Ver. 504.] Our poet muſt have *ſtrained* for a rhyme, I think, before he could content himſelf with the preſent obſelete, inelegant, and aukward term. The ſenſe of Homer may be as well compriſed in a ſingle couplet:

Unhappy deathleſs *ſteeds!* did we beſtow
This gift on man, *that ye might* ſhare *his* woe?

Ogilby employs the word to the ſame ſenſe in no contemptible couplet, at Æn. vi:

Hence men, and beaſts, and birds derive their *ſtrain*,
And monſters floating in the marble main.

Ver. 508.] Our poet amplifies his author from *two* verſes into more than *four*. The following attempt is full and accurate:

For ſure than man more wretched none exiſts
Of creatures all, that breathe, and creep the earth.

What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?
A miſerable race! but ceaſe to mourn:
For not by you ſhall Priam's ſon be borne
High on the ſplendid car: one glorious prize
He raſhly boaſts; the reſt our will denies.
Ourſelf will ſwiftneſs to your nerves impart,
Ourſelf with riſing ſpirits ſwell your heart.
Automedon your rapid flight ſhall bear
Safe to the navy thro' the ſtorm of war.
For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er
The field, and ſpread her ſlaughters to the ſhore;
The ſun ſhall ſee her conquer, 'till his fall
With ſacred darkneſs ſhades the face of all.

Ver. 510.] Here he treads in the ſteps of Chapman:

Of all *the miſerabl'ſt things*, that breathe and creepe on earth,
No one more wretched is then man.

Ver. 512.] Ogilby is more accurate, and, corrected, ſtands thus:

But *Priam's ſon my will ſhall not* permit
To guide your courſe, nor in that chariot ſit.

Ver. 518.] The rhyme is vicious. Thus?

Automedon ſhall *urge* your rapid flight
Safe to the navy thro' the *ſtorms* of *fight*.

Ver. 522. *The ſun ſhall ſee Troy conquer.*] It is worth obſerving with what art and œconomy Homer conducts his fable, to bring on the cataſtrophe. Achilles muſt hear Patroclus's death; Hector muſt fall by his hand: this cannot happen if the armies continue fighting about the body of Patroclus under the walls of Troy. Therefore, to change the face of affairs, Jupiter is going to raiſe the courage

He ſaid; and breathing in th' immortal horſe
Exceſſive ſpirit, urg'd 'em to the courſe;
From their high manes they ſhake the duſt, and bear
The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:
So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
Of geeſe, that ſcream, and ſcatter round the plain.
From danger now with ſwifteſt ſpeed they flew,
And now to conqueſt with like ſpeed purſue;

---

of the Trojans, and make them repulſe and chaſe the Greeks again as far as their fleet; this obliges Achilles to go forth though without arms, and thereby every thing comes to an iſſue. Dacier. P.

Ver. 524.] This couplet is unuſually ignoble for our tranſlator, who had his eye on Chapman, and wanted on this occaſion a part of that quality, which was imparted to the horſes of his original:

——————————— Thus in the ſteeds he blowes
Exceſſive ſpirit.

May I be allowed an attempt at improvement on our poet?

Thus ſpake the God; and bade cœleſtial fire
Recruits of vigour to the ſteeds inſpire.

Ver. 526.] The rhyme is bad. Thus?

From their high manes the duſt they ſhake; the *car*
Cleaves a ſwift paſſage through the *ranks of* war.

Ogilby, with a little chaſtiſement, is very tolerable:

He ſaid: by Jove *recruited*, from their manes
They ſhake the duſt, *and* ſcour *along* the plains.

Ver. 527.] More than a verſe of Homer is here paſſed over by Pope:

Still urg'd the ſteeds, ſtill fought Automedon,
Though for his friend diſtreſs'd.

Sole in the ſeat the charioteer remains,
Now plies the javelin, now directs the reins:
Him brave Alcimedon beheld diſtreſt,
Approach'd the chariot, and the chief addreſt.
What God provokes thee, raſhly thus to dare,
Alone, unaided, in the thickeſt war?
Alas! thy friend is ſlain, and Hector wields
Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.
In happy time (the charioteer replies)
The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;
No Greek like him, the heav'nly ſteeds reſtrains,
Or holds their fury in ſuſpended reins:
Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
But now Patroclus is an empty name!
To thee I yield the ſeat, to thee reſign
The ruling charge: the taſk of fight be mine.

Ver. 533.] This turn to the paſſage totally miſrepreſents his author, whoſe intention may be ſufficiently ſeen in a correction of Ogilby:

But none he ſlew,—*nor* could in full career
At once direct the ſteeds, and *launch* his ſpear.

Ver. 436.] I have had frequent occaſions to notice the defect of theſe rhymes, nor is the ſenſe fully exhibited. Thus?

What God thy mind infatuates, thus to go
With fruitleſs raſhneſs on the thickeſt foe?

Ver. 546.] Why this attempt to heighten and exaggerate in pompous language, what appears with as much advantage in the ſimple terms?

——————— to thee reſign
The *whip and reins*.

This ſtudied elevation of the compoſition, in paſſages of mere colloquial familiarity, argues, I think, a deficiency of taſte, and a deſire

He ſaid. Alcimedon, with active heat,
Snatches the reins, and vaults into the ſeat.
His friend deſcends. The chief of Troy deſcry'd,
And call'd Æneas fighting near his ſide.
Lo, to my ſight beyond our hope reſtor'd,
Achilles' car, deſerted of its lord!
The glorious ſteeds our ready arms invite,
Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
Can ſuch opponents ſtand, when we aſſail?
Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

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of ſtifling under the folds of ornamental phraſeology the characteriſtic diverſities of ſentiment and manners. To an inſtance like the preſent, we may apply the queſtion of our poet himſelf:

Who breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?

Ver. 555. *Scarce their weak drivers.*] There was but one driver, ſince Alcimedon was alone upon the chariot, and Automedon was got down to fight. But in poetry, as well as in painting, there is often but one moment to be taken hold on. Hector ſees Alcimedon mount the chariot, before Automedon was deſcended from it; and thereupon judging of their intention, and ſeeing them both as yet upon the chariot, he calls to Æneas. He terms them both drivers in mockery, becauſe he ſaw them take the reins one after the other; as if he ſaid, that chariot had two drivers, but never a fighter. It is one ſingle *moment* that makes this image. In reading the poets one often falls into great perplexities, for want of rightly diſtinguiſhing the point of time in which they ſpeak. Dacier.

The art of Homer, in this whole paſſage concerning Automedon, is very remarkable; in finding out the only proper occaſion, for ſo renowned a perſon as the charioteer of Achilles to ſignalize his valour.

The ſon of Venus to the counſel yields;
Then o'er their backs they ſpread their ſolid ſhields;
With braſs refulgent the broad ſurface ſhin'd,
And thick bull-hides the ſpacious concave lin'd.
Them Chromius follows, Aretus ſucceeds,
Each hopes the conqueſt of the lofty ſteeds;
In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
In vain advance! not fated to return.

Ver. 559.] Thus Chapman:

——— He granted, and both caſt
Drie *ſolid* hides upon their neckes.

Ver. 562.] The wrong accent of the latter name is from himſelf: all his predeceſſors are correct in this inſtance. Thus, more exactly:

With them both Chromius and Aretus go,
In hope to gain the ſteeds, and ſlay the foe.

Ver. 564. *In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,*
In vain advance! not fated to return.]

Theſe beautiful anticipations are frequent in the poets, who affect to ſpeak in the character of prophets, and men inſpired with the knowledge of futurity. Thus Virgil to Turnus,

" Neſcia mens hominum fati.—Turno tempus erit, &c."

So Taſſo, Cant. xii. when Argante had vowed the deſtruction of Tancred;

" O vani giuramenti! Ecco contrari
" Seguir toſto gli effetti a l' alta ſpeme:
" E cader queſti in teneon pari eſtinto
" Sotto colui, ch' ei fà già preso, e vinto."

And Milton makes the like apoſtrophe to Eve at her leaving Adam before ſhe met the ſerpent;

——— She to him engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might.
Then turning to his friend, with dauntleſs mind:
Oh keep the foaming courſers cloſe behind!
Full on my ſhoulders let their noſtrils blow,
For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;
'Tis Hector comes; and when he ſeeks the prize,
War knows no mean: he wins it, or he dies.
Then thro' the field he ſends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn (he ſaid)
Turn where diſtreſs demands immediate aid;

And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve!
Thou never from that hour, in paradiſe,
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe. P.

Ver. 569.] The ſenſe and ſpirit of the ſpeech are concentrated by our poet, without a ſcrupulous attention to the words, with aſtoniſhing dexterity.

Ver. 576.] To prevent a miſunderſtanding, he ſhould have written,

With *Sparta's king*.

Ver. 576.] The general ſenſe is ſufficiently preſerved in this tranſlation; but as no editor or tranſlator, that I have ſeen, perceived, in my opinion, the true conſtruction of the paſſage, I ſhall ſubjoin a literal verſion.

Ajaces! Menelaüs, Græcian chiefs,
And prime of warriours! leave the vulgar ranks
To compaſs dead Patroclus, and defend
And ward from us, who live, the day of fate.

The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And ſave the living, from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we ſtand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.
He ſpoke, and high the ſounding javelin flung,
Which paſs'd the ſhield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboſs'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly ſtuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous ax deſcending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of ſome brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:

Ver. 586.] Theſe words *the young*, are a mere botching interpolation for the ſake of the rhyme. I will venture to propoſe a ſubſtitution:

He ſpake: his arm the well-pois'd javelin ſent:
Straight to Aretus' ſhield his weapon went.

Ver. 387.] The concluſion of this line is equally gratuitous, and for the ſame convenience of the rhyme. Thus?

The point, thro' ſhield and baldric forc'd it's way:
Deep in the lower belly ſunk it lay.

Ver. 589.] A deficiency and two inaccuracies in the verſion of this *ſimile*, may be thus adjuſted:

As when a pond'rous ax, deſcending full
From a youth's ſturdy arm, ſome brawny bull
Strikes 'twixt the horns, he ſprings with *ſudden* bound —.

Thus fell the youth; the air his ſoul receiv'd,
And the ſpear trembled as his entrails heav'd.
Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Diſcharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he ſhunn'd; the javelin idly fled,
And hiſs'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful ſpear
In long vibrations ſpent its fury there.
With claſhing falchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;
Nor longer Hector with his Trojans ſtood,
But left their ſlain companion in his blood:
His arms Automedon diveſts, and cries,
Accept, Patroclus, this mean ſacrifice.
Thus have I ſooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, ſome off'ring to thy ſhade.
So looks the lion o'er a mangled boar,
All grim with rage, and horrible with gore;

Ver. 598.] This couplet is eminently beautiful and happy.

Ver. 601.] More accurately,
But, *at his call*, each Ajax interpos'd.

Ver. 608.] A literal tranſlation will ſhew the licentious innovations of our poet in his verſion of this paſſage; innovations, to which the inducement is too obvious:

He ſpake; and, lifting, in his chariot lays
The blood-ſtain'd ſpoils: aſcends, ſmear'd hand and foot,
Like a grim lion from a ſlaughter'd bull.

Thus Chapman, with fidelity:

——————— hands and feete, of bloudie ſtaines ſo full,
That lion-like he lookt, new turn'd, from tearing up a bull.

High on the chariot at one bound he ſprung,
And o'er his ſeat the bloody trophies hung.
And now Minerva, from the realms of air
Deſcends impetuous, and renews the war;
For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
The lord of Thunders ſent the blue-ey'd maid.
As when high Jove denouncing future woe,
O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
(In ſign of tempeſts from the troubled air,
Or from the rage of man, deſtructive war)
The drooping cattle dread th' impending ſkies,
And from his half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
In ſuch a form the Goddeſs round her drew,
A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
Aſſuming Phœnix' ſhape, on earth ſhe falls,
And in his well-known voice to Sparta calls.

Ver. 612.] Or thus, on account of the faulty rhyme, more cloſely:

Now Pallas, gliding from th' Olympian height,
O'er dead Patroclus ſpreads, anew, the fight,
Fierce, toilſome, bloody: come at Jove's command,
His mind now turn'd, to rouſe the Græcian band.

Ver. 617.] Thus, in one couplet?

As when his purple bow the Thunderer forms
In air, ſad ſign of wars, or ſhivering ſtorms!

Ver. 625.] With no propriety whatever can *Sparta* ſingly be allowed to ſtand for *Menelaus:* and the latter part of the preceding verſe is interpolated merely to accommodate the rhyme. Thus?

Approaching, firſt, in Phœnix' ſhape confeſs'd,
With his known voice ſhe Sparta's king addreſt.

And lies Achilles' friend belov'd by all,
A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
What ſhame to Greece for future times to tell,
To thee the greateſt, in whoſe cauſe he fell!
O chief, oh father! (Atreus' ſon replies)
O full of days! by long experience wiſe!
What more deſires my ſoul, than here unmov'd,
To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
Ah would Minerva ſend me ſtrength to rear
This weary'd arm, and ward the ſtorm of war!
But Hector, like the rage of fire we dread,
And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.
Pleas'd to be firſt of all the pow'rs addreſt,
She breathes new vigour in her hero's breaſt,
And fills with keen revenge, with fell deſpight,
Deſire of blood, and rage, and luſt of fight.
So burns the vengeful hornet (ſoul all o'er)
Repuls'd in vain, and thirſty ſtill of gore;

Ver. 628.] More exactly thus:

What ſhame for thee, what ſource of future woe?
Be bold, and urge thy ſquadron on the foe.

Ver. 634.] I would propoſe the following ſubſtitution:

Ah! would Minerva now freſh vigour ſend,
And from the ſtorm of darts my head defend!

Ver. 636.] Or thus?

But Hector ſlaughters with a lance of fire;
For Jove's own ardours the bold chief inſpire.

Ver. 642. *So burns the vengeful hornet,* &c.] It is literally in the Greek, *She inſpir'd the hero with the boldneſs of a fly.* There is

(Bold ſon of Air and Heat) on angry wings
Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and ſtings.
Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
And ſent his ſoul with ev'ry lance he threw.
There ſtood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
Eëtion's ſon, and Podes was his name;

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no impropriety in the compariſon, this animal being of all others the moſt perſevering in its attacks, and the moſt difficult to be beaten off: the occaſion alſo of the compariſon being the reſolute perſiſtance of Menelaus about the dead body, renders it ſtill the more juſt. But our preſent idea of the fly is indeed very low, as taken from the littleneſs and inſignificancy of this creature. However, ſince there is really no meanneſs in it, there ought to be none in expreſſing it; and I have done my beſt in the tranſlation to keep up the dignity of my author. P.

Our tranſlator, from a taſte viciouſly faſtidious, has made a ſubſtitution, which deſtroys the whole effect of the compariſon, by attributing the properties of one animal to another not partaking them. I ſhall give a literal tranſlation of the paſſage:

> He ſpake: the blue-ey'd goddeſs heard well-pleas'd
> His prayer, addreſs'd to her alone; and gave
> Strength to his knees and ſhoulders: in his breaſt
> Sent of a fly the perſeverance bold,
> Which, from the ſkin of man repell'd, again
> Aſſails to bite, from love of human blood:
> Such forward boldneſs fill'd his manly mind.

In our poet's note, compared with his tranſlation, there is an obſcurity and apparent inconſiſtency, which I cannot unveil or reconcile. It is not unlikely that a *ſimile* in the Samſon Agoniſtes might lead our tranſlator to this variation; ver. 19:

> Eaſe to the body ſome, none to the mind
> From reſtleſs thoughts, that like a deadly ſwarm
> Of *hornets* arm'd, no ſooner found alone,
> But ruſh upon me thronging.

With riches honour'd, and with courage bleſt,
By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt;
Thro' his broad belt the ſpear a paſſage found,
And pond'rous as he falls, his arms reſound.
Sudden at Hector's ſide Apollo ſtood,
Like Phænops, Aſius' ſon, appear'd the God;
(Aſius the great, who held his wealthy reign
In fair Abydos, by the rolling main.)
Oh prince (he cry'd) oh foremoſt once in fame!
What Grecian now ſhall tremble at thy name?
Doſt thou at length to Menelaüs yield,
A chief once thought no terrour of the field;
Yet ſingly, now, the long-diſputed prize
He bears victorious, while our army flies.

Ver. 651. *By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his gueſt.*] Podes the favourite and companion of Hector, being killed on this occaſion, ſeems a parallel circumſtance to the death of Achilles's favourite and companion; and was probably put in here on purpoſe to engage Hector on the like occaſion with Achilles. P.

Ver. 652.] Thus Ogilby:

Through's arms and breaſt the point *a paſſage found.*

Ver. 653.] After this verſe, the following portion of the original is omitted:

——————— but Atreus' ſon
Dragg'd from the foes the carcaſe to his friends.

Ver. 654.] I ſhould prefer, to theſe rhymes, a couplet with the rhymes of Ogilby:

At Hector's ſide, like Phœnops, Aſius' ſon,
Phœbus appear'd, and urg'd the warriour on.

Ver. 662.] This is a miſtake: Homer ſays only,

By the ſame arm illuſtrious Podes bled;
The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead!
This heard, o'er Hector ſpreads a cloud of woe,
Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.
But now th' Eternal ſhook his ſable ſhield.
That ſhaded Ide, and all the ſubject field,
Beneath its ample verge. A rolling cloud
Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
And blaze beneath the light'nings of the God:
At one regard of his all-ſeeing eye,
The vanquiſh'd triumph, and the victors fly.
Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led:
For as the brave Bœotian turn'd his head

——————— and now he bears alone
A carcaſe from the Trojans:

meaning that of Podes. But our tranſlator was deceived by Hobbes:

And vainly now he thinks alone he can
Bring off *Patroclus' body* from the field:

or by Dacier: "Il ſe retire tranquillement avec *le corps de Patrocle:*" who ſeems to have been guided by her predeceſſor Barbin: "Pou-"vez-vous le craindre, et permettre qu'il vous enleve *le corps de* "*Patrocle?*"

Ver. 668.] Our tranſlator adds, amplifies, and exaggerates in this paſſage with luxuriant licentiouſneſs. The ſubſequent effort exhibits a plain, but full and commenſurate, reſemblance of the original:

Then Jove his bright fring'd ægis lifts, and ſhrouds
The tops of Ida with a veil of clouds:
The mountain ſhakes: flaſh lightnings, thunder rolls;
Troy triumphs wait; fear chills the Græcian ſouls.

Ver. 676.] The tranſlation of this paſſage is inaccurate, as a plain verſion will beſt demonſtrate:

To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
And raz'd his ſhoulder with a ſhorten'd ſpear:
By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
Pierc'd thro' the wriſt; and raging with the pain,
Graſps his once formidable lance in vain.
As Hector follow'd, Idomen addreſt
The flaming javelin to his manly breaſt;
The brittle point before his corſelet yields;
Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
High on his chariot as the Cretan ſtood,
The ſon of Priam whirl'd the miſſive wood;
But erring from its aim, th' impetuous ſpear
Struck to the duſt the ſquire and charioteer
Of martial Merion: Cœranus his name,
Who left fair Lyctus for the fields of fame.
On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
But the brave 'ſquire the ready courſers brought,
And with his life his maſter's ſafety bought.

Bœotian Peneleus began the flight;
A ſpear had pierc'd his ſhoulder, as he turn'd
Inceſſant, gently grazing to the bone,
Urg'd by Polydamas approaching near.
Then Hector, on the wriſt ſmote Leitus,
Alectryon's ſon, cloſe ſmiting; and made ceaſe
From battle: trembling, round he caſts his eyes,
Nor hopes to wield his lance in fight again.

Ver. 696.] Something better, perhaps, with theſe ſlight alterations:

Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
The teeth it ſhatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
Prone from the ſeat he tumbles to the plain;
His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
And urges to deſert the hopeleſs war;
Idomeneus conſents; the laſh applies;
And the ſwift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax leſs the will of heav'n deſcry'd,
And conqueſt ſhifting to the Trojan ſide,
Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
To Atreus' ſeed, the god-like Telamon.

And his *own* life *the* maſter's ſafety bought:

and in verſe 693, all miſconception of the paſſage, in which indeed there is not the ſmalleſt difficulty, might be counteracted by correcting thus:

On foot fought Merion, and *e'er* now laid low ——.

Ver. 700.] Homer ſays, "*pour'd down* the reins:" I would alter, therefore,

His dying hand *lets ſlip* the falling rein.

Ver. 701.] Our tranſlator is very compendious, with his author here; of whom accept this plain reſemblance:

Theſe from the ground the hands of Merion take;
Who thus his prince Idomeneus beſpake:
Haſte, ſcourge thy ſteeds, and drive them to the ſhore;
Thou ſee'ſt, that Conqueſt waits on Greece no more:
The king, appall'd, conſents ——.

Ver. 707.] No leſs than *three* improprieties, in ſo ſmall a compaſs, may be ſuperſeded by the following ſubſtitution:

—— Then thus *began*
To *Sparta's warriour prince* the god-like *man*.

Alas! who ſees not Jove's almighty hand
Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
Whether the weak or ſtrong diſcharge the dart,
He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
Not ſo our ſpears: inceſſant tho' they rain,
He ſuffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
Deſerted of the God, yet let us try
What human ſtrength and prudence can ſupply;
If yet this honour'd corſe, in triumph born,
May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
Who tremble yet, ſcarce reſcu'd from their fates,
And ſtill hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd to bear
The mournful meſſage to Pelides' ear;

Ver. 715.] A languid verſe. Better, perhaps, with this trivial ſubſtitution,

E'en thus, by heaven deſerted, let us try ——.

Ver. 717.] The rhyme is imperfect. Thus?

If we returning, while our friends deſpair,
May glad their hearts, and off Patroclus bear;
Our trembling friends, ſcarce reſcu'd from their fates,
Who ſtill hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
This inſtant too ſhould ſome aſſociate go,
To great Pelides with this tale of woe.

Ver. 721. *Some hero too muſt be diſpatch'd,* &c.] It ſeems odd that they did not ſooner ſend this meſſage to Achilles; but there is ſome apology for it from the darkneſs, and the difficulty of finding a proper perſon. It was not every body that was proper to ſend, but one who was a particular friend to Achilles, who might condole

For ſure he knows not, diſtant on the ſhore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But ſuch a chief I ſpy not thro' the hoſt:
The men, the ſteeds, the armies, all are loſt
In gen'ral darkneſs—Lord of Earth and Air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
Diſpel this cloud, the light of heav'n reſtore;
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day!

---

with him. Such was Antilochus who is ſent afterwards, and who, beſides, had that neceſſary qualification of being πόδας ὠκύς. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 731. *If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,*
But let us periſh in the face of day!]

This thought has been looked upon as one of the ſublimeſt in Homer. Longinus repreſents it in this manner: "The thickeſt darkneſs had "on a ſudden covered the Grecian army, and hindered them from "fighting: when Ajax not knowing what courſe to take, cries out, "*Oh Jove! diſperſe this darkneſs which covers the Greeks, and if we "muſt periſh, let us periſh in the light!* This is a ſentiment truly "worthy of Ajax, he does not pray for life; that had been "unworthy a hero: but becauſe in that darkneſs he could not "employ his valour to any glorious purpoſe, and vexed to ſtand "idle in the field of battle, he only prays that the day may appear, "as being aſſured of putting an end to it worthy his great heart, "though Jupiter himſelf ſhould happen to oppoſe his efforts."

M. l'Abbè Teraſſon (in his diſſertation on the Iliad) endeavours to prove that Longinus has miſrepreſented the whole context and ſenſe of this paſſage of Homer. The fact (ſays he) is, that Ajax is in a very different ſituation in Homer from that wherein Longinus deſcribes him. He has not the leaſt intention of fighting, he thinks only of finding out ſome fit perſon to ſend to Achilles; and this

With tears the hero ſpoke, and at his pray'r
The God relenting; clear'd the clouded air;

darkneſs hindering him from ſeeing ſuch a one, is the occaſion of his prayer. Accordingly it appears by what follows, that as ſoon as Jupiter had diſperſed the cloud, Ajax never falls upon the enemy, but in conſequence of his former thought orders Menelaus to look for Antilochus, to diſpatch him to Achilles with the news of the death of his friend. Longinus (continues this author) had certainly forgot the place from whence he took this thought; and it is not the firſt citation from Homer which the ancients have quoted wrong. Thus Ariſtotle attributes to Calypſo, the words of Ulyſſes in the twelfth book of the Odyſſey; and confounds together two paſſages, one of the ſecond, the other of the fifteenth book of the Iliad. [Ethic. ad Nicom. l. ii. c. 9. and l. iii. c. 11.] And thus Cicero aſcribed to Agamemnon a long diſcourſe of Ulyſſes in the ſecond Iliad; [De divinatione, l. ii.] and cited as Ajax's, the ſpeech of Hector in the ſeventh. [See Aul. Gellius, l. xv. c. 6.] One has no cauſe to wonder at this, ſince the ancients having Homer almoſt by heart, were for that very reaſon the more ſubject to miſtake in citing him by memory.

To this I think one may anſwer, that granting it was partly the occaſion of Ajax's prayer to obtain light, in order to ſend to Achilles, (which he afterwards does) yet the thought which Longinus attributes to him, is very conſiſtent with it; and the laſt line expreſſes nothing elſe but an heroick deſire rather to die in the light, than eſcape with ſafety in the darkneſs.

Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον, ἐπεὶ νύ τοι εὐαδεν ὧδε.

But indeed the whole ſpeech is only meant to paint the concern and diſtreſs of a brave general; the thought of ſending a meſſenger is only a reſult from that concern and diſtreſs, and ſo but a ſmall circumſtance, which cannot be ſaid to occaſion the prayer.

Monſ. Boileau has tranſlated this paſſage in two lines;

" Grand Dieu! chaſſe la nuit qui nous couvre les yeux,
" Et combats contre nous à la clarté des cieux."

And Mr. la Motte yet better in one,

" Grand Dieu! rends nous le jour, & combats contre nous!"

Forth burſt the ſun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flaſh'd againſt the day.
Now, now, Atrides! caſt around thy ſight,
If yet Antilochus ſurvives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides haſtes away.

But both theſe (as Dacier very juſtly obſerves) are contrary to Homer's ſenſe. He is far from repreſenting Ajax of ſuch a daring impiety, as to bid Jupiter combat againſt him; but only makes him aſks for light, that if it be his will the Greeks ſhall periſh, they may periſh in open day, Καὶ ὄλεσσον——(ſays he) that is, *abandon us, withdraw from us your aſſiſtance;* for thoſe who are deſerted by Jove muſt periſh infallibly. This decorum of Homer ought to have been preſerved. P.

Ver. 732.] Our tranſlator, led aſtray by Dacier, much miſrepreſents his original, and weakens his force, both in his verſion of the text and of the paſſage from Longinus. I would preſume to offer this ſubſtitution:

Give me to ſee, and I thy will obey:
Thy hand may cruſh me in the face of day.

Hobbes might contribute to miſlead him:

O Jove, give us once more a ſky ſerene;
Remove this miſt that we may ſee to fight
Or *if* to kill the Argives all you mean,
O Father Jove, *yet kill us in the light:*

Or Ogilby:

O Jove, theſe fogs diſperſe and ſable night,
And *(muſt we periſh)* kill us in the light.

Ver. 735.] A noble couplet, repreſentative of the following verſe in his author:

The ſun ſhone forth, and all the war appear'd.

It is poſſible, that his fancy might improve on a hint in Ogilby:

Jove grants his prayer, and clears the gloomy ſphear;
The ſun breaks forth, the *glittering* ranks appear.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Tho' high in courage, and with hunger bold,
Long gall'd by herdſmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted ſore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from an hundred hands,
And the red terrours of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untaſted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place
With weary limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admoniſh'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard theſe relicks to your charge conſign'd,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
How ſkill'd he was in each obliging art;
The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart:
He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
In death a hero, as in life a friend!

Ver. 756. *The mildeſt manners, and the gentleſt heart.*] This is a fine elogium of Patroclus: Homer dwells upon it on purpoſe, leſt Achilles's character ſhould be miſtaken; and ſhews by the praiſes he beſtows here upon goodneſs, that Achilles's character is not commendable for morality. Achilles's manners, entirely oppoſite to thoſe of Patroclus, are not morally good; they are only poetically ſo, that is to ſay, they are well marked; and diſcover before-hand what reſolutions that hero will take: as hath been at large explained upon Ariſtotle's Poeticks. Dacier. P.

Ver. 757.] For this couplet his original has only,

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
And round on all ſides ſent his piercing view.
As the bold bird, endu'd with ſharpeſt eye
Of all that wing the mid aërial ſky,
The ſacred eagle, from his walks above
Looks down, and ſees the diſtant thicket move;
Then ſtoops, and ſouſing on the quiv'ring hare,
Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
Not with leſs quickneſs, his exerted ſight
Paſs'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
'Till on the left the chief he ſought, he found;
Chearing his men, and ſpreading deaths around.

——— now Death and Fate have ſeiz'd.

Our tranſlator might receive a hint from Hobbes:

And how in our defence his bloud he ſhed.

Ver. 764.] This is very lively and ingenious, but deſtroys in a great meaſure the propriety and force of the compariſon. I ſhall give a literal tranſlation of it:

Thus ſpake the prince with auburn locks, and went
On all ſides glancing with an eagle's eye,
Sharpeſt of wing'd inhabitants of air,
Whom from on high the ſwift hare not eſcapes,
Squat in the leafy ſhrub; but down the bird
Souſes immediate, graſps, and kills his prey.

Ver. 769.] This cloſe repetition of the *pronoun* with two *monoſyllabic verbs* appears inelegant to my taſte. I would propoſe theſe alterations:

Pierc'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
'Till on *his* left the *wiſh'd-for* chief he found.

Thus Ogilby:

When on the left wing him he quickly *found*
Chearing his ſquadrons to maintain their ground.

To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
For ſadder tidings never touch'd thy ear,
Thy eyes have witneſs'd, what a fatal turn!
How Ilion triumphs, and th' Achaians mourn;
This is not all: Patroclus, on the ſhore
Now pale and dead, ſhall ſuccour Greece no more.
Fly to the fleet, this inſtant fly, and tell
The ſad Achilles, how his lov'd-one fell:
He too may haſte the naked corpſe to gain;
The arms are Hector's, who deſpoil'd the ſlain.
The youthful warriour heard with ſilent woe,
From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;

Ver. 771.] Ogilby renders,

Then to the prince he ſaid: draw nigh and hear
News I could wiſh ſhould never pierce thy ear:

After whom I wiſh Pope had written,

For ſadder tidings never *pierc'd* thine ear.

Ver. 780.] Better, perhaps, with a repetition:

The naked corpſe, for Hector *ſpoil'd* the ſlain.

Ver. 781. *The youthful warriour heard with ſilent woe.*] Homer ever repreſents an exceſs of grief by a deep horrour, ſilence, weeping, and not enquiring into the manner of the friend's death: nor could Antilochus have expreſſed his ſorrow in any manner ſo moving as ſilence. Euſtathius. P.

The *ſecond* epithet in this line is rendered totally ſuperfluous by the following couplet. We might ſubſtitute,

The youthful warriour heard with *piercing* woe.

Ver. 782.] Thus Chapman:

His faire eyes ſtanding full of teares:

Big with the mighty grief, he ſtrove to ſay
What ſorrow dictates, but no word found way.
To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
Who near him wheeling, drove his ſteeds along;
Then ran, the mournful meſſage to impart,
With tear-full eyes, and with dejected heart.
Swift fled the youth: nor Menelaüs ſtands,
(Tho' ſore diſtreſt) to aid the Pylian bands;
But bids bold Thraſymede thoſe troops ſuſtain;
Himſelf returns to his Patroclus ſlain.

---

and Dryden, in his St. Cæcilia:

And now and then a ſigh he ſtole
And *tears began to flow.*

Ver. 784.] A line of Homer is here omitted, to this purport:

Nor yet neglects the Spartan chief's requeſt:

which indeed may be eaſily inferred.

Ver. 785. *To brave Laodocus his arms he flung.*] Antilochus leaves his armour, not only that he might make the more haſte, but (as the ancients conjecture) that he might not be thought to be abſent by the enemies; and that ſeeing his armour on ſome other perſon, they might think him ſtill in the fight. Euſtathius. P.

I would thus correct, more faithful to Homer, *grammar*, and *rhyme:*

To brave Laodocus his arms he *gave*,
Who, near him wheeling, his *ſwift courſers drave.*

Ver. 790.] The ambiguity of this verſe may be removed thus, and the form of Homer's phraſeology be preſerved:

Nor didſt thou, Spartan chief! to ſuccour ſtand
The wearied ſtruggles of the Pylian band.

Ogilby is tolerable:

Nor couldſt thou ſtay, bold Spartan, to aſſiſt
Thy ſtreightned friends, Antilochus diſmiſt.

Gone is Antilochus (the hero ſaid)
But hope not, warriours, for Achilles' aid:
Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
'Tis our own vigour muſt the dead regain;
And ſave ourſelves, while with impetuous hate
Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (ſaid Ajax) be it then thy care
With Merion's aid, the weighty corſe to rear;
Myſelf, and my bold brother will ſuſtain
The ſhock of Hector and his charging train:
Nor fear we armies, fighting ſide by ſide;
What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
Have try'd it, and have ſtood. The hero ſaid.
High from the ground the warriors heave the dead.
A gen'ral clamour riſes at the fight:
Loud ſhout the Trojans, and renew the fight.

Ver. 794. *But hope not, warriours, for Achilles' aid:*
Unarm'd. ————] This is an ingenious way of making the valour of Achilles appear the greater; who, though without arms, goes forth, in the next book, contrary to the expectation of Ajax and Menelaus. Dacier. P.

Ver. 797.] More exactly to his author,
In our *own counſels* all our hopes remain.

Ver. 807.] I ſhould like better,
Have try'd, and ſtood. *Th' undaunted* hero ſaid —.

Not fiercer ruſh along the gloomy wood,
With rage inſatiate and with thirſt of blood,
Voracious hounds, that many a length before
Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
But if the ſavage turns his glaring eye,
They howl aloof, and round the foreſt fly.
Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
Wave their thick falchions, and their javelins ſhow'r:
But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
All pale they tremble, and forſake the field.
While thus aloft the hero's corſe they bear,
Behind them rages all the ſtorm of war;
Confuſion, tumult, horrour, o'er the throng
Of men, ſteeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
Leſs fierce the winds with riſing flames conſpire,
To whelm ſome city under waves of fire;

Ver. 819.] More accurately thus:

But, when th' Ajaces turn, their colour goes;
They ſtand, and leave the carcaſe to their foes.

Ver. 822.] Thus? to eſcape an imperfect rhyme:

The ſtorm of *battle* rages *in the rear.*

Ver. 825, &c.] The heap of images which Homer throws together at the end of this book, makes the ſame action appear with a very beautiful variety. The deſcription of the burning of a city is ſhort, but very lively. That of Ajax alone bringing up the rear-guard, and ſhielding thoſe that bore the body of Patroclus from the whole Trojan hoſt, gives a prodigious idea of Ajax, and a Homer has often hinted, makes him juſt ſecond to Achilles.

Now ſink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
Now crack the blazing temples of the Gods;
The rumbling torrent thro' the ruin rolls,
And ſheets of ſmoke mount heavy to the poles.
The heroes ſweat beneath their honour'd load:
As when two mules, along the rugged road,
From the ſteep mountains with exerted ſtrength
Drag ſome vaſt beam, or maſt's unwieldy length;

The image of the beam paints the great ſtature of Patroclus: that of the hill dividing the ſtream is noble and natural.

He compares the Ajaces to a boar, for their fierceneſs and boldneſs; to a long bank that keeps off the courſe of the waters, for their ſtanding firm and immoveable in the battle: thoſe that carry the dead body, to mules dragging a vaſt beam through rugged paths, for their laborioufneſs: the body carried, to a beam, for being heavy and inanimate: the Trojans to dogs, for their boldneſs; and to water, for their agility and moving backwards and forwards: the Greeks to a flight of ſtarlings and jays, for their timorouſneſs and ſwiftneſs. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 827.] We might improve the rhymes by this expedient:

Now ſinks the manſion, now the column nods:

but theſe are fanciful unauthoriſed additions; and the luxuriant invention of our tranſlator will appear from a verbal exhibition of the compariſon:

Wild as a ruſhing fire, which on ſome town
Burſts inſtantaneous; from the mighty blaze,
Rous'd by loud blaſts, whole manſions diſappear.

He copied Dryden, at Virg. Æn. iv. 964.

Or the new Carthage, ſet by foes on *fire*;
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd *abodes*,
Involv'd *the blazing temples of their Gods.*

Ver. 834.] So Chapman: A beame or maſt: for the original is,

Or beam, or huge ſhip-timber.

Inly they groan, big drops of ſweat diſtill,
Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill:
So theſe——Behind, the bulk of Ajax ſtands,
And breaks the torrent of the ruſhing bands.
Thus when a river ſwell'd with ſudden rains
Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
Some interpoſing hill the ſtream divides,
And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.
Still cloſe they follow, cloſe the rear engage;
Æneas ſtorms, and Hector foams with rage:
While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,

Ver. 836.] This ſignificant term was ſuggeſted, I preſume, by Chapman's concluſion of the preceding *ſimile:*

——— all the while, a boiſterous guſt of wind
Lumbring amongſt it.

Ver. 838.] This verſe is a moſt happy introduction, in my opinion, to the following compariſon: to which purpoſe the reader may conſult a fine obſervation of Warburton's, on our poet's *ſecond* Ethic Epiſtle, verſe 253. Homer had ſaid only,

——— but behind
Th' Ajaces check the foe.

Ver. 839.] The *plural number* ſhould have been preſerved throughout the *ſimile*, in conformity to his author:

Thus, when *ſwift rivers, ſwoll'n* with ſudden rains —:

but thus his *three* poetical predeceſſors, ſo often mentioned before.

Ver. 841.] Rather,

Some interpoſing *mound*——.

Ver. 844.] An animated noble verſe! His author ſimply ſays,

Illuſtrious Hector and Anchiſes' ſon.

Ver. 845.] Our poet adds, amplifies, and alters. Thus his maſter:

That ſhriek inceſſant while the falcon, hung
High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
Such the wild terrour, and the mingled cry:
Within, without the trench, and all the way,
Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
Such horrour Jove impreſt! yet ſtill proceeds
The work of death, and ſtill the battle bleeds.

They, as a cloud of ſtares or pies ruſh on
With clamour ſhrill, a falcon's flight obſerv'd,
Deſtructive to the leſſer feather'd tribe ——.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES, AND NEW ARMOUR MADE HIM BY VULCAN.

THE news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes with all her ſea-nymphs to comfort him. The ſpeeches of the mother and ſon on this occaſion. Iris appears to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him to ſhew himſelf at the head of the intrenchments. The ſight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas diſagree in their opinions; but the advice of the former prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms for her ſon. The deſcription of the wonderful works of Vulcan; and laſtly, that noble one of the ſhield of Achilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the night enſuing, take up this book. The ſcene is at Achilles's tent on the ſea-ſhore, from whence it changes to the palace of Vulcan. P.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it riſes, now it ſinks by turns.
Meanwhile, where Helleſpont's broad waters flow,
Stood Neſtor's ſon, the meſſenger of woe:

Ver. 1. *Thus like the rage of fire*, &c.] This phraſe is uſual in our author, to ſignify a ſharp battle fought with heat and fury on both parts; ſuch an engagement like a flame, preying upon all ſides, and dying the ſooner, the fiercer it burns. Euſtathius. P.

So Chapman:

They fought ſtill, *like the rage of fire.*

But I would compriſe this exordium in an equal compaſs with the original:

Whilſt, like a globe of fire, both armies fought,
Swift Neſtor's ſon the doleful meſſage brought.

And, on the whole, in the ſimplicity of narrative I ſhould like as well a correction of Ogilby:

Whilſt thus both parties fought like raging flame,
Swift Neſtor's ſon to *great* Achilles came:
Him at his fleet he found, perplex'd *in thought*,
Preſaging *thoſe* events, which *heaven had wrought*.

There ſat Achilles, ſhaded by his ſails,
On hoiſted yards extended to the gales;
Penſive he ſat; for all that Fate deſign'd
Roſe in ſad proſpect to his boding mind.
Thus to his ſoul he ſaid. Ah! what conſtrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?
Is this the day, which heav'n ſo long ago
Ordain'd, to ſink me with the weight of woe?
(So Thetis warn'd) when by a Trojan hand
The braveſt of the Myrmidonian band

Ver. 6. *On hoiſted yards.*] The epithet ὀρθοκραιράων in this place has a more than ordinary ſignification. It implies that the ſail-yards were hoiſted up, and Achilles's ſhips on the point to ſet ſail. This ſhews that it was purely in compliance to his friend that he permitted him to ſuccour the Greeks; he meant to leave them as ſoon as Patroclus returned; he ſtill remembered what he told the embaſſadors in the ninth book; ver. 360 of the original. *To-morrow you ſhall ſee my fleet ſet ſail.* Accordingly this is the day appointed, and he is fixed to his reſolution: this circumſtance wonderfully ſtrengthens his implacable character. P.

Ver. 7. *Penſive he ſat.*] Homer in this artful manner prepares Achilles for the fatal meſſage, and gives him theſe forebodings of his misfortunes, that they might be no leſs than he expected.

His expreſſions are ſuitable to his concern, and delivered confuſedly. "I bad him (ſays he) after he had ſaved the ſhips, and "repulſed the Trojans, to return back, and not engage himſelf too "far." Here he breaks off, when he ſhould have added; "But "he was ſo unfortunate as to forget my advice." As he is reaſoning with himſelf, Antilochus comes in, which makes him leave the ſenſe imperfect. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 9.] The rhyming word of this verſe ſeems forced. I prefer Ogilby, with a little poliſh:

Thus to *his ſoul* he ſaid: Ah! why, again
Flies Greece confus'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plain?

Should loſe the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warriour, and Patroclus he!
In vain I charg'd him ſoon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to ſhun Hectorean force in vain!
Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.
Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus! thou muſt hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling meſſenger!

Ver. 15. ——— *Fulfill'd is that decree;*
Slain is the warriour, and Patroclus he!

It may be objected that Achilles ſeems to contradict what had been ſaid in the foregoing book, that Thetis concealed from her ſon the death of Patroclus in her prediction. Whereas here he ſays, that ſhe had foretold he ſhould loſe the braveſt of the Theſſalians. There is nothing in this but what is natural and common among mankind: and it is ſtill more agreeable to the haſty and inconſiderate temper of Achilles, not to have made that reflection till it was too late. Prophecies are only marks of divine preſcience, not warnings to prevent human misfortunes; for if they were, they muſt hinder their own accompliſhment. P.

Ver. 17.] Thus, more exactly, with Chapman's rhymes:
Tho' warn'd, the fleet once ſav'd from hoſtile fire,
To ſhun great Hector, and with ſpeed retire.

Ver. 19.] Somewhat more gracefully, perhaps,
Thus while he *mus'd* —:
but he treads cloſely in the ſteps of Chapman:
As thus his troubl'd mind diſcourſt, *Antilochus appear'd,*
And told with teares the ſad newes thus.

Ver. 21. *Sad tidings, ſon of Peleus!*] This ſpeech of Antilochus ought to ſerve as a model for the brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of news ought to be delivered; for in two verſes it comprehends the whole affair of the death of Patroclus, the perſon that killed him, the conteſt for his body, and his arms in the poſſeſſion

Dead is Patroclus! For his corſe they fight;
His naked corſe: his arms are Hector's right.
A ſudden horrour ſhot thro' all the chief,
And wrapt his ſenſes in the cloud of grief;

---

of his enemy. Beſides, it ſhould be obſerved that grief has ſo crouded his words, that in theſe two verſes he leaves the verb ἀμφιμάχονται, *they fight*, without its nominative, *the Greeks or Trojans*. Homer obſerves this brevity upon all the like occaſions. The Greek tragick poets have not always imitated this diſcretion. In great diſtreſſes there is nothing more ridiculous than a meſſenger who begins a long ſtory with pathetick deſcriptions; he ſpeaks without being heard; for the perſon to whom he addreſſes himſelf has no time to attend to him: the firſt word, which diſcovers to him his misfortune, has made him deaf to all the reſt. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 22.] Theſe rhymes too much approximate to the preceding: and, otherwiſe, that of this verſe is inadmiſſible. Thus?

And wretched I th' *unwelcome* meſſage *bear*.

Ver. 25. *A ſudden horrour*, &c.] A modern French writer has drawn a parallel of the conduct of Homer and Virgil, in relation to the deaths of Patroclus and of Pallas. The latter is killed by Turnus, as the former by Hector; Turnus triumphs in the ſpoils of the one, as Hector is clad in the arms of the other; Æneas revenges the death of Pallas by that of Turnus, as Achilles the death of Patroclus by that of Hector. The grief of Achilles in Homer, on the ſcore of Patroclus, is much greater than that of Æneas in Virgil for the ſake of Pallas. Achilles gives himſelf up to deſpair, with a weakneſs which Plato could not pardon in him, and which can only be excuſed on account of the long and cloſe friendſhip between them: that of Æneas is more diſcreet, and ſeems more worthy of a hero. It was not poſſible that Æneas could be ſo deeply intereſted for any man, as Achilles was intereſted for Patroclus: for Virgil had no colour to kill Aſcanius, who was little more than a child; beſides that, his hero's intereſt in the war of Italy was great enough of itſelf, not to need to be animated by ſo touching a concern as the fear of loſing his ſon. On the other hand, Achilles having but very little perſonal concern in the war of Troy (as he had told Agamemnon in the beginning of the poem) and knowing, beſides, that he was to periſh there; required ſome very

Caſt on the ground, with furious hands he ſpread
The ſcorching aſhes o'er his graceful head;
His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Thoſe he deforms with duſt, and theſe he tears:
On the hard ſoil his groaning breaſt he threw,
And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.

---

preſſing motive to engage him to perſiſt in it, after ſuch diſguſts and inſults as he had received. It was this which made it neceſſary for theſe two great poets to treat a ſubject ſo much in its own nature alike, in a manner ſo different. But as Virgil found it admirable in Homer, he was willing to approach it, as near as the œconomy of his work would permit. P.

Ver. 27. *Caſt on the ground*, &c.] This is a fine picture of the grief of Achilles. We ſee on the one hand, the poſture in which the hero receives the news of his friend's death; he falls upon the ground, he rends his hair, he ſnatches the aſhes and caſts them on his head, according to the manner of thoſe times; (but what much enlivens it in this place, is his ſprinkling embers, inſtead of aſhes, in the violence of his paſſion.) On the other ſide, the captives are running from their tents, ranging themſelves about him, and anſwering to his groans: beſide him ſtands Antilochus, fetching deep ſighs, and hanging on the arms of the hero, for fear his deſpair and rage ſhould cauſe ſome deſperate attempt upon his own life: there is no painter but will be touched with this image. P.

Ver. 28.] Our poet's epithet *ſcorching* is very injudicious. The original word αἰθαλοισσαν, *fiery*, or *fire-colour'd*, means only to diſtinguiſh *the aſhes of the hearth* from the common duſt of the ground: but Dacier was his guide: "Il prend avec ſes deux mains "de la cendre *encore brûlante:*" whom he follows alſo in his note.

Ver. 29.] Homer ſtiles it "his *nectareous* coat;" that is *rich*, or *odoriferous:* but Dacier renders: "La *pourpre* de ſes habits en eſt couverte."

Ver. 31.] This couplet is not happily expreſſive of it's model, which runs literally thus:

The virgin captives, with diſorder'd charms,
(Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
Ruſh'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
Beat their white breaſts, and fainted on the ground:
While Neſtor's ſon ſuſtains a manlier part,
And mourns the warriour with a warriour's heart;
Hangs on his arms, amidſt his frantick woe,
And oft prevents the meditated blow.
Far in the deep abyſſes of the main,
With hoary Nereus, and the wat'ry train,
The mother Goddeſs from her cryſtal throne
Heard his loud cries, and anſwer'd groan for groan.

Himſelf in duſt lay huge, and ſpread at length.

I have nothing better to propoſe, than the following attempt:

. In the deep ſand the wretched mourner lies,
At large extended, and of largeſt ſize.

Ver. 33. *The virgin captives.*] The captive maids lamented either in pity for their lord, or in gratitude to the memory of Patroclus, who was remarkable for his goodneſs and affability; or under theſe pretences mourned for their own misfortunes and ſlavery. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 37.] There is but ſmall reſemblance of the original in the verſion here. The reader muſt excuſe the humble efforts of the editor:

Nor mourns not Neſtor's ſon, but copious flow
His ſorrows: yet, while frantic in his woe
Pelides rag'd, his deſperate hand repreſt,
And kept the ſteel from plunging in his breaſt.

Ver. 41.] Thus Ogilby:

His mother heard him 'midſt her virgin-*train*,
In Nereus palace, built beneath *the main*.

The circling Nereids with their miſtreſs weep,
And all the ſea-green ſiſters of the deep.
Thalia, Glauce, (ev'ry wat'ry name)
Neſæa mild, and ſilver Spio came:
Cymothoë and Cymodoce were nigh,
And the blue languiſh of ſoft Alia's eye.
Their locks Actæa and Limnoria rear,
Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear,
Thoa, Pheruſa, Doto, Melita;
Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay:
Next Callianira, Callianaſſa ſhow
Their ſiſter looks; Dexamene the ſlow,
And ſwift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
Iæra now the verdant wave divides:
Nemertes with Apſeudes lifts the head,
Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed;
Theſe Orythia, Clymene, attend,
Mæra, Amphinome, the train extend;
And black Janira, and Janaſſa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair.

Ver. 47.] Moſt of theſe names are found in the original without epithet or characteriſtic circumſtance; and the additions which our poet has invented for the purpoſes of rhyme, are little leſs than ludicrouſly burleſque; and much more thoſe of Dryden at Georg. iv. 477.

Ver. 57.] So Chapman:

Thalia, Thoa, Panope, and *ſwift* Dynamine.

Ver. 63.] Chapman again:

All theſe, and all that deep in ocean held
Their ſacred ſeats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
Each beat her iv'ry breaſt with ſilent woe,
'Till Thetis ſorrows thus began to flow:
Hear me, and judge, ye ſiſters of the main!
How juſt a cauſe has Thetis to complain?
How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
How more than wretched in th' immortal ſtate!
Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
The braveſt far that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and adorn'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him; but the Fates ordain
He never, never muſt return again.

——————————Thalia *the faire*,
Fam'd for the beautie of her eyes; Amathia for her *haire*.

Ver. 65.] The rhymes of this couplet are unpardonably inaccurate. The rhymes recur too ſoon, or we might ſubſtitute,

Theſe and the reſt, that hold the deep domain,
Croud the bright grotto with their glimmering train.

Ver. 71.] Our poet indulges his fancy in this couplet, for which his author has only,

Ah! wretched me! a hapleſs parent I!

Ver. 75. *Like ſome fair olive, by my careful hand.*] This paſſage, where the mother compares her ſon to a tender plant, raiſed and preſerved with care; has a moſt remarkable reſemblance to that in the pſalms, *Thy children like branches of olive-trees round thy table.* Pſalm cxxvii. P.

Ver. 78.] His original ſays,

He ne'er muſt *viſit Peleus' dome* again.

So ſhort a ſpace the light of heaven to view,
So ſhort alas! and fill'd with anguiſh too.
Hear how his ſorrows echo thro' the ſhore!
I cannot eaſe them, but I muſt deplore;
I go at leaſt to bear a tender part,
And mourn my lov'd-one with a mother's heart.
She ſaid, and left the caverns of the main.
All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
While the long pomp the ſilver wave divides.
Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
Then, two by two, aſcended up the ſtrand.
Th' immortal mother, ſtanding cloſe beſide
Her mournful offſpring, to his ſighs reply'd;

Ver. 81.] A line of noble animation and fine fancy, due to the tranſlator only.

Ver. 86.] I have reſtored the punctuation of the *firſt* edition, which connects, conformably to the original, the clauſe at the beginning of this verſe with the ſubſequent *ſubſtantive*, inſtead of the preceding.

Ver. 88.] The *pomp* can ſcarcely be ſaid with propriety to *divide* what was already *parted* and *open*. Thus?

All bath'd in tears, attends the *ſiſter*-train
In long *array*. *Th' obedient ſea* divides,
And ſmooths a paſſage through his yielding tides.

Ver. 90.] More accurately to his author,

Where the chief's ſhips ſtood rang'd along the ſtrand:

but our tranſlator was led by Chapman in this circumſtance:

They all *aſcended, two and two*.

Along the coaſt their mingled clamours ran,
And thus the ſilver-footed dame began.
Why mourns my ſon? thy late preferr'd requeſt
The God has granted, and the Greeks diſtreſt:
Why mourns my ſon? thy anguiſh let me ſhare,
Reveal the cauſe, and truſt a parent's care.
He, deeply groaning—To this cureleſs grief
Not e'en the Thund'rer's favour brings relief.
Patroclus—Ah!—ſay, Goddeſs, can I boaſt
A pleaſure now? Revenge itſelf is loſt;
Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myſelf, is ſlain!
Loſt are thoſe arms the Gods themſelves beſtow'd
On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
Thy charms ſubmitted to a mortal love:

Ver. 93.] This verſe alſo is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ver. 101.] The rhymes are inaccurate, and the concluding clauſe of the next verſe is unauthoriſed and unſeaſonable. I ſhould prefer a correction of Ogilby, as more cloſely expreſſive of their original:

'Tis ſadneſs all! Him *lov'd* and honour'd moſt,
Another ſelf, Patroclus have I loſt!

Ver. 105.] Better, perhaps, and with ſome advantage to fidelity,

Loſt are thoſe *radiant* arms the Gods beſtow'd—.

Ver. 107.] This, in my opinion, is much too vehement and furious for ſuch exceſs of ſorrow. I ſhould ſubſtitute "*Alas!* that "day—:" or ſome mollified equivalent, as more in the ſpirit of his author.

Oh hadſt thou ſtill, a ſiſter of the main,
Purſu'd the pleaſures of the wat'ry reign;
And happier Peleus, leſs ambitious, led
A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
E'er the ſad fruit of thy unhappy womb
Had caus'd ſuch ſorrows paſt, and woes to come.
For ſoon alas! that wretched offſpring ſlain,
New woes, new ſorrows ſhall create again.
'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.
Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
Let his laſt ſpirit ſmoke upon my dart;
On theſe conditions will I breathe: 'till then,
I bluſh to walk among the race of men.
A flood of tears, at this, the Goddeſs ſhed,
Ah then, I ſee thee dying, ſee thee dead!
When Hector falls, thou dy'ſt.——Let Hector die,
And let me fall! (Achilles made reply)

Ver. 100, 125. *The two ſpeeches of Achilles to Thetis.*] It is not poſſible to imagine more lively and beautiful ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, than thoſe which our author aſcribes to Achilles throughout theſe admirable ſpeeches. They contain all, that the trueſt friend, the moſt tender ſon, and the moſt generous hero, could think or expreſs in this delicate and affecting circumſtance. He ſhews his exceſs of love to his mother, by wiſhing he had never been born or known to the world, rather than ſhe ſhould have endured ſo many ſufferings on his account: he ſhews no leſs love for his friend, in reſolving to revenge his death upon Hector, though his own would immediately follow. We ſee him here ready to meet his fate for the ſake of his friend, and in the Odyſſey we find him

Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
He fell, and falling, wiſh'd my aid in vain.
Ah then, ſince from this miſerable day
I caſt all hope of my return away,
Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghoſts demand
The fate of Hector from Achilles hand;
Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
I live an idle burden to the ground,
(Others in council fam'd for nobler ſkill,
More uſeful to preſerve, than I to kill)

---

wiſhing to live again, only to maintain his father's honour againſt his enemies. Thus he values neither life nor death, but as they conduce to the good of his friend and parents, or the encreaſe of his glory.

After having calmly conſidered the preſent ſtate of his life, he deliberately embraces his approaching fate; and comforts himſelf under it, by a reflection on thoſe great men, whom neither their illuſtrious actions, nor their affinity to heaven, could ſave from the general doom. A thought very natural to him, whoſe buſineſs it was in peace to ſing their praiſes, and in war to imitate their actions. Achilles, like a man paſſionate of glory, takes none but the fineſt models; he thinks of Hercules, who was the ſon of Jupiter, and who had filled the univerſe with the noiſe of his immortal actions: theſe are the ſentiments of a real hero. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 133.] This diſparaging language is altogether injudicious, and beſide the purpoſe and ſpirit of his author. Rather,

Since here, for *martial prowеſs* far renown'd—.

Ver. 136.] This verſe is a moſt frigid and unſeaſonable interpolation of our tranſlator. I would thus adjuſt and rectify the paſſage, in compliance with his original:

Since here an idle burden to the ground
I live, for *martial prowеſs* far renown'd
Above all heroes of the Græcian name,
(Superiour praiſe in council others *claim)*—.

Let me——but oh! ye gracious Pow'rs above!
Wrath and revenge from men and Gods remove:
Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breaſt,
Sweet to the ſoul, as honey to the taſte;
Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
'Tis paſt——I quell it; I reſign to fate.

Ver. 137. *Let me—but oh! ye gracious pow'rs*, &c.] Achilles's words are theſe; "Now ſince I am never to return home, and "ſince I lie here an uſeleſs perſon, loſing my beſt friend, and "expoſing the Greeks to ſo many dangers by my own folly; I who "am ſuperiour to them all in battle"—Here he breaks off, and ſays—"May contention periſh everlaſtingly, &c." Achilles leaves the ſentence thus ſuſpended, either becauſe in his heat he had forgot what he was ſpeaking of, or becauſe he did not know how to end it; for he ſhould have ſaid,—"Since I have done all this, I will "periſh to revenge him:" Nothing can be finer than this ſudden execration againſt diſcord and revenge, which breaks from the hero in the deep ſenſe of the miſeries thoſe paſſions had occaſioned.

Achilles could not be ignorant that he was ſuperiour to others in battle; and it was therefore no fault in him to ſay ſo. But he is ſo ingenuous as to give himſelf no farther commendation than what he undoubtedly merited; confeſſing at the ſame time, that many exceeded him in ſpeaking: unleſs one may take this as ſaid in contempt of oratory, not unlike that of Virgil,

"Orabunt cauſſas melius,—&c." P.

Ver. 139.] The rhymes are inſufferable. Thus? more exactly:

Whoſe pleaſing influence human boſoms fills,
Than honey ſweeter that the comb diſtills.

Ver. 141.] Thus Ogilby:

Sending foul *vapours* from th' obſtructed ſpleen.

Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend;
Or (if the Gods ordain it) meet my end.
The ſtroke of fate the braveſt cannot ſhun:
The great Alcides, Jove's unequall'd ſon,
To Juno's hate at length reſign'd his breath,
And ſunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death.
So ſhall Achilles fall! ſtretch'd pale and dead,
No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
Let me, this inſtant, ruſh into the fields,
And reap what glory life's ſhort harveſt yields.
Shall I not force ſome widow'd dame to tear
With frantick hands her long diſhevell'd hair?

Ver. 146.] More cloſely,

Then let the Gods *and Jove* ordain my end.

Ver. 147.] A portion of vigour, perhaps, will accrue from a trivial alteration:

The ſtroke of fate *not e'en* the braveſt ſhun.

Ver. 150.] Thus Ogilby:

And ſo muſt I fall by *all-conqu'ring* Fate.

Ver. 152.] A flat verſe, in my judgement, nor agreeable to his author. I ſhould prefer ſome regulation of the paſſage, like the following, with a view to accuracy:

So *let* Achilles fall, *a willing prey!*
But firſt let Glory *crown my tranſient day*;
Firſt let me force—.

A verſe in Chapman very happily repreſents his author:

And if ſuch fate expect my life, where death ſtrikes, I will lie.

Ver. 153. *Let me, this inſtant.*] I ſhall have time enough for inglorious reſt when I am in the grave, but now I muſt act like a living hero: I ſhall indeed lie down in death, but at the ſame time riſe higher in glory. Euſtathius. P.

Shall I not force her breaſt to heave with ſighs,
And the ſoft tears to trickle from her eyes!
Yes, I ſhall give the fair thoſe mournful charms—
In vain you hold me——Hence! my arms, my arms!
Soon ſhall the ſanguine torrent ſpread ſo wide,
That all ſhall know, Achilles ſwells the tide.
My ſon (cœrulean Thetis made reply,
To fate ſubmitting with a ſecret ſigh)
The hoſt to ſuccour, and thy friends to ſave,
Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave.
But can'ſt thou, naked, iſſue to the plains?
Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.

Ver. 159.] I cannot admire this couplet. Thus?

In vain theſe fond endearments from the field
Diſſuade thy ſon:—in this he cannot yield:

which, I ſince obſerve, are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 162. *That all ſhall know, Achilles.*] There is a great ſtreſs on ἀνδρὸν and ἐγὼ. They ſhall ſoon find that their victories have been owing to the *long abſence* of a hero, and that hero Achilles. Upon which the ancients have obſerved, that ſince Achilles's anger there paſt in reality but a few days: to which it may be replied, that ſo ſhort a time as this might well ſeem long to Achilles, who thought all unactive hours tedious and inſupportable; and if the poet himſelf had ſaid that Achilles was long abſent, he had not ſaid it becauſe a great many days had paſt, but becauſe ſo great a variety of incidents had happened in that time. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 164.] A line interpolated by the tranſlator.

Inſulting Hector bears the ſpoils on high,
But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour ſtay;
Aſſur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.
Then turning to the daughters of the main,
The Goddeſs thus diſmiſs'd her azure train.
Ye ſiſter Nereids! to your deeps deſcend;
Haſte, and our father's ſacred ſeat attend;
I go to find the architect divine,
Where vaſt Olympus' ſtarry ſummits ſhine:

Ver. 169.] The words *on high* for *on his ſhoulders* are a miſerable botch of convenience only. Thus?

Inſulting Hector; *doom'd not long to wear,*
He vainly *boaſts;* his *hour of* fate is *near.*

Ver. 171.—— This promiſe of Thetis to preſent her ſon with a ſuit of armour, was the moſt artful method of hindering him from putting immediately in practice his reſolution of fighting, which according to his violent manners, he muſt have done: therefore the interpoſition of Thetis here was abſolutely neceſſary; it was *dignus vindice nodus.* P.

Ver. 173.] The rhyme fails, and *the glorious load* is an expletive of no great elegance: but, as I have before obſerved, the diſeaſe is more eaſily detected, than the remedy aſcertained.

With glorious arms, thy parent now demands
From Vulcan, wrought by his immortal hands.

Ver. 178.] I would propoſe,

Haſte, *with this news* our *hoary ſire* attend:

and then below, at verſe 181.

To gain theſe arms. This charge *the goddeſs* gave.

So tell our hoary ſire——This charge ſhe gave:
The ſea-green ſiſters plunge beneath the wave:
Thetis once more aſcends the bleſt abodes,
And treads the brazen threſhold of the Gods.
And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
Urge to broad Helleſpont their headlong courſe:
Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
Safe thro' the tempeſt to the tented ſhore.
The horſe, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd cloſe behind;
And like a flame thro' fields of ripen'd corn,
The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne.

Ver. 183.] Thus? more exactly:

Bent on her charge, the ſilver-footed dame
To high Olympus' ſtar-crown'd ſummit came.

Ver. 189.] The rhyme may be thus improved:

The horſe, the foot, in equal *rage combin'd*—.

Ver. 191.] This *ſimile* is from Ovid in Sappho's epiſtle to Phaon: where our poet has thus tranſlated:

I burn, I burn, as when *thro' ripen'd corn*
By driving winds the ſpreading *flames* are *borne*.

Homer ſays only,

And Hector, Priam's ſon, like flame in force.

Beſides, if we wiſh our poetry and language to attain a proper diſcrimination, *born*, or produced, is a good rhyme in this connection, but not *borne*, or carried. Thus?

With them great Hector, like a ſpreading flame,
Swift thro' the van with ſtrength impetuous came.

Thrice the ſlain hero by the foot he drew;
Thrice to the ſkies the Trojan clamours flew:
As oft' th' Ajaces his aſſault ſuſtain;
But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
With fiercer ſhouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
Nor yields a ſtep, nor from his poſt retires;
So watchful ſhepherds ſtrive to force, in vain,
The hungry lion from a carcaſe ſlain.
Ev'n yet, Patroclus had he borne away,
And all the glories of th' extended day;
Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
Secret, diſpatch'd her truſty meſſenger.
The various Goddeſs of the ſhow'ry bow,
Shot in a whirlwind to the ſhore below;

Ver. 194.] More cloſely,

Thrice through the ranks his chearing clamours threw:

and for this *metaphor* the learned may conſult my note on the Philoctetes of Sophocles, ver. 1445.

Ver. 200.] Here *two* verſes of his maſter, as of courſe inferred, our poet takes the liberty of omitting, but I think unadviſedly. By ſubſtituting above "*As* watchful ſhepherds"—the following couplet might have place:

So ſtrive in vain theſe warriours bold to force
Th' unwearied Trojan from Patroclus' corſe.
E'en yet *theſe relics* had he borne away—.

Ver. 203.] A rhyme not accurate, and cenſured before. Thus?

Had not *imperial* Juno's *anxious care*
Diſpatcht *a meſſage thro'* the realms of air,
Unknown to Jove. The Goddeſs of the bow—.

Ver. 205.] Originally, "*painted* bow." Dryden Æn. ver. 787:

And ſends *the Goddeſs* of the *various bow.*

To great Achilles at his ſhips ſhe came,
And thus began the many-colour'd dame.
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! riſe divinely brave!
Aſſiſt the combat, and Patroclus ſave:
For him the ſlaughter to the fleet they ſpread,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To drag him back to Troy the foe contends;
Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
A prey to dogs he dooms the corſe to lie,
And marks the place to fix his head on high.
Riſe, and prevent (if yet thou think of fame)
Thy friend's diſgrace, thy own eternal ſhame!
Who ſends thee, Goddeſs! from th' etherial ſkies?
Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.
I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
Th' immortal Empreſs of the realms above;
Unknown to him who ſits remote on high,
Unknown to all the ſynod of the ſky.

Ver. 209.] More conformably to his author thus:
Riſe, ſon of Peleus! *formidably* brave!

Ver. 219. *Who ſends thee, Goddeſs*, &c.] Achilles is amazed, that a moment after the goddeſs, his mother, had forbid him fighting, he ſhould receive a contrary order from the Gods: therefore he aſks what God ſent her? Dacier. P.

Ver. 223.] This ſhort ſpeech is executed with inimitable ingenuity and taſte: but is ſuſceptible, perhaps, of a ſmall improvement, which removes an unauthoriſed idea, and reſtores the truth;
Unknown to him who ſits *ſupreme* on high.

Thou com'ſt in vain, he cries (with fury warm'd)
Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
Unwilling as I am, of force I ſtay,
'Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
Vulcanian arms. What other can I wield;
Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield?

Ver. 225.] The parentheſis is an unhappy inſertion, and without authority. A correction of Ogilby is preferable;

How ſhall I go, ſaid he, *'midſt* loud alarms
And bloody conflicts, *unſecured* by arms?

Ver. 226. *Arms I have none.*] It is here objected againſt Homer, that ſince Patroclus took Achilles's armour, Achilles could not want arms ſince he had thoſe of Patroclus; but (beſides that Patroclus might have given this armour to his ſquire Automedon, the better to deceive the Trojans by making them take Automedon for Patroclus, as they took Patroclus for Achilles) this objection may be very ſolidly anſwered by ſaying that Homer has prevented it, ſince he made Achilles's armour fit Patroclus's body not without a miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore it does not follow, that becauſe the armour of a large man fits one that is ſmaller, the armour of a little man ſhould fit one that is larger. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 227.] A dull creeping line. Thus?

Inactive here by ſtrict command I ſtay—.

Ver. 230. *Except the mighty Telamonian ſhield.*] Achilles ſeems not to have been of ſo large a ſtature as Ajax: yet his ſhield it is likely might be fit enough for him, becauſe his great ſtrength was ſufficient to wield it. This paſſage, I think, might have been made uſe of by the defenders of the ſhield of Achilles againſt the criticks, to ſhew that Homer intended the buckler of his hero for a very large one: and one would think he put it into this place, juſt a little before the deſcription of that ſhield, on purpoſe to obviate that objection. P.

That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax ſpread,
While his ſtrong lance around him heaps the dead:
The gallant chief defends Menœtius' ſon,
And does, what his Achilles ſhould have done.
Thy want of arms (ſaid Iris) well we know,
But tho' unarm'd, yet clad in terrours, go!
Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear;
Proud Troy ſhall tremble, and conſent to fear:

Ver. 231.] Rather, as more conſonant to his author,
That, *for* my friend, *I truſt*, has Ajax ſpread—.

Ver. 233.] *Two* pleaſing verſes, but wholly ſuperadded without authority by our tranſlator.

Ver. 236. *But tho' unarm'd.*] A hero ſo violent and ſo outragious as Achilles, and who had but juſt loſt the man he loved beſt in the world, is not likely to refuſe ſhewing himſelf to the enemy, for the ſingle reaſon of having no armour. Grief and deſpair in a great ſoul are not ſo prudent and reſerved; but then on the other ſide, he is not to throw himſelf into the midſt of ſo many enemies armed and fluſhed with victory. Homer gets out of this nice circumſtance with great dexterity, and gives to Achilles's character every thing he ought to give to it, without offending either againſt reaſon or probability. He judiciouſly feigns, that Juno ſent this order to Achilles, for Juno is the Goddeſs of royalty, who has the care of princes and kings; and who inſpires them with the ſenſe of what they owe to their dignity and character. Dacier. P.

Ver. 237. *Let but Achilles o'er yon' trench appear.*] There cannot be a greater inſtance, how conſtantly Homer carried his whole deſign in his head, as well as with what admirable art he raiſes one great idea upon another, to the higheſt ſublime, than this paſſage of Achilles's appearance to the army, and the preparations by which we are led to it. In the thirteenth book, when the Trojans have the victory, they check their purſuit of it with the thought that *Achilles ſees them:* in the ſixteenth, they are put into the utmoſt conſternation

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Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and diſdain to fly.
She ſpoke, and paſt in air. The hero roſe;
Her Ægis, Pallas o'er his ſhoulder throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud ſhe ſpread;
A ſtream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from ſome beleagur'd town ariſe
The ſmokes, high-curling to the ſhaded ſkies;
(Seen from ſome iſland, o'er the main afar,
When men diſtreſt hang out the ſign of war)

---

at the ſight of his armour and chariot: in the ſeventeenth, Menelaus and Ajax are in deſpair, on the conſideration that Achilles cannot ſuccour them for want of armour: in the preſent book, beyond all expectation he does but ſhew himſelf unarmed, and the very ſight of him gives the victory to Greece! How extremely noble is this gradation! P.

Ver 238.] He ſhould have put the aſſertion *hypothetically*, after his author, Chapman, and Dacier:

Proud Troy *may* tremble.

Ver. 241.] Our poet had his eye on Ogilby, who is ſomewhat more accurate, and may be read with pleaſure, trivially corrected:

This ſaid, ſhe *vaniſht: ſtraight* Achilles roſe;
Her *ægis* Pallas o'er his ſhoulders throws;
A *ſable* cloud around his temples roll'd,
Edg'd with bright fire, and purl'd with flaming gold.

Ver. 246. *The ſmokes, high-curling.*] For fires in the day appear nothing but ſmoke, and in the night flames are viſible becauſe of the darkneſs. And thus it is ſaid in Exodus, That God led his people in the day with a pillar of ſmoke, and in the night with a pillar of fire. *Per diem in columnâ nubis, & per noctem in columnâ ignis.* Dacier. P.

Ver. 247. *Seen from ſome iſland.*] Homer makes choice of a town placed in an iſland, becauſe ſuch a place being beſieged has no

Soon as the ſun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the ſeas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the ſplendours riſe,
Reflecting blaze on blaze againſt the ſkies.
Forth march'd the chief, and diſtant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own ſhout Minerva ſwells the ſound;
Troy ſtarts aſtoniſh'd, and the ſhores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With ſhrilling clangor ſounds th' alarm of war,

---

other means of making its diſtreſs known than by ſignals of fire; whereas a town upon the continent has other means to make known to its neighbours the neceſſity it is in. Dacier. P.

Ver. 252.] After this verſe our poet omits a thought of his author, which Ogilby corrected will ſufficiently ſupply:

If *chance* the *neighbouring iſles* their *ſtate* may know,
And *ſend their* ſhips *to ſave them from* the foe.

Ver. 254.] Another omiſſion of our poet I would venture to ſupply in this place alſo:

Forth marcht the chief: but Thetis' ſtrict commands
Obſerv'd, nor mingled with the Græcian bands.
Cloſe by the wall at diſtance from the croud—.

Ver. 257.] The following attempt more faithfully repreſents the original:

Minerva joins her voice: the Trojans hear;
Each heart confuſion ſeiz'd, and nerveleſs fear.

Ver. 259. *As the loud trumpet's*, &c.] I have already obſerved, that when the poet ſpeaks as from himſelf, he may be allowed to

Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hoſts drop their arms, and tremble as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and courſers bound,
And ſteeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghaſt they ſee the living lightnings play,
And turn their eye-balls from the flaſhing ray.

---

take his compariſons from things which were not known before his time. Here he borrows the compariſon from the *trumpet*, as he has elſewhere done from *ſaddle-horſes*, though neither one nor the other were uſed in Greece at the time of the Trojan war. Virgil was leſs exact in this reſpect, for he deſcribes the trumpet as uſed in the ſacking of Troy:

"Exoritur clamorque virûm clangorque tubarum."

And celebrates Miſenus as the trumpeter of Æneas. But as Virgil wrote at a time more remote from thoſe heroick ages, perhaps this liberty may be excuſed. But a poet may better confine himſelf to cuſtoms and manners, like a painter; and it is equally a fault in either of them to aſcribe to times and nations any thing with which they are unacquainted.

One may add an obſervation to this note of M. Dacier, that the trumpet's not being in uſe at that time, makes very much for Homer's purpoſe in this place. The terrour raiſed by the voice of this hero, is much the more ſtrongly imaged by a ſound that was unuſual, and capable of ſtriking more from its very novelty. P.

Ver. 261.] An interpolated diſtich by the tranſlator, for the purpoſe of correſpondence with the latter clauſe of ver. 259, an interpolation alſo.

Ver. 266.] A fanciful exaggeration of our countryman; and in ſome degree inconſiſtent with the ſpecification in ver. 271.

Ver. 268.] The remaining ſenſe of his author may be thus imperfectly ſupplied:

Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely ruſh'd
On their own ſpears, by their own chariots cruſh'd:
While ſhielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
The long-contended carcaſe of the ſlain.

A lofty bier the breathleſs warriour bears:
Around, his ſad companions melt in tears.
But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
Pours unavailing ſorrows o'er the dead:
Whom late triumphant with his ſteeds and car,
He ſent refulgent to the field of war;
(Unhappy change!) now ſenſeleſs, pale, he found,
Stretch'd forth, and gaſh'd with many a gaping wound.
Meantime, unweary'd with his heav'nly way,
In ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day

That heav'n-enkindled, formidable beam,
Which pour'd it's radiance with inceſſant ſtream.

Ver. 271.] More exactly thus:

Twelve *warriours of prime worth, tumultuous*, ruſh'd—.

Ver. 279.] Better, I think,

Whom late *in triumph*—:

to prevent too great ſameneſs of termination in the pauſes with thoſe of the ſucceeding verſe. But our tranſlator has amplified too much. There is a wonderful ſimplicity and pathos in the *two* concluding verſes of this paragraph in the original; of which my verſion will convey but a feeble repreſentation to the reader:

Whom to the war his ſteeds and chariot bore:
To war they carried, but brought back no more!

Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
And from their labours eas'd th'Achaian band.
The frighted Trojans (panting from the war,
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd from the weary car)
A ſudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
In haſte, and ſtanding; for to ſit they fear'd.
'Twas now no ſeaſon for prolong'd debate;
They ſaw Achilles, and in him their fate.
Silent they ſtood: Polydamas at laſt,
Skill'd to diſcern the future by the paſt,
The ſon of Panthus, thus expreſs'd his fears;
(The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
The ſelf-ſame night to both a being gave,
One wiſe in council, one in action brave.)

Ver. 287.] Thus correctly:

Taſteleſs of food, the Trojans (from the car
Their ſteeds unharneſs'd, weary *with* the war.)

Ver. 291.] Little or no reſemblance to the original can be diſcovered here. The following attempt has fidelity alone to recommend it:

Such trembling caus'd the formidable ſight
Of Peleus' ſon, ſo long unknown to fight:

or thus:

Such terrors had Achilles' form impreſs'd,
So long unſeen in fight! on every breaſt.

Ver. 294.] Our poet follows Chapman:

Polydamas began to ſpeake, who onely could *diſcerne*
Things future by things paſt:

for their original has,

Who ſaw alone things future and things paſt.

In free debate, my friends, your ſentence ſpeak;
For me, I move, before the morning break,
To raiſe our camp: too dang'rous here our poſt,
Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coaſt.
I deem'd not Greece ſo dreadful, while engag'd
In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
We boldly camp'd beſide a thouſand ſail.
I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
Not long continues to the ſhores confin'd,
Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
Contending nations won and loſt the day;
For Troy, for Troy, ſhall henceforth be the ſtrife,
And the hard conteſt not for fame, but life.
Haſte then to Ilion, while the fav'ring night
Detains thoſe terrours, keeps that arm from fight;
If but the morrow's ſun behold us here,
That arm, thoſe terrours, we ſhall feel, not fear;

Ver. 312.] An excellent verſe, and in uniſon with the ſpirit of the paſſage, but an addition from the ingenuity of our tranſlator; who diſplays a ſkill worthy of him in his verſion of this ſpeech.

Ver. 314.] I ſhould have liked better, as more fluent and ſimple,

Detains *the* terrors *of* that arm from fight.

Ver. 315. *If but the morrow's ſun*, &c.] Polydamas ſays in the original, "If Achilles comes to-morrow *in his armour*." There ſeems to lie an objection againſt this paſſage, for Polydamas knew that Achilles's armour was won by Hector, he muſt alſo know that no other man's armour would fit him: how then could he know that new arms were made for him that very night? Thoſe who are

And hearts that now diſdain, ſhall leap with joy,
If heav'n permit them then to enter Troy.
Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
Nor what I tremble but to think, enſue.
Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
What force of thought and reaſon can ſupply;
Let us on counſel for our guard depend;
The town, her gates and bulwarks ſhall defend.

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reſolved to defend Homer, may anſwer, it was by his ſkill in prophecy; but to me this ſeems to be a ſlip of our author's memory, and one of thoſe little *nods* which Horace ſpeaks of. P.

Ogilby's couplet, with ſlight amendment, is not amiſs:

Dare we await his fury 'till the day,
What arm ſhall then *th'* impetuous torrent ſtay?

And in reply to our poet's objection, we may readily ſuppoſe, that Achilles from his ſpoils and ſtores might furniſh himſelf with armour, which would ſatisfy an emergency: or we may interpret the phraſe in the original *with arms*, as intending all his *armed force*, the whole body of his Myrmidons, more formidable by his perſonal command.

Ver. 321.] His author has nothing like this. I would adjuſt the paſſage in the following manner:

Obey: good counſel *may recruit our powers;*
Our town *ſecure her* bulwarks and *her* towers.
When morning dawns, ſhall *each* well-*order'd band*,
Array'd in *armour*, on our *ramparts ſtand.*

The original runs literally thus:

If ye, tho' preſs'd with cares, obey my words,
This night's deliberations ſtrength may give;
But towers and lofty gates, with battlements
Long, well-compacted, will protect our town.
Along the towers will we at early dawn
Arrange ourſelves in arms.

When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
Array'd in arms, ſhall line the lofty tow'rs.
Let the fierce hero then, when Fury calls,
Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,
Or fetch a thouſand circles round the plain,
'Till his ſpent courſers ſeek the fleet again:
So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
And dogs ſhall tear him, e'er he ſack the town.
Return? (ſaid Hector, fir'd with ſtern diſdain)
What coop whole armies in our walls again?

Ver. 325. Thus Chapman:

——— And in the morne, all arm'd upon our *towres*,
We all will ſtand out to our foe. 'Twill trouble all his *powres*,
To come from fleet, and give us charge.

Ver. 331.] Not worſe, perhaps, with this alteration:

So may his *fierceſt* rage be laboured down.

Ver. 333. *The ſpeech of Hector.*] Hector in this ſevere anſwer to Polydamas, takes up ſeveral of his words and turns them another way.

Polydamas had ſaid, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι ζὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες ἐησόμεθ' ἂν πτόλος, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, and "defend the caſtles and city walls;" to which Hector replies, Πρωὶ δ' ὑπ' ἠοῖοι ζὺν τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντες Νηυσὶν ἐπὶ γλαφυρῇσιν ἐσείρομεν ὀξὺν Ἄρηα, "To-morrow by break of day let us put on our arms, not to "defend ourſelves at home, but to fight the *Greeks* before their own "ſhips."

Polydamas, ſpeaking of Achilles, had ſaid, τῷ δ' ἄλσιον αἶψ' ἐθέλησιν, &c. "If he comes after we are in the walls of our city, it will be "the worſe for him, for he may drive round the city long enough "before he can hurt us." To which Hector anſwers, If Achilles

Was't not enough, ye valiant warriours ſay,
Nine years impriſon'd in thoſe tow'rs ye lay?
Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
For braſs exhauſtleſs, and for mines of gold:
But while inglorious in her walls we ſtay'd,
Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd;
The Phrygians now her ſcatter'd ſpoils enjoy,
And proud Mæonia waſtes the fruits of Troy.

ſhould come Ἄλσιον, αἴκ' ἐθέλῃσι, τῷ ἔσσεται· ὅ μιν ἔγωγε Φεύξομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο, &c. "It will be the worſe for him as you ſay, becauſe I'll fight him:" ὅ μιν ἔγωγε φεύξομαι, ſays Hector, in reply to Polydamas's ſaying, ὅς κε φύγῃ. But Hector is not ſo far gone in paſſion or pride, as to forget himſelf; and accordingly in the next lines he modeſtly puts it in doubt, which of them ſhall conquer. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 335.] I could not allow this colloquial abbreviation even in dialogue; thus?

Suffice not *then*, ye valiant warriors ſay,
Nine year, *that* in thoſe towers *penn'd up* ye lay?

Ver 336.] This ſtrong term was ſupplied by Chapman:

——— that argue for retreate,
To Troy's old *priſon*.

Ver. 337.] Thus Ogilby:

We *through the world* admired were *of old*
For vaſter banks of ſilver, braſs, and gold.

Ver. 340. *Sunk were her treaſures, and her ſtores decay'd.*] As well by reaſon of the convoys, which were neceſſarily to be ſent for with ready Money; as by reaſon of the great allowances which were to be given to the auxiliary troops, who came from Phrygia and Mæonia. Hector's meaning is, that ſince all the riches of Troy are exhauſted, it is no longer neceſſary to ſpare themſelves, or ſhut themſelves up within their walls. Dacier. P.

More fully,

Check'd by Jove's wrath, her *wealth* and ſtores decay'd.

Great Jove at length my arms to conqueſt calls,
And ſhuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
Dar'ſt thou diſpirit whom the Gods incite?
Flies any Trojan? I ſhall ſtop his flight.
To better counſel then attention lend;
Take due refreſhment, and the watch attend.
If there be one whoſe riches coſt him care,
Forth let him bring them for the troops to ſhare;
'Tis better gen'rouſly beſtow'd on thoſe,
Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
Soon as the morn the purple Orient warms,
Fierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
If great Achilles riſe in all his might,
His be the danger: I ſhall ſtand the fight.
Honour, ye Gods! or let me gain, or give;
And live he glorious, whoſoe'er ſhall live!

Ver. 349. *If there be one*, &c.] This noble and generous propoſal is worthy of Hector, and at the ſame time very artful to ingratiate himſelf with the ſoldiers. Euſtathius farther obſerves that it is ſaid with an eye to Polydamas, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the advice he had given, for any other reaſon than to preſerve his great wealth; for riches commonly make men cowards, and the deſire of ſaving them has often occaſioned men to give advice very contrary to the publick welfare. P.

Thus Ogilby, who partly follows Chapman:

If any too ſolicitous takes *care*,
Of his got wealth, let his companions *ſhare*:

Ver. 353.] In the firſt edition, "*roſie Orient.*"

Mars is our common Lord, alike to all;
And oft' the victor triumphs, but to fall.
The ſhouting hoſt in loud applauſes join'd:
So Pallas robb'd the Many of their mind;
To their own ſenſe condemn'd, and left to chuſe
The worſt advice, the better to refuſe.
While the long Night extends her ſable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train,
Stern in ſuperiour grief Pelides ſtood;
Thoſe ſlaught'ring arms, ſo us'd to bathe in blood,

Ver. 359.] So Chapman renders:

——— and give, or take: *Mars is our common Lord*:

But there is a languor in Pope's verſe, and a want of elevation, to my judgement. I know not, if my alteration be of any ſervice to it:

Mars is alike *th' impartial* lord *of* all.

Ver. 361.] The rhymes are vicious. I prefer a couplet with thoſe of Ogilby:

His ſpeech the fooliſh throng with ſhouts receiv'd;
Pallas their minds of wiſdom had bereav'd.

Ver. 363.] Our tranſlator is conciſe, but omits nothing eſſential. The following attempt is a literal repreſentation of the original:

Hector's injurious counſel all commend,
But none Polydamas, who counſel'd well:
Then each his ſupper took.

Ver. 368.] The phraſeology ſeems proſaic to my taſte:

Thoſe ſlaughtering arms, ſo *frequent bath'd* in blood:

for our beſt authors, and, I think, with reaſon, employ occaſionally the *adjective* in this cloſe connection with the *verb* as an *adverb*, after the practice of the Greeks and Romans.

Now claſp his clay-cold limbs: then guſhing ſtart
The tears, and ſighs burſt from his ſwelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguiſh ſtung,
Roars thro' the deſart, and demands his young;
When the grim ſavage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, ſnuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the foreſt bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood reſounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous, vents
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.
In what vain promiſe, Gods! did I engage,
When to conſole Menœtius' feeble age,

Ver. 376.] This thought is interpolated without authority from Homer, and engrafted on our poet's tranſlation from Chapman:

——— Many a vale reſounding his diſdaine.

Ver. 377.] I appear to diſcover a clumſineſs and vulgarity in this diſtich, that incline me to ſubmit a new repreſentation to the reader:

Achilles' boſom rend ſuch piercing woes;
While thus in ſobs and plaints his grief o'erflows.

Ver. 379. *In what vain promiſe.*] The lamentation of Achilles over the body of Patroclus is exquiſitely touched: it is ſorrow in extreme, but it is the ſorrow of Achilles. It is nobly uſhered in by that ſimile of the grief of the lion. An idea which is fully anſwered in the ſavage and bloody concluſion of this Speech. One would think by the beginning of it, that Achilles did not know his fate, till after his departure from Opuntium; and yet how does that agree with what is ſaid of his choice of the ſhort and active life, rather than the long and inglorious one? Or did not he flatter himſelf

I vow'd his much-lov'd offspring to reſtore,
Charg'd with rich ſpoils, to fair Opuntia's ſhore?
But mighty Jove cuts ſhort, with juſt diſdain,
The long, long views of poor, deſigning man!
One fate the warriour and the friend ſhall ſtrike,
And Troy's black ſands muſt drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother ſhall deplore,
An aged father never ſee me more!
Yet, my Patroclus! yet a ſpace I ſtay,
Then ſwift purſue thee on the darkſome way.
E'er thy dear relicks in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy ſhade;
That, with his arms, ſhall hang before thy ſhrine;
And twelve the nobleſt of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.

ſometimes, that his fate might be changed? This may be conjectured from ſeveral other paſſages, and is indeed the moſt natural ſolution. P.

Ver. 383.] The rhyme is not perfect, and the concluſion of this verſe is an incoherent appendage, for convenience only. Thus?

But ſovereign Jove marrs each preſumptuous plan,
And clouds the views of weak deſigning man.

Ver. 388.] Surely there is a proſaic imbecillity in this line. Better thus, perhaps, with ſimple variation:

An aged father ſee *his ſon* no more!

Ver. 390.] A verſe, tenderly pathetic, and of conſummate elegance!

Ver. 395.] This line was thus written in the *firſt* edition, not ſo well:

Slain by this hand, ſad ſacrifice! expire.

Thus let me lie 'till then! thus, cloſely preſt,
Bathe thy cold face, and ſob upon thy breaſt!
While Trojan captives here thy mourners ſtay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, waſting wide,
Our ſwords kept time, and conquer'd ſide by ſide.
He ſpoke, and bid the ſad attendants round
Cleanſe the pale corſe, and waſh each honour'd wound.

But the rhymes are inadmiſſible, and came from Ogilby:

And twelve more noble Trojans ſhall *expire*,
To pleaſe thy Manes, on thy funeral *pyre*:

from whom I would thus correct our poet:

Their lives effus'd around thy *funeral fire*.

Ver. 397.] We muſt regret that this tender couplet miſrepreſents his author, in conſequence of Chapman's previous miſtake, or rather our tranſlator's miſapprehenſion of him. Let the reader judge:

In meane time, by our crooked ſternes, lye drawing tears from me.

It is hazardous to attempt a ſubſtitution; but the reader's gratification only is intended, and no ſtruggle of competition:

Mean time, lov'd corſe! thus unentomb'd remain;
Whilſt round a Trojan and a Dardan train
Of long-robed females ſteep the night in tears,
Nor ceaſe their wailings when the morn appears:

or thus:

Of full-robed females weep the live-long night,
Nor ceaſe their wailings with the dawn of light.

Ver. 404. *Cleanſe the pale corſe*, &c.] This cuſtom of waſhing the dead, is continued among the Greeks to this day; and it is a pious duty performed by the neareſt friend or relation, to ſee it

A maſſy caldron of ſtupendous frame
They brought, and plac'd it o'er the riſing flame:
Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
Beneath the vaſe, and climbs around the ſides:
In its wide womb they pour the ruſhing ſtream;
The boiling water bubbles to the brim.
The body then they bathe with pious toil,
Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil,
High on a bed of ſtate extended laid,
And decent cover'd with a linen ſhade;
Laſt o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
That done, their ſorrows and their ſighs renew.
Meanwhile to Juno, in the realms above,
(His wife and ſiſter) ſpoke almighty Jove.

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waſhed and anointed with a perfume, after which they cover it with linen exactly in the manner here related. P.

The ſame cuſtom prevailed among the Jews: ſee Acts of the Apoſtles, ix. 37. the Greeks, ſee Plato's Phædon, ſect. 63. and Foſter's note on the place: the Romans, ſee Ennius's fragments, p. 54. collected by Heſſelius, and the notes there.

Ver. 409.] The rhymes are bad, but the couplet is not eaſily mended. I ſhall make an effort, and truſt the candour of the reader:

A chryſtal ſtream it's ample womb ſupplies:
The bubbling waters to the ſummit riſe.

Ver. 416.] Our poet is too brief with his author. I ſhall endeavour to remedy the defect by an additional couplet:

His troops all night, round ſad Achilles, moan
The honour'd corſe, and anſwer groan for groan.

Ver. 417. *Jupiter and Juno.*] Virgil has copied the ſpeech of Juno to Jupiter. *Aſt ego quæ divum incedo regina*, &c. But it is

At laſt thy will prevails: great Peleus' ſon
Riſes in arms: ſuch grace thy Greeks have won.
Say (for I know not) is their race divine,
And thou the mother of that martial line?
What words are theſe (th' imperial dame replies,
While anger flaſh'd from her majeſtick eyes)
Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
And ſuch ſucceſs mere human wit attend:
And ſhall not I, the ſecond pow'r above,
Heav'n's Queen, and conſort of the thund'ring Jove,
Say, ſhall not I, one nation's fate command,
Not wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

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exceeding remarkable, that Homer ſhould upon every occaſion make marriage and diſcord inſeparable: it is an unalterable rule with him, to introduce the huſband and wife in a quarrel. P.

Our lively commentator ſhould have added: "When he ſpeaks "of Jupiter and Juno; but in no other inſtance."

Ver. 421.] This is not conſonant to the ſpirit of his original. Thus?

This Argive race *muſt, doubtleſs*, be divine;
And thou the mother of *the glorious* line.

Ver. 423.] Our poet amplifies, and improperly, I think, in this parentheſis: his author ſays only, as uſual,

Thus reverend Juno with majeſtic eyes:

but Chapman has a ſimilar addition, unſeaſonable here:

——— She *incenſt*, aſkt, why, he ſtill was tanting her:

Ver. 428.] Thus, more accurately:

Heav'n's queen, and conſort of *all-ruling* Jove.

So they. Meanwhile the ſilver-footed dame
Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
High-eminent amid the works divine,
Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen manſions ſhine.
There the lame architect the goddeſs found,
Obſcure in ſmoke, his forges flaming round,
While bath'd in ſweat from fire to fire he flew;
And puffing loud, the roaring bellows blew.
That day no common taſk his labour claim'd:
Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,

Ver. 431.] The ſenſe of his author may be thus included without omiſſion:

So they; mean while *to Vulcan's palace came*,
Rais'd by himſelf, the ſilver-footed dame:
Deathleſs, *conſpicuous 'midſt* the works divine.

Ver. 438.] Or thus:

Loud *puft the god*, and *loud* the bellows blew.

Ver. 439.] That ambiguity, ſo common in our language and ſo very difficult on many occaſions to avoid, may be thus eſcaped in this place:

His *toils*, that day, no common *duty claims*;
Full twenty tripods for his hall he *frames*:
All, plac'd—.

Ver. 440. *Full twenty tripods.*] Tripods were Veſſels ſupported on three feet, with handles on the ſides; they were of ſeveral kinds and for ſeveral uſes; ſome were conſecrated to ſacrifices, ſome uſed as tables, ſome as ſeats, others hung up as ornaments on walls of houſes or temples; theſe of Vulcan have an addition of wheels, which was not uſual, which intimates them to be made with clock-work. Monſ. Dacier has commented very well on this

That plac'd on living wheels of maſſy gold,
(Wond'rous to tell) inſtinct with ſpirit roll'd

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paſſage. If Vulcan (ſays he) had made ordinary tripods, they had not anſwered the greatneſs, power and ſkill of a God. It was therefore neceſſary that this work ſhould be above that of men: to effect this, the tripods were animated, and in this Homer doth not deviate from the probability; for every one is fully perſuaded, that a God can do things more difficult than theſe, and that all matter will obey him. What has not been ſaid of the ſtatues of Dædalus? Plato writes, that they walked alone, and if they had not taken care to tie them, they would have got looſe, and ruſh from their maſter. If a writer in proſe can ſpeak hyperbolically of a man, may not Homer do it much more of a God? Nay, this circumſtance with which Homer has embelliſhed his poem, would have had nothing too ſurpriſing though theſe tripods had been made by a man; for what may not be done in clock work by an exact management of ſprings? This criticiſm is then ill-grounded, and Homer does not deſerve the ridicule they would caſt on him.

The ſame author applies to this paſſage of Homer that rule of Ariſtotle, Poetic. chap. xxvi. which deſerves to be alledged at large on this occaſion.

" When a poet is accuſed of ſaying any thing that is impoſſible, " we muſt examine that impoſſibility, either with reſpect to *poetry*, " with reſpect to that which is *beſt*, or with reſpect to *common fame*. " Firſt, with regard to *poetry*. The *probable impoſſible* ought to be " preferred to the *poſſible which hath no veriſimilitude*, and which " would not be believed; and it is thus that Zeuxis painted his " pieces. Secondly, with reſpect to that which is beſt, we ſee that " a thing is more excellent and more wonderful this way, and that " the originals ought always to ſurpaſs. Laſtly, in reſpect to " *fame*, it is proved that the poet need only follow a common " opinion. All that appears abſurd may be alſo juſtified by one of " theſe three ways; or elſe by the maxim we have already laid down, " that it is probable, that a great many things may happen againſt " probability."

A late critick has taken notice of the conformity of this paſſage of Homer with that in the firſt chapter of *Ezekiel*, *The ſpirit of the*

From place to place, around the bleſt abodes,
Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of Gods:
For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
Juſt as reſponſive to his thought, the frame
Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddeſs came:
Charis, his ſpouſe, a grace divinely fair,
(With purple fillets round her braided hair)
Obſerv'd her ent'ring; her ſoft hand ſhe preſs'd,
And ſmiling, thus the wat'ry queen addreſt.
What, Goddeſs! this unuſual favour draws?
All hail, and welcome! whatſoe'er the cauſe:

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living creature was in the wheels: when thoſe went, theſe went; and when thoſe ſtood, theſe ſtood; and when thoſe were lifted up, the wheels were lifted up over againſt them; for the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels. P.

Ver. 442.] This fine expreſſion is from *Milton*, Par. Loſt. vi. 752. who, doubtleſs, had this paſſage of Homer alſo in his memory:

——— forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of paternal deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit.

And our tranſlator has conferred conſiderable animation into this curious deſcription of his maſter.

Ver. 453.] Or thus? ſomewhat more correctly:

Dear, noble Goddeſs! hail whatever cauſe
Thy ſtep unfrequent to our manſion draws.
Advance, and ſee what chear our ſtores afford;
Nor bluſh to taſte our hoſpitable board.

But our poet profited by Ogilby:

Approach, and taſte our hoſpitable ſtore.

'Till now a ſtranger, in a happy hour,
Approach, and taſte the dainties of the bow'r.
High on a throne, with ſtars of ſilver grac'd,
And various artifice, the queen ſhe plac'd;
A footſtool at her feet: then calling, ſaid,
Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.

Ver. 459. *A footſtool at her feet.*] It is at this day the uſual honour paid among the Greeks, to viſitors of ſuperiour quality, to ſet them higher than the reſt of the company, and put a footſtool under their feet. See note on ver. 179. book xiv. This, with innumerable other cuſtoms, are ſtill preſerved in the eaſtern nations. P.

Thus Ogilby:

Then haſting to her ſpouſe to him thus *ſaid:*
Thetis is here, who wants thy ſpeedy *aid.*

Ver. 460. *Vulcan draw near, 'tis Thetis aſks your aid.*] The ſtory the ancients tell of Plato's application of this verſe, is worth obſerving. That great philoſopher had in his youth a ſtrong inclination to poetry, and not being ſatisfied to compoſe little pieces of gallantry and amour, he tried his force in tragedy and epick poetry; but the ſucceſs was not anſwerable to his hopes: he compared his performance with that of Homer, and was very ſenſible of the difference. He therefore abandoned a ſort of writing wherein at beſt he could only be the ſecond, and turned his views to another, wherein he deſpaired not to become the firſt. His anger tranſported him ſo far, as to caſt all his verſes into the fire. But while he was burning them, he could not help citing a verſe of the very poet who had cauſed his chagrin. It was the preſent line, which Homer has put into the mouth of Charis, when Thetis demands arms for Achilles;

Ἤφαιϛε, πρόμολ' ὧδε, Θέτις νύ τι ϛεῖο χαλίζει.

Plato only inſerted his own name inſtead of that of Thetis.

Vulcan draw near, 'tis Plato aſks your aid.

If we credit the ancients, it was the diſcontentment his own poetry gave him, that raiſed in him all the indignation he afterwards

Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim,
An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!

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expreſſed againſt the art itſelf. In which, (ſay they) he behaved like thoſe lovers, who ſpeak ill of the beauties whom they cannot prevail upon. Fraguier, Parall. de Hom. & de Platon. P.

Ver. 461. *Thetis (reply'd the God) our pow'rs may claim*, &c.] Vulcan throws by his work to perform Thetis's requeſt, who had laid former obligations upon him; the poet in this example giving us an excellent precept, that gratitude ſhould take place of all other concerns.

The motives which ſhould engage a God in a new work in the night-time upon a ſuit of armour for a mortal, ought to be ſtrong: and therefore artfully enough put upon the foot of gratitude: beſides, they afford at the ſame time a noble occaſion for Homer to retail his theology, which he is always very fond of.

The allegory of Vulcan, or fire (according to Heraclides) is this. His father is Jupiter, or the Æther, his mother Juno, or the Air, from whence he fell to us, whether by lightening, or otherwiſe. He is ſaid to be lame, that is, to want ſupport, becauſe he cannot ſubſiſt without the continual ſubſiſtence of fuel. The æthereal fire Homer calls Sol or Jupiter, the inferiour Vulcan; the one wants nothing of perfection, the other is ſubject to decay, and is reſtored by acceſſion of materials. Vulcan is ſaid to fall from heaven, becauſe at firſt, when the opportunity of obtaining fire was not ſo frequent, men prepared inſtruments of braſs, by which they collected the beams of the ſun; or elſe they gained it from accidental lightening, that ſet fire to ſome combuſtible matter. Vulcan had periſhed when he fell from heaven, unleſs Thetis and Eurynome had received him; that is, unleſs he had been preſerved by falling into ſome convenient receptacle, or ſubterranean place; and ſo was afterwards diſtributed for the common neceſſities of mankind. To underſtand theſe ſtrange explications, it muſt be known that Thetis is derived from τίθημι to *lay up*, and Eurynome from εὐρὺς and νομὴ, a *wide diſtribution*. They are all called daughters of the ocean, becauſe the vapours and exhalations of the ſea forming themſelves into clouds, find nouriſhment for lightenings. P.

When my proud mother hurl'd me from the ſky,
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
She, and Eurynome, my griefs redreſt,
And ſoft receiv'd me on their ſilver breaſt.
Ev'n then, theſe arts employ'd my infant thought;
Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
Nine years kept ſecret in the dark abode,
Secure I lay conceal'd from man and God.
Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
The ruſhing ocean murmur'd o'er my head.
Now ſince her preſence glads our manſion, ſay,
For ſuch deſert what ſervice can I pay?

Ver. 463.] So Chapman:

——————————— by want of ſhame
In *my proud mother:*

Homer ſays only, "My *ſhameleſs* mother."

Ver. 466.] This is ſcarcely ſatisfactory, and is borrowed from Chapman:

——————— and then, had I bene much diſtreſt,
Had Thetis and Eurynome, in either's *ſilver breaſt*
Not reſcu'd me.

Might the paſſage be adjuſted thus? with advantage to fidelity:

She, when my mother hurl'd me from the ſky
(My aukward form, it ſeems, diſpleas'd her eye)
And *Ocean's child* Eurynome, my *woe*
Sooth'd in the boſom of their bowers below.

Ver. 472.] Somewhat more preciſely:

The *foaming* Ocean *floated* o'er my head.

This ſpeech is finely executed by our inimitable artiſt.

Vouchſafe, O Thetis! at our board to ſhare
The genial rites, and hoſpitable fare;
While I the labours of the forge forego,
And bid the roaring bellows ceaſe to blow.
Then from his anvil the lame artiſt roſe;
Wide with diſtorted legs oblique he goes,
And ſtills the bellows, and (in order laid)
Locks in their cheſts his inſtruments of trade.
Then with a ſponge the ſooty workman dreſt
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breaſt.
With his huge ſcepter grac'd, and red attire,
Came halting forth the ſovereign of the fire:

Ver. 479.] Thus Ogilby:

This ſaid, the God ſtraight from his anvil *roſe*,
And thence with ſhrunk-up ſinews limping *goes*.

But the language of our tranſlator is in ſome reſpects unfaithful, and in others, too degrading for his author:

Then the *black monſter* from his anvil roſe;
Limps, and his ancles labour as he goes:
The bellows ſtills, and in *a* cheſt *apart*
The tools depoſits *of his curious art*.

Ver. 483.] Our tranſlator treads in the ſteps of Chapman:

——————— *Then with a ſponge he dreſt*
His face all over, necke and hands, and all *his hairie breaſt*:
Put on his cote, his ſcepter tooke, and then went *halting forth*.

Ver. 485.] The epithet *red* is a frivolous addition to eke out the verſe. As well, perhaps, in literal ſimplicity:

Takes his huge ſceptre, *puts on his attire*.

Ver. 486.] This alſo is from Chapman below:

——————— and theſe ſtill waited on
Their *fierie ſoveraigne*.

The monarch's ſteps two female forms uphold,
That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
To whom was voice, and ſenſe, and ſcience giv'n
Of works divine (ſuch wonders are in heav'n!)
On theſe ſupported, with unequal gait,
He reach'd the throne where penſive Thetis ſat;

Ver. 487.] I find no authority in the original for this limitation, nor in any of our poet's predeceſſors, now before me, except Dacier, who has: "*Deux* belles eſclaves, toutes d'or." Ogilby's verſe is good:

On him a train of golden virgins wait.

Ver. 488. ——————— *two female forms,*
That mov'd and breath'd in animated gold.]

It is very probable that Homer took the idea of theſe from the ſtatues of Dædalus, which might be extant in his time. The ancients tell us, they were made to imitate life, in rolling their eyes, and in all other motions. From whence indeed it ſhould ſeem, that the excellency of Dædalus conſiſted in what we call clock-work, or the management of moving figures by ſprings, rather than in ſculpture or imagery: and accordingly, the fable of his fitting wings to himſelf and his ſon, is formed entirely upon the foundation of the former. P.

Our poet is miſtaken in his criticiſm. The ſtate of the caſe is ſimply this. *Statues*, before the time of Dædalus, were of the moſt clumſy workmanſhip: trunks without arms, or thoſe arms adhering to the body; legs altogether ſhapeleſs, in one maſs, and without the leaſt divarication. He was the firſt artiſt, who detacht the arms and legs from the body, and gave attitude to his figures: hence they were fabled, by a lively and poetical *hyperbole*, to *live and move*. Various paſſages of the ancients might be adduced in confirmation of theſe remarks, and ſeveral explained on this principle; but this is not the place for philological diſquiſitions of ſuch complexion.

Ver. 489.] More fully to his author thus:

To whom was ſenſe, voice, *vigour*, ſcience given—.

There plac'd beſide her on the ſhining frame,
He thus addreſs'd the ſilver-footed dame.
Thee, welcome Goddeſs! what occaſion calls,
(So long a ſtranger) to theſe honour'd walls?
'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
And Vulcan's joy and duty to obey.
To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
(The cryſtal drops ſtood trembling in her eyes)
Oh Vulcan! ſay, was ever breaſt divine
So pierc'd with ſorrows, ſo o'erwhelm'd as mine?
Of all the Goddeſſes, did Jove prepare
For Thetis only ſuch a weight of care?
I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
By force ſubjected to a man's embrace,
Who, ſinking now with age and ſorrow, pays
The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Ver. 497.] The Greek runs thus:

Come, ſpeak thy thoughts: my mind inclines to do
What my power can, if rightful to be done:

ſo that our poet rather tranſlates the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. i. 80:

——————tuus O! regina, quid optes
Explorare labor; mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt:

where Ogilby thus renders:

——————'Tis thy part to enjoin
Commands, great queen, but to obey, is mine.

Ver. 502.] The latter part of this verſe ſeems, to my taſte, ſtiff and forced; the gaping vowel is alſo of an unpleaſant form, and the *metaphor* is not kept entire. Thus?

Tranſfix'd with ſorrow's *piercing darts*, *like* mine?

Sprung from my bed, a god-like hero came,
The braveſt ſure that ever bore the name;
Like ſome fair plant beneath my careful hand
He grew, he flouriſh'd, and he grac'd the land:
To Troy I ſent him! but his native ſhore
Never, ah never, ſhall receive him more;
(Ev'n while he lives, he waſtes with ſecret woe)
Nor I, a Goddeſs, can retard the blow!
Robb'd of the prize, the Grecian ſuffrage gave,
The king of nations forc'd his royal ſlave:
For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks oppreſt
Requir'd his arm, he ſorrow'd unredreſt.
Large gifts they promiſe, and their elders ſend;
In vain—He arms not, but permits his friend

Ver. 517. *Robb'd of the prize*, &c.] Thetis to compaſs her deſign, recounts every thing to the advantage of her ſon; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the epiſode of the embaſſy, the prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, and all that the Greeks had ſuffered after the return of the embaſſadors; and artfully puts together two very diſtant things, as if they had followed each other in the ſame moment. He declined, ſays ſhe, to ſuccour the Greeks, but he ſent Patroclus. Now between his refuſing to help the Greeks, and his ſending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending Vulcan with the recital of Achilles's inflexible obduracy, and thereby create in that God an averſion to her ſon. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 522.] Our poet is conciſe with his author, who literally runs thus:

Still he refus'd to ward the danger off;
But ſoon Patroclus in his arms inveſts,
Sends to the fight, and numerous legions gives.

His arms, his ſteeds, his forces to employ;
He marches, combats, almoſt conquers Troy:
Then ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name)
At once reſigns his armour, life, and fame.
But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won:
Grace with immortal arms this ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And to the field in martial pomp reſtore,
To ſhine with glory, till he ſhines no more!
To her the artiſt-god. Thy griefs reſign,
Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.

Cloſe by the Scæan gates all day they fought;
And Troy had ravag'd, but Menœtius' ſon
In full career of ſlaughter, in the van
Apollo ſlew, and Hector reapt the praiſe.

Ver. 525. *Then ſlain by Phœbus (Hector had the name).*] It is a paſſage worth taking notice of, that Brutus is ſaid to have conſulted the Sortes Homericæ, and to have drawn one of theſe lines, wherein the death of Patroclus is aſcribed to Apollo: after which, unthinkingly, he gave the name of that God for the word of battle. This is remarked as an unfortunate omen by ſome of the antients, though I forget where I met with it. P.

Ver. 527.] The tranſlation is beautiful, but not obſervant of it's pattern, which may be thus repreſented to the Engliſh reader:

Now, would'ſt thou hear me! at thy knees I beg
A ſhield and helmet for my ſhort-liv'd ſon,
And, neatly join'd with claſps, refulgent greaves,
With breaſt-plate: his lov'd friend, by Trojans ſlain,
Of arms was ſtripp'd; and grief o'erwhelms my ſon.

Ver. 529.] A ſubſtitution of a little word would invigorate the verſe:

Soon to the field—.

Ver. 532.] This verſe is added by the tranſlator. I will attempt a more accurate diſplay of his original:

O could I hide him from the Fates as well,
Or with theſe hands the cruel ſtroke repel,
As I ſhall forge moſt envy'd arms, the gaze
Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
Thus having ſaid, the father of the fires
To the black labours of his forge retires.

Her thus in turn the artiſt-god addreſt:
Diſcard this care, O! goddeſs, from thy breaſt.

Ver. 537. *The father of the fires*, &c.] The ancients (ſays Euſtathius) have largely celebrated the philoſophical myſteries which they imagined to be ſhadowed under theſe deſcriptions, eſpecially Damo (ſuppoſed the daughter of Pythagoras) whoſe explication is as follows. Thetis, who receives the arms, means the apt order and diſpoſition of all things in the creation. By the fire and the wind raiſed by the bellows, are meant *air* and *fire*, the moſt active of all the elements. The emanations of the fire are thoſe *golden maids* that waited on Vulcan. The circular ſhield is the *world*, being of a ſphærical figure. The gold, the braſs, the ſilver, and the tin are the elements. Gold is fire, the firm braſs is earth, the ſilver is air, and the ſoft tin, water. And thus far (ſay they) Homer ſpeaks a little obſcurely, but afterwards he names them expreſsly, ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν, to which, for the fourth element, you muſt add Vulcan, who makes the ſhield. The extreme circle that runs round the ſhield, which he calls *ſplendid* and *threefold*, is the Zodiack; threefold in its breadth, within which all the planets move; ſplendid, becauſe the ſun paſſes always through the midſt of it. The ſilver handle by which the ſhield is faſtened, at both extremities, is the Axis of the world, imagined to paſs through it, and upon which it turns. The five folds are thoſe parallel circles that divide the world, the *Polar*, the *Tropicks*, and the *Æquator*.

Heraclides Ponticus thus purſues the allegory. Homer (ſays he) makes the working of his ſhield, that is the world, to be begun by *night*; as indeed all matter lay undiſtinguiſhed in an original and univerſal *night*: which is called Chaos by the poets.

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,

To bring the matter of the ſhield to ſeparation and form, Vulcan preſides over the work, or as we may ſay, an *eſſential warmth: All things*, ſays Heraclitus, *being made by the operation of fire.*

And becauſe the *architect* is at this time to give a form and ornament to the world he is making, it is not raſhly that he is ſaid to be married to one of the Graces.)

On the broad ſhield the *maker*'s hand engraves
The earth and ſeas beneath, the pole above,
The ſun unwearied, and the circled moon.

Thus in the beginning of the world, he firſt lays the earth as a foundation of a building, whoſe vacancies are filled up with the flowings of the ſea. Then he ſpreads out the ſky for a kind of divine roof over it, and lights the elements, now ſeparated from their former confuſion, with the *ſun*, the *moon*,

And all thoſe ſtars that crown the ſkies with fire:

Where, by the word *crown* which gives the idea of roundneſs, he again hints at the figure of the world; and though he could not particularly name the ſtars like Aratus (who profeſſed to write upon them) yet he has not omitted to mention the principal. From hence he paſſes to repreſent two *allegorical* cities, one of *peace*, the other of *war*; Empedocles ſeems to have taken from Homer his aſſertion, that all things had their original from *ſtrife* and *friendſhip*.

All theſe refinements (not to call them abſolute whimſies) I leave juſt as I found them, to the reader's judgment or mercy. They call it *learning* to have read them, but I fear it is *Folly* to quote them. P.

This line is interpolated, and a correſpondent rhyme immediately recurs. Thus, ſomewhat more accurately:

So Vulcan ſpake, and left the goddeſs there,
Intent his forge for labour to prepare.

But Pope had his maſter in view, at Æn. viii. 559.

Hither *the father of the fire*, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.

Reſounding breath'd: at once the blaſt expires,
And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
Juſt as the God directs, now loud, now low,
They raiſe a tempeſt, or they gently blow.
In hiſſing flames huge ſilver bars are roll'd,
And ſtubborn braſs, and tin, and ſolid gold:
Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils ſtand;
The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,

Ver. 543.] I know not whether the following attempt, to preſerve the entire ſenſe of Homer, deſerve approbation:

They, as the *work and he requires*, now low,
Now loud, *in tempeſts*, or *in breezes*, blow.

Ver. 545.] Better, perhaps,

In *roaring* flames—.

And he keeps Dryden in view, at Æn. viii. 585:

A flood of molten ſilver, braſs, and *gold*,
And deadly ſteel in the large furnace *roll'd:*

and with indiſcriminate adherence againſt propriety, juſt after:

The *hiſſing* ſteel is in the ſmithy drown'd.

Ver. 547.] Our tranſlator expands *two* verſes of his author into *four:* among which one line is mere invention of his own, and another is accommodated to the convenience of rhyme. My own effort, which follows, is every way full and faithful:

Th' enormous anvil in it's ſtock he rears;
This hand his ſledge, and that his pincers bears:

or with Ogilby's rhymes, and his couplet very trivially corrected;

A ponderous anvil on the ſtock he heaves;
This hand his ſledge, *and that* his tongs receives.

Our poet followed Dryden, Æn. viii. 561.

On their *eternal anvils* here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round.

His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round,
And thick, ſtrong ſtrokes, the doubling vaults rebound.
Then firſt he form'd th' immenſe and ſolid ſhield;
Rich various artifice emblaz'd the field;
Its utmoſt verge a threefold circle bound,
A ſilver chain ſuſpends the maſſy round;
Five ample plates the broad expanſe compoſe,
And god-like labours on the ſurface roſe.
There ſhone the image of the Maſter-Mind:
There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he deſign'd;

Ver. 549.] From Dryden, Æn. viii. 556:

Loud ſtrokes and hiſſings of *tormented* ſteel
Are heard around.

Ver. 550.] Dryden, ibid. ver. 592:

The grot with beaten anvils groans around.

Ver. 552.] Paradiſe Loſt, ix. 34:

Or tilting furniture, *imblazon'd ſhields:*

hence appears the beautiful propriety of another grand paſſage in that unequal, but ſublime, poem: ii. 513:

——————————— him round
A globe of fiery ſeraphim inclos'd
With *bright emblazonry* and *horrent arms:*

i. e. with *radiant ſhields*, and *protended ſpears.*

Ver. 553.] I ſee no objection to greater accuracy:

Its verge a *radiant* three-fold circle bound:
A ſilver *belt* ſuſpends the maſſy round.

Ver. 556.] Or thus?

And curious *emblems* on the ſurface roſe.
Here ſhone *each* image of the Maſter-Mind—.

Th' unweary'd ſun, the moon compleatly round;
The ſtarry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd,
The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
To which, around the axle of the ſky,
The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,

Ver. 559.] From Chapman:

In it the never-wearied ſunne; the moone *exactly round*,
And all thoſe ſtarres, with which the browes, of ample heaven are *crown'd*.

Yet I cannot but think the phraſe *compleatly round* moſt flatly proſaic. Might we ſubſtitute

——————— the moon's *unwaning* round?

Or, as this rhyme has recently occurred, may we follow the ſteps of a Greek writer, who ſtiles heaven αστεροχιτων· *robed in ſtars*, and render thus?

Th' unwearied ſun, the moon's *unwaning globe*,
And Æther ſparkling in his ſtarry *robe*.

Ver 563.] The whole paſſage is divinely executed: and yet, perhaps, this couplet is ſuſceptible of ſome improvement. Thus?

To *whom*, *as round* the axle of the ſky
The Bear *revolves*, *he* points his golden eye.

Indeed, ſome obligations are due to Chapman:

——————— the Beare, ſurnam'd the chariot,
That turnes about *heaven's axel-tree*; holds ope a conſtant *eye*
Upon Orion; and, of all, the creſſets in the *ſkie*,
His golden forehead, never *bowes to* th' ocean empirie:

which verſion this line, as it ſtood originally, ſtill more reſembles:

Nor *bends* his blazing forehead *to* the main.

Still ſhines exalted on th' æthereal plain,
Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.

Ver. 566. *Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.*] The criticks make uſe of this paſſage, to prove that Homer was ignorant of aſtronomy; ſince he believed that the *Bear* was the only conſtellation which never bathed itſelf in the ocean, that is to ſay, that did not ſet, and was always viſible; for, ſay they, this is common to other conſtellations of the arctick circle, as the leſſer Bear, the Dragon, the greateſt part of Cepheus, &c. To ſalve Homer, Ariſtotle anſwers, That he calls it the only one, to ſhew that it is the only one of thoſe conſtellations he had ſpoken of, or that he has put the *only* for the *principal* or the *moſt known*. Strabo juſtifies this after another manner, in the beginning of his firſt book: "Under the name of the *Bear* and the *Chariot*, Homer compre-"hends all the arctick circle; for there being ſeveral other ſtars "in that circle which never ſet, he could not ſay, that the Bear was "the only one which did not bathe itſelf in the ocean; wherefore "thoſe are deceived, who accuſe the poet of ignorance, as if he "knew one Bear only when there are two; for the leſſer was not "diſtinguiſhed in his time. The Phœnicians were the firſt who "obſerved it, and made uſe of it in their navigation; and the "figure of that ſign paſſed from them to the Greeks: the ſame "thing happened in regard to the conſtellation of Berenice's hair, "and that of Canopos, which received thoſe names very lately; "and as Aratus ſays well, there are ſeveral other ſtars which have "no names. Crates was then in the wrong to endeavour to correct "this paſſage, in putting οἷος for ὁίη, for he tries to avoid that which "there is no occaſion to avoid. Heraclitus did better, who put the "Bear for the arctick circle, as Homer has done. *The Bear* (ſays he) "*is the limit of the riſing and ſetting of the ſtars.*" Now it is the *Arctick circle*, and not the *Bear*, which is that limit. "It is there-"fore evident, that by the word *Bear*, which he calls the *Waggon*, "and which he ſays obſerves *Orion*, he underſtands the arctick "circle; that by the ocean he means the horizon where the ſtars "riſe and ſet: and by thoſe words, *which turns in the ſame place*, "*and doth not bathe itſelf in the ocean*, he ſhews that the arctick "circle is the moſt northern part of the horizon, &c. Dacier on Ariſt.

Two cities radiant on the ſhield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war.
Here ſacred pomp, and genial feaſt delight,
And ſolemn dance, and Hymenæal rite;
Along the ſtreet the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the ſoft flute, and cittern's ſilver ſound:

Monſ. Teraſſon combates this paſſage with great warmth. But it will be a ſufficient vindication of our Author to ſay, that ſome other conſtellations, which are likewiſe perpetually above the horizon in the latitude where Homer writ, were not at that time diſcovered; and that whether Homer knew that the Bear's not ſetting was occaſioned by the latitude, and that in a ſmaller latitude it would ſet, is of no conſequence; for if he had known it, it was ſtill more poetical not to take notice of it. P.

Ver. 567. *Two cities*, &c.] In one of theſe cities are repreſented all the advantages of *peace*: and it was impoſſible to have choſen two better emblems of peace, than *Marriages* and *Juſtice*. It is ſaid this city was Athens, for marriages were firſt inſtituted there by Cecrops; and judgment upon murder was firſt founded there. The ancient ſtate of Attica ſeems repreſented in the neighbouring fields, where the ploughers and reapers are at work, and a king is overlooking them: for Triptolemus who reigned there, was the firſt who ſowed corn: this was the imagination of Agallias Cercyreus, as we find him cited by Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 567.] The rhymes are imperfect, and the *ſecond* verſe anticipates without reaſon. I could wiſh for a better ſubſtitution than the following:

Next, of mankind two beauteous cities ſhine,
Fram'd by the wiſdom of the Smith divine.

Ver. 573.] So Chapman:

——— youths and maides, in lovely *circles* danc't.

Thro' the fair ſtreets, the matrons in a row,
Stand in their porches, and enjoy the ſhow.
There, in the Forum ſwarm a num'rous train,
The ſubject of debate, a townſman ſlain:
One pleads the fine diſcharg'd, which one deny'd,
And bade the publick and the laws decide:
The witneſs is produc'd on either hand:
For this, or that, the partial people ſtand:
Th' appointed heralds ſtill the noiſy bands,
And form a ring, with ſcepters in their hands;
On ſeats of ſtone, within the ſacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the caſe;
Alternate, each th' atteſting ſcepter took,
And riſing ſolemn, each his ſentence ſpoke.

Ver. 576.] With more dignity and accuracy, thus:

——— and *admire* the ſhow.

Ver. 579. *The fine diſcharg'd.*] Murder was not always puniſhed with death, or ſo much as baniſhment; but when ſome fine was paid, the criminal was ſuffered to remain in the city. So Iliad ix:

——— Καὶ μὲν τίς τε κασιγνήτοιο φόνοιο
Ποινὴν, ἢ ὃ παιδὸς ἐδέξατο τεθνειῶτος.
Καὶ ῥ' ὁ μὲν ἐν δήμῳ μίνει αὐτῷ πόλλ' ἀποτίσας.

——— If a brother bleed,
On juſt atonement we remit the deed,
A ſire the ſlaughter of his ſon forgives,
The price of blood diſcharg'd, the murd'rer lives. P.

Ver. 586.] A very pleaſant ſtroke of ſatirical humour, but ſurely not well-timed nor tolerable here. Thus?

The reverend elders to the ſacred place
Adjourn; which ſeats of poliſh'd marble grace.

Two golden talents lay amidſt, in ſight,
The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.
Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far)
Glow'd with refulgent arms, and horrid war.
Two mighty hoſts a leaguer'd town embrace,
And one would pillage, one would burn the place.

Ver. 590.] *The prize of him who beſt adjudg'd the right.*] Euſtathius informs us, that it was anciently the cuſtom to have a reward given to that judge who pronounced the beſt ſentence. M. Dacier oppoſes this authority, and will have it, that this reward was given to the perſon who upon the deciſion of the ſuit appeared to have the juſteſt cauſe. The difference between theſe two cuſtoms, in the reaſon of the thing, is very great: for the one muſt have been an encouragement to juſtice, the other a provocation to diſſenſion. It were to be wanting in a due reverence to the wiſdom of the ancients, and of Homer in particular, not to chuſe the former ſenſe: and I have the honour to be confirmed in this opinion, by the ableſt judge, as well as the beſt practiſer of equity, my Lord Harcourt, at whoſe ſeat I tranſlated this book. P.

Ver. 591. *Another part (a proſpect diff'ring far,)* &c.] The ſame Agallias, cited above, would have this city in war to be meant of Eleuſina, but upon very ſlight reaſons. What is wonderful, is, that all the accidents and events of *war* are ſet before our eyes in this ſhort compaſs. The ſeveral ſcenes are excellently diſpoſed to repreſent the whole affair. Here is in the ſpace of thirty lines, a ſiege, a ſally, an ambuſh, the ſurpriſe of a convoy, and a battle; with ſcarce a ſingle circumſtance proper to any of theſe, omitted. P.

Ver. 593.] This paſſage is variouſly underſtood by the tranſlators. I prefer myſelf the interpretation not adopted by our poet, which I will repreſent in a plain and faithful verſion:

Two armies hemm'd the ſecond city round,
Clad in bright armour; and their terms propos'd,
Or total pillage, or to ſhare the wealth,
All that the fair and ample town contain'd.
The town conſents not, and an ambuſh lays.

Meantime the townſmen, arm'd with ſilent care,
A ſecret ambuſh on the foe prepare:
Their wives, their children, and the watchful band
Of trembling parents, on the turrets ſtand.
They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold:
Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
And gold their armour: theſe the ſquadron led,
Auguſt, divine, ſuperiour by the head!
A place for ambuſh fit, they found, and ſtood
Cover'd with ſhields, beſide a ſilver flood.
Two ſpies at diſtance lurk, and watchful ſeem
If ſheep or oxen ſeek the winding ſtream.
Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
And ſteers ſlow-moving, and two ſhepherd ſwains;
Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
Nor fear an ambuſh, nor ſuſpect a foe.

Ver. 600.] Or thus, more accurately:
Gold were the leader-gods, their garments gold;
In arms, on each ſide brilliant; tall they ſhew,
Like Gods: in ranks the lowly ſquadrons go.

Ver. 603.] Thus literally:
When to a place, for ambuſh fit, they come,
A ſtream, and watering-place for all the flocks,
There ſat they down, all ſheath'd in glittering arms.

Ver. 609.] Correctly, thus:
Cloſe by, delighted with their *pipes*, they go.

In arms the glitt'ring ſquadron riſing round,
Ruſh ſudden; hills of ſlaughter heap the ground,
Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
And, all amidſt them, dead, the ſhepherd ſwains!
The bellowing oxen the beſiegers hear;
They riſe, take horſe, approach, and meet the war;
They fight, they fall, beſide the ſilver flood;
The waving ſilver ſeem'd to bluſh with blood.
There Tumult, there Contention ſtood confeſt;
One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breaſt,
One held a living foe, that freſhly bled
With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead:

Ver. 615.] The rhyme ſhould be improved:

Their foes the *cattle* hear *loud* bellowing *far.*

Ver. 618.] An animated verſe, due to the tranſlator only.

Ver. 619. *There tumult*, &c.] This is the firſt place in the whole deſcription of the buckler, where Homer riſes in his ſtyle, and uſes the allegorical ornaments of Poetry; ſo natural it was for his imagination, (now heated with the fighting ſcenes of the Iliad) to take fire when the image of a battle was preſented to it. P.

Our poet was miſled by his Engliſh predeceſſors into a miſinterpretation of this paſſage; and Dacier's verſion is too looſe to furniſh a diſtinct apprehenſion of Homer's meaning. The following attempt is literally exact:

There Strife, there Tumult rang'd: there ruthful Fate
Held one alive, freſh-wounded; one, unhurt;
One, by the feet dragg'd thro' the conflict dead:
She on her ſhoulders wore with blood of men
A veſt impurpled. All engag'd in fight,
Like living men, and haled each other's dead.

Now here, now there, the carcaſſes they tore:
Fate ſtalk'd amidſt them, grim with human gore.
And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
And each bold figure ſeem'd to live, or die.
A field deep furrow'd, next the God deſign'd,
The third time labour'd by the ſweating hind;

Ver. 627. *A field deep furrow'd*, &c.] Here begin the deſcriptions of rural life, in which Homer appears as great a maſter as in the great and terrible parts of poetry. One would think, he did this on purpoſe to rival his contemporary Heſiod, on thoſe very ſubjects to which his genius was particularly bent. Upon this occaſion, I muſt take notice of that Greek poem, which is commonly aſcribed to Heſiod, under the title of Ἀσπὶς Ἡρακλέους. Some of the ancients mention ſuch a work as Heſiod's, but that amounts to no proof that this is the ſame: which indeed is not an expreſs poem upon the ſhield of Hercules, but a fragment of the ſtory of that hero. What regards the ſhield is a manifeſt copy from this of Achilles; and conſequently it is not of Heſiod. For if he was not more ancient, he was at leaſt contemporary with Homer: and neither of them could be ſuppoſed to borrow ſo ſhameleſly from the other, not only the plan of entire deſcriptions, (as thoſe of the marriage, the harveſt, the vineyard, the ocean round the margin, &c.) but alſo whole verſes together; thoſe of the Parca, in the battle, are repeated word for word,

——————— ἐν δ' ὁλοὴ Κὴρ,
Ἄλλον ζωὸν ἔχουσα νεούτατον, ἄλλον ἄουτον,
Ἄλλον τεθνειῶτα κατὰ μόθον ἕλκε' ποδοῖιν.
Εἵματα δ' ἔσχ' ἀμφ' ὤμοισι δαφοίνεον αἵματι φωτῶν.

And indeed half the poem is but a ſort of *Cento* compoſed out of Homer's verſes. The reader need only caſt an eye on theſe two deſcriptions, to ſee the vaſt difference of the original and the copy, and I dare ſay he will readily agree with the ſentiment of Monſieur Dacier, in applying to them that famous verſe of Sannazarius,

"Illum hominem dices, hunc poſuiſſe Deum." P.

Ver. 627.] I ought not to forget the many apparent alluſions to the deſcriptions on this ſhield, which are to be found in thoſe

The ſhining ſhares full many ploughmen guide,
And turn their crooked yokes on every ſide. 630

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pictures of peace and war, the city and country, in the eleventh book of Milton: who was doubtleſs fond of any occaſion to ſhew how much he was charmed with the beauty of all theſe lively images. He makes his angels paint thoſe objects which he ſhews to Adam, in the colours, and almoſt the very ſtrokes of Homer. Such is that paſſage of the harveſt field,

His eye he open'd, and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
New reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds.
In midſt an altar, as the landmark, ſtood,
Ruſtick, of graſſy ſord, &c.

That of the marriages,

They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen (then firſt to marriage rites invok'd)
With feaſt and muſick all the tents reſound.

But more particularly, the following lines are in a manner a tranſlation of our author:

One way a band ſelect, from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs, acroſs the plain,
Their booty: ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.
With cruel tournament the ſquadrons join
Where cattle paſtur'd late: now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſſes and arms, th' enſanguin'd field,
Deſerted.—Others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, encamp'd; by battery, ſcale, and mine
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, ſtones and ſulph'rous fire:
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantick deeds.

In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriours mixt,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard—— P.

Theſe reſemblances in the two Greek poets would be ac-

Still as at either end they wheel around,
The maſter meets 'em with his goblet crown'd;
The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil,
Then back the turning plough-ſhares cleave the foil:
Behind, the riſing earth, in ridges roll'd; 635
And ſable look'd, tho' form'd of molten gold.

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counted for by a ſuppoſition, mentioned before, that they both borrowed from traditionary verſes of the bards, then current in all the Grecian countries, and univerſally received and known: nor is it poſſible, I think, to ſolve the difficulty of ſuch ſimilarity in their verſe, phraſeology, and thoughts, on any other principle. The diſpoſition of thoſe early ages, when frequent migrations took place, and new ſettlements were eſtabliſhed by force of arms, was wholly military; and their poetry ſympathized of courſe with the habits and propenſities of the people themſelves.

Ver. 629.] Might we not endeavour to emulate the graceful ſimplicity of expreſſion, that diſtinguiſhes the original in this paſſage?

Full many *a ploughman guides* the ſhining *ſhare*,
And turns *the* yokes *of oxen here and there*.

Ver. 635.] It ſtood thus in the *firſt* edition:

The *new-ear'd* earth in *blacker* ridges roll'd;
Sable *it* look'd.

I would propoſe a more faithful verſion:

Juſt as new-plow'd (all wonderous!) lookt the *mould*,
And *black behind*, tho' form'd of molten gold,

Ogilby is not amiſs, and was conſulted by our poet:

Ridges grow rough, and (wonderous to behold)
The new-plow'd ground look'd black, though burniſh'd gold.

And Chapman deſerves quotation, as neatly and fully expreſſive of his author:

The ſoyle turn'd up behind the plow, all blacke like earth *aroſe*,
Though forg'd of nothing elſe but gold, and lay in ſhow as light,
As if it had bene plow'd indeed; miraculous to ſight.

Another field roſe high with waving grain;
With bended ſickles ſtand the reaper-train:
Here ſtretch'd in ranks the levell'd ſwarths are found,
Sheaves, heap'd on ſheaves, here thicken up the ground.
With ſweeping ſtroke the mowers ſtrow the lands;
The gath'rers follow, and collect in bands:
And laſt the children, in whoſe arms are borne
(Too ſhort to gripe them) the brown ſheaves of corn.
The ruſtick monarch of the field deſcries
With ſilent glee, the heaps around him riſe.

Ver. 638.] More correſpondently to his author thus:

Arm'd with *ſharp* ſickles ſtand the reaper-train.

Ver. 640.] A poor verſe! and ſuch amplification is inelegant and unneceſſary. I ſhould prefer ſome compreſſion of the paſſage like the following:

In thick array large handfulls ſtrew the ground:
In ſheaves three binders, cloſe-attending bound.
Laſt follow children, in whoſe arms are borne,
By handfulls glean'd, the ſcatter'd ears of corn:

except that the latter rhymes are not correctly correſpondent, and ſuch as an accurate poet would chooſe to employ. The following ſubſtitution ſteers clear of this objection, and is very faithful, but has neither eaſe nor dignity to recommend it:

Supplied by children with inceſſant care,
Whoſe arms the corn, by handfulls gather'd, bear.

Ver. 645. *The ruſtick monarch of the field.*] Dacier takes this to be a piece of ground given to a hero in reward of his ſervices. It was in no reſpect unworthy ſuch a perſon, in thoſe days, to ſee his

A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
Beneath an ample oak's expanded ſhade.
The victim ox the ſturdy youth prepare;
The reaper's due repaſt, the women's care.
Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard ſhines,
Bent with the pond'rous harveſt of its vines;
A deeper dye the dangling cluſters ſhow,
And curl'd on ſilver props, in order glow:

---

harveſt got in, and to overlook his reapers: it is very conformable to the manners of the ancient patriarchs, ſuch as they are deſcribed to us in the holy ſcriptures. P.

Ogilby is perfectly accurate, and above mediocrity:

The ſilent king, a ſceptre in his hands,
With a glad heart, amidſt his furrow ſtands.

Ver. 648.] The open vowel of this verſe diſpleaſes. Thus, with greater accuracy alſo:

Apart, a banquet on the turf is laid,
Where a *broad* oak *expands it's* ample ſhade.

Ver. 649.] Or thus, with more exactneſs:

Women, *while ſome* the *ſlaughter'd* ox prepare,
White flour abundant mix, the reaper's *fare*.

Ver. 651.] As the epithet *ripe* is rendered ſuperfluous by the ſucceeding verſe, I would conſult fidelity by this correction:

A vineyard next, *all* gold, *all-beauteous*, ſhines—:

and our poet caſt his eye on Ogilby's tranſlation:

To theſe next Vulcan placed loaden *vines*,
Whoſe purple grape on golden branches *ſhines*.

Ver. 654.] I may be miſtaken in my judgement, but I pronounce the phraſeology of this line forced, and the numbers feeble. I cannot promiſe to my own attempt the approbation of the reader;

With deeper dye the ripening cluſters glow:
Rang'd thro' the vineyard props of ſilver go:

A darker metal mixt, intrench'd the place;
And pales of glitt'ring tin th' incloſure grace.
To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
Where march a train with baſkets on their heads,
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that ſmiling bear,
The purple product of th' autumnal year.
To theſe a youth awakes the warbling ſtrings,
Whoſe tender lay the fate of Linus ſings;

---

or,

Props thro' the walks of gleaming ſilver ſhew:

or, laſtly,

Gleams thro' the walks of props a ſilver row.

Ver. 657.] Our poet miſrepreſents his author. My own attempt has only correctneſs to recommend it:

One path alone leads up, where uſe to come
The men, who bear the gather'd vintage home,
Soft maids and gentle youths in baſkets bear
The luſcious product of the teeming year.

Ver. 661.] So in his Ode on St. Cecilia's day, ver. 3:

Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring:

where the reader may conſult my note. But might this couplet be corrected thus? with advantage to fidelity:

With ſhrill ſmall voice a boy, attendant, ſings,
And wakes *to loveliеſt notes* the warbling ſtrings.

Ver. 662. *The fate of Linus.*] There are two interpretations of this verſe in the original: that which I have choſen is confirmed by the teſtimony of Herodotus, lib. ii. and Pauſanias, Bœoticis. Linus was the moſt ancient name in poetry, the firſt upon record who invented verſe and meaſure amongſt the Grecians: he paſt for the ſon of Apollo or Mercury, and was preceptor to Hercules, Thamyris, and Orpheus. There was a ſolemn cuſtom among the Greeks of bewailing annually the death of their firſt poet: Pauſanias

In meaſur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune ſoft the voice, and anſwer to the ſtrain.
Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and ſeem to low in gold,

---

informs us, that before the yearly ſacrifice to the Muſes on mount Helicon, the obſequies of Linus were performed, who had a ſtatue, and altar erected to him, in that place. Homer alludes to that cuſtom in this paſſage, and was doubtleſs fond of paying this reſpect to the old father of poetry. Virgil has done the ſame in that fine celebration of him, Eclog. vi.

" Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
" Utque viro Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
" Ut Linus hæc illi, divino carmine, paſtor
" (Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro)
" Dixerit—&c."

And again in the fourth Eclogue;

" Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
" Nec Linus; huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adſit,
" Orpheo Calliopea, Lino formoſus Apollo." P.

The truth is, I preſume, as with an infinity of inſtances in language, a ſenſe, ſpecific in it's origin, gradually acquired a looſe and general acceptation, by branching into numerous directions from the main ſtem of meaning.

Ver. 663.] More fully and exactly thus:

In meaſur'd *ſtep* dance *round* the *frolic* train,
With ſong and beat reſponſive to *his* ſtrain.

Ver. 665.] I ſhall quote Ogilby, with ſlight variation, as more literally cloſe to his original:

The artiſt there his ſkill on cattle try'd,
And their ſleek ſkins with gold and *tin* had py'd:
They bellowing run to *paſture* from *the* ſtall,
Where glides *the ruſh-fring'd ſtream* with murmuring fall.
Four golden herdſmen by the cattle ſtand,
And nine ſwift dogs *attend their lords'* command.
There two *terrific* lions ſeem'd to pull,
Amidſt the foremoſt herd, a roaring bull:

And ſpeed to meadows on whoſe ſounding ſhores
A rapid torrent thro' the ruſhes roars:
Four golden herdſmen as their guardians ſtand,
And nine ſour dogs compleat the ruſtick band.
Two lions ruſhing from the wood appear'd;
And ſeiz'd a bull, the maſter of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withſtood;
They tore his fleſh, and drank his ſable blood.
The dogs (oft' chear'd in vain) deſert the prey,
Dread the grim terrours, and at diſtance bay.
Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep thro' fair foreſts, and a length of meads;
And ſtalls, and folds, and ſcatter'd cots between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the ſcene.
A figur'd dance ſucceeds: ſuch once was ſeen
In lofty Gnoſſus; for the Cretan queen,

---

for the rhymes of Pope in the couplet, correſponding to the laſt of theſe, are too inaccurate to be approved.

Ver. 677.] Theſe little words, with an open vowel ſtanding before them, muſt offend the ear of every judicious reader. I will venture on a ſubſtitution:

Next this, with curious labour faſhion'd, ſtood
A vale delicious and embowering wood:

and then, as theſe rhymes have too lately occurred, I would ſupply verſes 673 and 674, with a more faithful couplet:

He roar'd: the dogs, the men *withſtand* in vain;
His fleſh they *tear*, *his* blood *and entrails drain.*

Ver. 681. *A figur'd dance.*] There were two ſorts of dances, the Pyrrhick and the common dance: Homer has joined both in this deſcription. We ſee the Pyrrhick, or military, is performed

Form'd by Dædalean art: a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand.
The maids in ſoft ſimars of linen dreſt;
The youths all graceful in the gloſſy veſt:
Of thoſe the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd;
Of theſe the ſides adorn'd with ſwords of gold,
That glitt'ring gay, from ſilver belts depend.
Now all at once they riſe, at once deſcend,

---

by the youths who have ſwords on, the other by the virgins crowned with garlands.

Here the ancient ſcholiaſts ſay, that whereas before it was the cuſtom for men and women to dance ſeparately, the contrary cuſtom was afterwards brought in, by ſeven youths, and as many virgins, who were ſaved by Theſeus from the labyrinth; and that this dance was taught them by Dædalus: to which Homer here alludes. See Dion. Halic. Hiſt. lib. vii. cap. 68.

It is worth obſerving that the Grecian dance is ſtill performed in this manner in the Oriental nations: the youths and maids dance in a ring, beginning ſlowly; by degrees the muſick plays a quicker time, till at laſt they dance with the utmoſt ſwiftneſs: and towards the concluſion, they ſing (as it is ſaid here) in a general chorus. P.

Ver. 685.] Ogilby is not amiſs:

Light weeds the damſels wore; the youth had on
Veſts, whoſe bright gloſs like well-oil'd varniſh ſhone.

Ver. 689.] I wiſh our tranſlator had compreſſed this ſenſe in the couplet, in ſome ſuch manner as the following:

Thoſe had fair locks, with flowery wreaths inroll'd;
Theſe, ſilver belts, ſuſtaining ſwords of gold.

What follows, our poet has exhibited in his own ingenious dreſs, but with little attention to his author; of whom I ſhall ſubjoin a literal tranſlation:

Now in quick meaſur'd ſtep they tript along,
Eaſy and ſmooth, as when the potter's hand
Tries, as he ſits, if the light wheel will run;
Now to each other ſpring, and blend their ranks.

With well-taught feet: now ſhape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too ſwift for ſight they ſpring,
And undiſtinguiſh'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle toſt,
And rapid as it runs, the ſingle ſpokes are loſt.
The gazing multitudes admire around:
Two active tumblers in the center bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral ſongs the ſprightly revel end.
Thus the broad ſhield complete the artiſt crown'd
With his laſt hand, and pour'd the ocean round:

Ver. 700.] This our poet found in Chapman, not in Homer:

——— and turning ſung, *the ſports concluſion.*

Ver. 701.] I have elſewhere commended the noble ſublimity of theſe *four* verſes, which are wrought from the following diſtich of his author:

There the vaſt might of Ocean's ſtream he plac'd
Round the laſt border of the well-wrought ſhield:

but I now diſcover, that the happieſt turn of the verſion is due to the vivacity of Chapman's imagination:

All this he circled in the ſhield, with *pouring round* about
(In all his rage) the Ocean.

Ver. 702. *And pour'd the ocean round.*] Vulcan was the God of fire, and paſſes over this part of the deſcription negligently; for which reaſon Virgil (to take a different walk) makes half his deſcription of Æneas's buckler conſiſt in a ſea-fight. For the ſame reaſon he has laboured the ſea-piece among his *Games*, more than

In living ſilver ſeem'd the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.
This done, whate'er a warriour's uſe requires,
He forg'd; the cuiraſs that outſhines the fires,
The greaves of ductile tin, the helm impreſt
With various ſculpture, and the golden creſt.
At Thetis' feet the finiſh'd labour lay;
She, as a falcon, cuts th' aëreal way,
Swift from Olympus' ſnowy ſummit flies,
And bears the blazing preſent thro' the ſkies.

---

any other, becauſe Homer had deſcribed nothing of this kind in the funeral of Patroclus. P.

With this vivid flaſh of genius may be compared a ſimilar effort in Claudian. rapt. Proſ. i. 252. where he is ſpeaking of a rich embroidery, deſcriptive of the univerſe:

Nec color unus ineſt: ſtellas accendit in auro,
Oſtro *fundit aquas*, attollit litora gemmis:

which luxuriant picture, doubtleſs, had in view a parallel exhibition in Valerius Flaccus, i. 430:

——— Eurotan molli bis *fuderat auro*.

Ver. 704.] Thus? with additional animation to the ſenſe and numbers:

Daſh on the buckler's verge—.

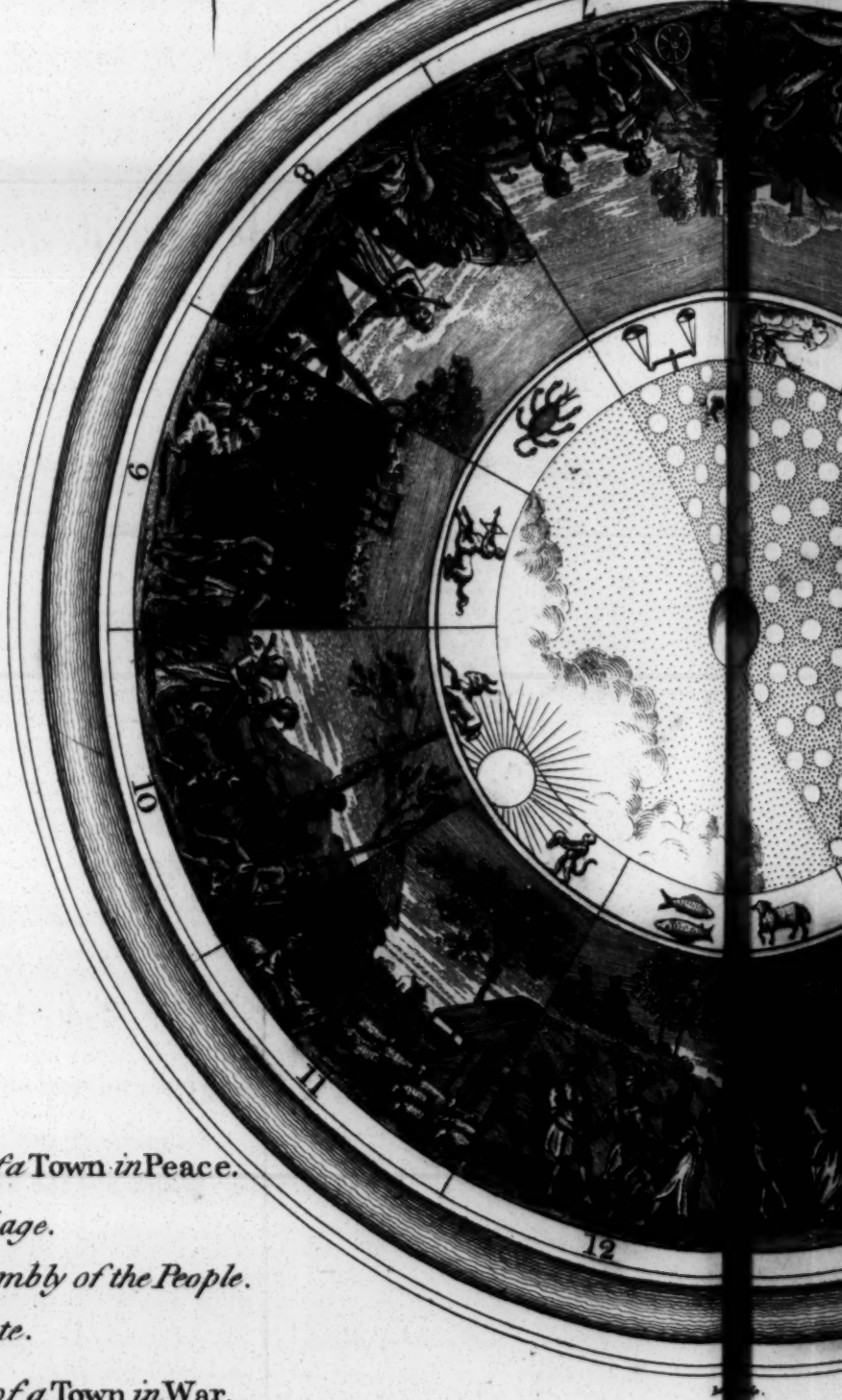
Ver. 707.] Thus Hobbes:

And pieces for his legs *of ductile tin*.

The SHIELD of A

as described in Homers

in Twelve



Three *of a* Town *in* Peace.

1. *A Marriage.*
2. *An Assembly of the People.*
3. *A Senate.*

Three *of a* Town *in* War.

4. *Besieged making a Sally.*
5. *Shepherds and their Flocks falling into an Ambuscade.*
6. *A Combat.*

# of ACHILLES.

Homers 18th. Ilias.

Tables.

Three *of* Agriculture.

7. *Tillage.*
8. *Harvest.*
9. *A Vintage.*

Three *of a* Paſtoral Life.

10. *Lions and Herds of Cattle.*
11. *Sheep.*
12. *The Dance.*

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

THE poet intending to ſhew in its full luſtre, his genius for deſcription, makes choice of this interval from action and the leiſure of the night, to diſplay that talent at large in the famous buckler of Achilles. His intention was no leſs than to draw the picture of the whole world in the compaſs of this ſhield. We ſee firſt the univerſe in general; the heavens are ſpread, the ſtars are hung up, the earth is ſtretched forth, the ſeas are poured round: we next ſee the world in a nearer and more particular view; the cities delightful in peace, or formidable in war; the labours of the country, and the fruit of thoſe labours, in the harveſts and the vintages; the paſtoral life in its pleaſures and its dangers; in a word, all the occupations, all the ambitions, and all the diverſions of mankind. This noble and comprehenſive deſign he has executed in a manner that challenged the admiration of all the ancients; and how right an idea they had of this grand deſign, may be judged from that verſe of Ovid Met. xiii. where he calls it,

——" Clypeus *vaſti* cælatus imagine mundi."

It is indeed aſtoniſhing, how after this, the arrogance of ſome moderns could unfortunately chuſe the nobleſt part of the nobleſt poet for the object of their blind cenſures. Their criticiſms, however juſt enough upon other parts, yet, when employed on this buckler, are to the utmoſt weak and impotent:

" poſtquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum eſt
" Mortalis mucro, glacies ſeu futilis, ictu
" Diſſiluit"

I deſign to give the reader the ſum of what has been ſaid on this ſubject. Firſt, a reply to the looſe and ſcattered objections of the criticks, by M. Dacier: then the regular plan and diſtribution of the ſhield, by Monſ. Boivin: and laſtly, I ſhall attempt what has not yet been done, to conſider it as a work of *painting*, and prove it in all reſpects conformable to the moſt juſt ideas and eſtabliſhed rules of that art.

I. It is the fate (ſays M. Dacier) of theſe arms of Achilles, to be ſtill the occaſion of quarrels and diſputes. Julius Scaliger was the firſt who appeared againſt this part, and was followed by a whole herd. Theſe object in the firſt place, that it is impoſſible to repreſent the movement of the figures; and in condemning the manner, they take the liberty to condemn alſo the ſubject, which they ſay is trivial, and not well underſtood. It is certain that Homer ſpeaks of the figures on this buckler, as if they were alive: and ſome of the ancients taking his expreſſions

to the ſtrictneſs of the letter, did really believe that they had all ſorts of motions. Euſtathius ſhewed the abſurdity of that ſentiment by a paſſage of Homer himſelf; "That poet, ſays he, to ſhew that his "figures are not animated, as ſome have pretended "by an exceſſive affection for the prodigious, took "care to ſay that they *moved and fought*, as if *they* "*were living men.*" The ancients certainly founded this ridiculous opinion on a rule of Ariſtotle: for they thought the poet could not make his deſcription more *admirable* and *marvellous*, than in making his figures animated, ſince (as Ariſtotle ſays) the *original ſhould always excel the copy*. That ſhield is the work of a God: it is the original, of which the engraving and painting of men is but an imperfect copy; and there is nothing impoſſible to the Gods. But they did not perceive, that by this Homer would have fallen into an extravagant admirable which would not have been probable. Therefore it is without any neceſſity Euſtathius adds, "That it is poſſible all thoſe figures did not ſtick cloſe "to the ſhield, but that they were detached from it, "and moved by ſprings, in ſuch a manner that they "appeared to have motion; as Æſchylus has feigned "ſomething like it, in his *ſeven captains againſt* "Thebes." But without having recourſe to that conjecture, we can ſhew that there is nothing more ſimple and natural than the deſcription of that ſhield, and there is not one word which Homer might not have ſaid of it, if it had been the work of a man;

for there is a great deal of difference between the work itſelf, and the deſcription of it.

Let us examine the particulars for which they blame Homer. They ſay he deſcribes two towns on his ſhield which *ſpeak different languages*. It is the Latin tranſlation, and not Homer, that ſays ſo; the word μερόπων, is a common epithet of men, and which ſignifies only, that they have *an articulate voice*. Theſe towns could not ſpeak different languages, ſince, as the ancients have remarked, they were Athens and Eleuſina, both which ſpake the ſame language. But though that epithet ſhould ſignify, *which ſpoke different languages*, there would be nothing very ſurpriſing; for Virgil ſaid what Homer it ſeems muſt not:

" Victæ longo ordine gentes,
" Quam variæ linguis." Æn. viii.

If a painter ſhould put into picture one town of France and another of Flanders, might not one ſay they were two towns which ſpake different languages?

Homer (they tell us) ſays in another place, that *we hear the harangues of two pleaders*. This is an unfair exaggeration: he only ſays, *two men pleaded*, that is, were repreſented pleading. Was not the ſame ſaid by Pliny and Nicomachus, that he had painted two Greeks, which ſpake one after another? Can we expreſs ourſelves otherwiſe of theſe two arts, which though they are mute, yet have a language? Or in explaining a painting of Raphael or Pouſſin, can we prevent animating the figures, in making

them ſpeak conformably to the deſign of the painter? But how could the engraver repreſent thoſe young ſhepherds and virgins that dance firſt in a ring, and then in ſetts? Or thoſe troops which were in ambuſcade? This would be difficult indeed if the workman had not the liberty to make his perſons appear in different circumſtances. All the objections againſt the young man who ſings at the ſame time that he plays on the harp, the bull that roars whilſt he is devoured by a lion, and againſt the muſical concerts, are childiſh; for we can never ſpeak of painting if we baniſh thoſe expreſſions. Pliny ſays of Apelles, that he painted Clytus on horſeback going to battle, and demanding his helmet of his ſquire: of Ariſtides, that he drew a beggar whom he could almoſt underſtand, *pene cum voce:* of Cteſilochus, that he had painted Jupiter bringing forth Bacchus, and crying out like a woman, *& muliebriter ingemiſcentem:* and of Nicearchus, that he had drawn a piece, in which Hercules was ſeen very melancholy on reflection of his madneſs, *Herculem triſtem, inſaniæ pœnitentiâ.* No one ſure will condemn thoſe ways of expreſſion which are ſo common. The ſame author has ſaid much more of Apelles: he tells us, he painted thoſe things which could not be painted, as thunder; *pinxit quæ pingi non poſſunt:* and of Timanthus, that in all his works there was ſomething more underſtood than was ſeen; and though there was all the art imaginable, yet there was ſtill more ingenuity than art: *Atque in omnibus ejus operibus, intelligitur plus*

ſemper quàm pingitur; & cum ars ſumma ſit, ingenium tamen ultra artem eſt. If we take the pains to compare theſe expreſſions with thoſe of Homer, we ſhall find him altogether excuſable in his *manner* of deſcribing the buckler.

We come now to the *matter*. If this ſhield (ſays a modern critick) had been made in a wiſer age, it would have been more correct and leſs charged with objects. There are two things which cauſe the cenſures to fall into this falſe criticiſm: the firſt is, that they think the ſhield was no broader than the brims of a hat, whereas it was large enough to cover a whole man. The other is, that they did not know the deſign of the poet, and imagined this deſcription was only the whimſy of an irregular wit, who did it by chance, and not following nature; for they never ſo much as entered into the intention of the poet, nor knew the ſhield was deſigned as a repreſentation of the univerſe.

It is happy that Virgil has made the buckler for Æneas, as well as Homer for Achilles. The Latin poet, who imitated the Greek one, always took care to accommodate thoſe things which time had changed, ſo as to render them agreeable to the palate of his readers; yet he hath not only charged his ſhield with a great deal more work, ſince he paints all the actions of the Romans from Aſcanius to Auguſtus; but has not avoided any of thoſe manners of expreſſion which offend the criticks. We ſee there the wolf of Romulus and Remus, who gives them her dugs *one*

after another, *mulcere alternos*, *& corpora fingere linguâ:* the rape of the Sabines, and the war which followed it, *ſubitoque novum conſurgere bellum:* Metius torn by four horſes, and Tullus who draws his entrails through the foreſt: Porſenna commanding the Romans to receive Tarquin, and beſieging Rome: The geeſe flying to the porches of the capitol, and giving notice by their *cries* of the attack of the Gauls.

" Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
" Porticibus, Gallos in limine adeſſe *canebat.*"

We ſee the Salian dance, hell, and the pains of the damned; and farther off, the place of the bleſſed, where Cato preſides: we ſee the famous battle of Actium, where we may diſtinguiſh the captains: Agrippa with the Gods, and the winds favourable; and Anthony leading on all the forces of the Eaſt, Ægypt and the Bactrians: the fight begins, the ſea is red with blood, Cleopatra gives the ſignal for a retreat, and calls her troops with a *Syſtrum. Patrio vocat agmina Syſtro.* The Gods, or rather the monſters of Ægypt, fight againſt Neptune, Venus, Minerva, Mars, and Apollo: we ſee Anthony's fleet beaten, and the Nile ſorrowfully opening his boſom to receive the conquered: Cleopatra looks pale and almoſt dead at the thought of that death ſhe had already determined; nay, we ſee the very wind Iapis, which haſtens her flight: we ſee the three triumphs of Auguſtus; that prince conſecrates three hundred temples, the altars are filled with ladies offering up

ſacrifices, Auguſtus ſitting at the entrance of Apollo's temple, receives preſents, and hangs them on the pillars of the temple; while all the conquered nations paſs by, who *ſpeak different languages*, and are differently equipped and armed.

" Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
" Quam variæ linguis, habitu tum veſtis & armis."

Nothing can better juſtify Homer, or ſhew the wiſdom and judgment of Virgil; he was charmed with Achilles's ſhield, and therefore would give the ſame ornament to his poem. But as Homer had painted the univerſe, he was ſenſible that nothing remained for him to do; he had no other way to take than that of prophecy, and ſhew what the deſcendant of his hero ſhould perform: and he was not afraid to go beyond Homer, becauſe there is nothing improbable in the hands of a God. If the criticks ſay, that is juſtifying one fault by another; I deſire they would agree among themſelves: for Scaliger who was the firſt that condemned Homer's ſhield, admires Virgil's. But ſuppoſe they ſhould agree, it would be fooliſh to endeavour to perſuade us, that what Homer and Virgil have done by the approbation of all ages, is not good; and to make us think, that their particular taſte ſhould prevail over that of all other men. Nothing is more ridiculous than to trouble one's ſelf to anſwer men, who ſhew ſo little reaſon in their criticiſms, that we can do them no greater favour, than to aſcribe it to their ignorance.

Thus far the objections are anſwered by Monſ. Dacier. Since when, ſome others have been ſtarted, as that the objects repreſented on the buckler, have no reference to the poem, no agreement with Thetis who procured it, Vulcan who made it, or Achilles for whom it was made.

To this it is replied, that the repreſentation of the ſea was agreeable enough to Thetis; that the ſpheres and celeſtial fires were ſo to Vulcan; (though the truth is, any piece of workmanſhip was equally fit to come from the hands of this God) and that the images of a town beſieged, a battle, and an ambuſcade, were objects ſufficiently proper for Achilles. But after all, where was the neceſſity that they ſhould be ſo? They had at leaſt been as fit for one hero as another: and Æneas, as Virgil tells us, knew not what to make of the figures on his ſhield:

"Rerumque ignarus, imagine gaudet."

II. But ſtill the main objection, and that in which the vanity of the moderns has triumphed the moſt, is, that the ſhield is crouded with ſuch a multiplicity of figures, as could not poſſibly be repreſented in the compaſs of it. The late diſſertation of Monſ. Boivin has put an end to this cavil, and the reader will have the pleaſure to be convinced of it by ocular demonſtration, in the print annexed.

This author ſuppoſes the buckler to have been perfectly round: he divides the convex ſurface into four concentrick circles.

The circle next the center contains the globe of the earth and the ſea, in miniature: he gives this circle the dimenſion of three inches.

The ſecond circle is allotted for the heavens and the ſtars: he allows the ſpace of ten inches between this, and the former circle.

The third ſhall be eight inches diſtant from the ſecond. The ſpace between theſe two circles ſhall be divided into twelve compartiments, each of which makes a picture of ten or eleven inches deep.

The fourth circle makes the margin of the buckler: and the interval between this and the former, being of three inches, is ſufficient to repreſent the waves and currents of the ocean.

All theſe together make but four feet in the whole in diameter. The print of theſe circles and diviſions will ſerve to prove, that the figures will neither be crouded nor confuſed, if diſpoſed in the proper place and order.

As to the ſize and figure of the ſhield, it is evident from the poets, that in the time of the Trojan war there were ſhields of an extraordinary magnitude. The buckler of Ajax is often compared to a tower, and in the ſixth Iliad that of Hector is deſcribed to cover him from the ſhoulders to the ankles.

Ἀμφὶ δὲ οἱ σφυρὰ τύπτε καὶ αὐχένα δέρμα κελαινὸν
Ἄνλυξ ἠ πυμάτη θέεν ἀσπίδος ὁμφαλοέσσης. Ver. 117.

In the ſecond verſe of the deſcription of this

buckler of Achilles, it is ſaid that Vulcan caſt round it a radiant circle,

Περὶ δ' ἄντυγα βάλλε φαεινήν. Ver. 479.

Which proves the figure to have been round. But if it be alledged that ἄντυξ as well ſignifies *oval* as *circular*, it may be anſwered, that the circular figure better agrees to the ſpheres repreſented in the center, and to the courſe of the ocean at the circumference.

We may very well allow four feet diameter to this buckler: as one may ſuppoſe a larger ſize would have been too unwieldy, ſo a leſs would not have been ſufficient to cover the breaſt and arm of a man of a ſtature ſo large as Achilles.

In allowing four feet diameter to the whole, each of the twelve compartiments may be of ten or eleven inches in depth, which will be enough to contain, without any confuſion, all the objects which Homer mentions. Indeed in this print, each compartiment being but of one inch, the principal figures only are repreſented; but the reader may eaſily imagine the advantage of nine or ten inches more. However, if the criticks are not yet ſatisfied, there is room enough, it is but taking in the literal ſenſe the words πάντοσε δαιδάλλων, with which Homer begins his deſcription, and the buckler may be ſuppoſed engraven on both ſides, which ſuppoſition will double the ſize of each piece: the one ſide may ſerve for the general deſcription of heaven and earth, and the other for all the particulars.

III. It having been now ſhewn, that the ſhield of Homer is blameleſs as to its deſign and diſpoſition, and that the ſubject (ſo extenſive as it is) may be contracted within the due limits; not being one vaſt unproportioned heap of figures, but divided into twelve regular compartiments: what remains, is to conſider this piece as a compleat *idea* of *painting*, and a ſketch for what one may call an *univerſal picture*. This is certainly the light in which it is chiefly to be admired, and in which alone the criticks have neglected to place it.

There is reaſon to believe that Homer did in this, as he has done in other arts, (even in mechanicks) that is, comprehend whatever was known of it in his time; if not (as is highly probable) from thence extend his ideas yet farther, and give a more enlarged notion of it. Accordingly, it is very obſervable, that there is ſcarce a ſpecies or branch of this art which is not here to be found, whether hiſtory, battle-painting, landſkip, architecture, fruits, flowers, animals, *&c.*

I think it poſſible that painting was arrived to a greater degree of perfection, even at that early period, than is generally ſuppoſed by thoſe who have written upon it. Pliny expreſly ſays, that it was not known in the time of the Trojan war. The ſame author and others, repreſent it in a very imperfect ſtate in Greece, in or near the days of Homer. They tell us of one painter, that he was the firſt who begun to ſhadow; and of another, that he filled his

outlines only with a ſingle colour, and that laid on every where alike: but we may have a higher notion of the art, from thoſe deſcriptions of ſtatues, carvings, tapeſtries, ſculptures upon armour, and ornaments of all kinds, which every where occur in our author; as well as from what he ſays of their beauty, the relievo, and their emulation of life itſelf. If we conſider how much it is his conſtant practice to confine himſelf to the cuſtom of the times whereof he writ, it will be hard to doubt but that painting and ſculpture muſt have been then in great practice and repute.

The ſhield is not only deſcribed as a piece of ſculpture but of painting: the outlines may be ſuppoſed engraved, and the reſt enamelled, or inlaid with various-coloured metals. The variety of colours is plainly diſtinguiſhed by Homer, where he ſpeaks of the *blackneſs* of the new-opened earth, of the *ſeveral colours* of the grapes and vines; and in other places. The different metals that Vulcan is feigned to caſt into the furnace, were ſufficient to afford all the neceſſary colours: but if to thoſe which are natural to the metals, we add alſo thoſe which they are capable of receiving from the operation of fire, we ſhall find, that Vulcan had as great a variety of colours to make uſe of as any modern painter. That enamelling, or fixing, colours by fire, was practiſed very anciently, may be conjectured from what Diodorus reports of one of the walls of

Babylon, built by Semiramis, that *the bricks of it were painted before they were burned, ſo as to repreſent all ſorts of animals*, lib. ii. chap. 4. Now it is but natural to infer, that men had made uſe of ordinary colours for the repreſentation of objects, before they learned to repreſent them by ſuch as are given by the operation of fire; one being much more eaſy and obvious than the other, and that ſort of painting by means of fire being but an imitation of the painting with a pencil and colours. The ſame inference will be rather enforced from the works of tapeſtry, which the women of thoſe times interweaved with many colours; as appears from the deſcription of that veil which Hecuba offers to Minerva in the ſixth Iliad, and from a paſſage in the twenty-ſecond, where Andromache is repreſented working flowers in a piece of this kind. They muſt certainly have known the uſe of colours themſelves for painting, before they could think of dying threads with thoſe colours, and weaving thoſe threads cloſe to one another, in order only to a more laborious imitation of a thing ſo much more eaſily performed by a pencil. This obſervation I owe to the Abbé Fraguier.

It may indeed be thought, that a genius ſo vaſt and comprehenſive as that of Homer, might carry his views beyond the reſt of mankind, and that in this buckler of Achilles he rather deſigned to give a ſcheme of what might be performed, than a deſcription of what really was ſo: and ſince he made a God the artiſt, he might excuſe himſelf from a ſtrict con-

finement to what was known and practiſed at the time of the Trojan war. Let this be as it will, it is certain that he had, whether by learning, or by ſtrength of genius, (though the latter be more glorious for Homer) a full and exact idea of painting in all its parts; that is to ſay, in the *invention*, the *compoſition*, the *expreſſion*, &c.

The *invention* is ſhewn in finding and introducing, in every ſubject, the *greateſt*, the moſt *ſignificant*, and moſt *ſuitable* objects. Accordingly in every ſingle picture of the ſhield, Homer, conſtantly finds out either thoſe objects which are naturally the principal, thoſe which moſt conduce to ſhew the ſubject, or thoſe which ſet it in the livelieſt and moſt agreeable light: theſe he never fails to diſpoſe in the moſt advantageous manners, ſituations, and oppoſitions.

Next, we find all his figures differently *characteriſed*, in their expreſſions and attitudes, according to their ſeveral natures: the Gods (for inſtance) are diſtinguiſhed in air, habit and proportion, from men, in the fourth picture; maſters from ſervants, in the eighth; and ſo of the reſt.

Nothing is more wonderful than his exact obſervation of the *contraſt*, not only between figure and figure, but between ſubject and ſubject. The city in peace is a contraſt to the city in war: between the ſiege in the fourth picture, and the battle in the ſixth, a piece of païſage is introduced, and rural ſcenes follow after. The country too is repreſented in war

in the fifth, as well as in peace in the ſeventh, eighth, and ninth. The very animals are ſhewn in theſe two different ſtates, in the tenth and eleventh. Where the ſubjects appear the ſame, he contraſts them ſome other way: thus the firſt picture of the town in peace having a predominant air of gaiety, in the dances and pomps of the marriage; the ſecond has a character of earneſtneſs, and ſollicitude, in the diſpute and pleadings. In the pieces of rural life, that of the ploughing is of a different character from the harveſt, and that of the harveſt from the vintage. In each of theſe there is a contraſt of the *labour* and *mirth* of the country people: in the firſt, ſome are ploughing, others taking a cup of good liquor; in the next we ſee the reapers working in one part, and the banquet prepared in another; in the laſt, the labour of the vineyard is relieved with muſick and a dance. The perſons are no leſs varied, old and young men and women: there being women in two pictures together, namely the eighth and ninth, it is remarkable that thoſe in the latter are of a different character from the former; they who dreſs the ſupper being ordinary women, the others who carry baſkets in the vineyard, young and beautiful virgins: and theſe again are of an inferiour character to thoſe in the twelfth piece, who are diſtinguiſhed as people of condition by a more elegant dreſs. There are three dances in the buckler; and theſe too are varied: that at the wedding is in a circular figure, that of the vineyard in a row, that in the laſt picture, a mingled

one. Laſtly, there is a manifeſt contraſt in the colours; nay, even in the back-grounds of the ſeveral pieces: for example, that of the ploughing is of a dark tinct, that of the harveſt yellow, that of the paſture green, and the reſt in like manner.

That he was not a ſtranger to aereal *perſpective*, appears in his expreſly marking the diſtance of object from object: he tells us, for inſtance, that the two ſpies lay a little remote from the other figures; and that the oak under which was ſpread the banquet of the reapers, ſtood *apart:* what he ſays of the valley ſprinkled all over with cottages and flocks, appears to be a deſcription of a large country in perſpective. And indeed, a general argument for this may be drawn from the number of figures on the ſhield; which could not be all expreſſed in their full magnitude: and this is therefore a ſort of proof that the art of leſſening them according to perſpective was known at that time.

What the criticks call the *three unities*, ought in reaſon as much to be obſerved in a picture as in a play; each ſhould have only *one principal action*, one *inſtant of time*, and one *point of view*. In this method of examination alſo, the ſhield of Homer will bear the teſt: he has been more exact than the greateſt painters, who have often deviated from one or other of theſe rules; whereas (when we examine the detail of each compartiment) it will appear,

Firſt, That there is but one principal action in each picture, and that no ſupernumerary figures or

actions are introduced. This will anſwer all that has been ſaid of the confuſion and croud of figures on the ſhield, by thoſe who never comprehended the plan of it.

Secondly, That no action is repreſented in one piece, which could not happen in the ſame inſtant of time. This will overthrow the objection againſt ſo many different actions appearing in one ſhield; which, in this caſe, is much as abſurd as to object againſt ſo many of Raphael's Cartoons appearing in one gallery.

Thirdly, It will be manifeſt that there are no objects in any one picture which could not be ſeen in one point of view. Hereby the Abbé Terraſſon's whole Criticiſm will fall to the ground, which amounts but to this, that the general objects of the heavens, ſtars and ſea, with the particular proſpects of towns, fields, *&c.* could never be ſeen all at once. Homer was incapable of ſo abſurd a thought, nor could theſe heavenly bodies (had he intended them for a picture) have ever been ſeen together from one point; for the conſtellations and the full moon, for example, could never be ſeen at once with the ſun. But the celeſtial bodies were placed on the boſs, as the ocean at the margin of the ſhield: theſe were no parts of the painting, but the former was only an ornament to the projection in the middle, and the latter a frame round about it: in the ſame manner as the diviſions, projections, or angles of a roof are left to be ornamented at the diſcretion of the painter,

with foliage, architecture, groteſque, or what he pleaſes: however his judgment will be ſtill more commendable, if he contrives to make even theſe extrinſical parts, to bear ſome alluſion to the main deſign: it is this which Homer has done, in placing a ſort of ſphere in the middle, and the ocean at the border, of a work, which was ſo expreſly intended to repreſent the univerſe.

I proceed now to the detail of the ſhield; in which the words of Homer being firſt tranſlated, an attempt will be made to ſhew with what exact order all that he deſcribes may enter into the compoſition, according to the rules of painting.

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES, DIVIDED INTO ITS SEVERAL PARTS.

The BOSS *of the* SHIELD.

VERSE 483. Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν, &c.] *Here Vulcan repreſented the earth, the heaven, the ſea, the indefatigable courſe of the ſun, the moon in her full, all the celeſtial ſigns that crown Olympus, the Pleiades, the Hyades, the great Orion, and the Bear, commonly called the Wain, the only conſtellation which, never bathing itſelf in the ocean, turns about the poles, and obſerves the courſe of Orion.*

The ſculpture of theſe reſembled ſomewhat of our terreſtrial and celeſtial globes, and took up the center of the ſhield: it is plain by the huddle in which Homer expreſſes this, that he did not deſcribe it as a picture for a point of ſight.

The circumference is divided into twelve compartiments, each being a ſeparate picture, as follow:

Firſt Compartiment. *A Town in Peace.*

Ἐν δὲ δύω ποίησε πόλεις, &c.] *He engraved two cities; in one of them were repreſented nuptials and feſtivals. The ſpouſes from their bridal chambers, were conducted*

through the town by the light of torches. Every mouth ſung the hymenæal *ſong: the youths turned rapidly about in a circular dance: the flute and the lyre reſounded: the women, every one in the ſtreet, ſtanding in the porches, beheld and admired.*

In this picture, the brides preceded by torch-bearers, are on the fore-ground: the dance in circles, and muſicians behind them: the ſtreet in perſpective on either ſide, the women and ſpectators in the porches, &c. diſperſed through all the architecture.

Second Compartiment. *An Aſſembly of People.*

Λαοὶ δ' εἰν ἀγορῇ, &c.] *There was ſeen a number of people in the market-place, and two men diſputing warmly: the occaſion was the payment of a fine for a murder, which one affirmed before the people he had paid, the other denied to have received; both demanded, that the affair ſhould be determined by the judgment of an arbiter: the acclamations of the multitude favoured ſometimes the one party, ſometimes the other.*

Here is a fine plan for a maſter-piece of *expreſſion*; any judge of painting will ſee our author has choſen that *cauſe* which, of all others, would give occaſion to the greateſt variety of expreſſion; the father, the murderer, the witneſſes, and the different paſſions of the aſſembly, would afford an ample field for this talent even to Raphael himſelf.

Third Compartiment. *The Senate.*

Κήρυκες δ' ἄρα λαὸν ἐρήτυον, &c.] *The heralds ranged the people in order: the reverend elders were ſeated on*

ſeats of poliſhed ſtone in the ſacred circle; they roſe up and declared their judgment, each in his turn, with the ſcepter in his hand: two talents of gold were laid in the middle of the circle, to be given to him who ſhould pronounce the moſt equitable judgment.

The judges are ſeated in the center of the picture; one (who is the principal figure) ſtanding up as ſpeaking; another in an action of riſing, as in order to ſpeak: the ground about them a proſpect of the Forum, filled with auditors and ſpectators.

Fourth Compartiment. *A Town in War.*

Τὴν δ' ἑτέρην πόλιν, &c.] *The other city was beſieged by two glittering armies: they were not agreed whether to ſack the town, or to divide all the booty of it into two equal parts, to be ſhared between them: mean time the beſieged ſecretly armed themſelves for an ambuſcade. Their wives, children, and old men were poſted to defend their walls: the warriours marched from the town with Pallas and Mars at their head: the deities were of gold, and had golden armours, by the glory of which they were diſtinguiſhed above the men, as well as by their ſuperiour ſtature, and more elegant proportions.*

This ſubject may be thus diſpoſed: the town pretty near the eye, a-croſs the whole picture, with the old men upon the walls; the chiefs of each army on the fore-ground: their different opinions for putting the town to the ſword, or ſparing it on account of the booty, may be expreſſed by ſome having their hands on their ſwords, and looking up to the city, others

ſtopping them, or in an action of perſuading againſt it. Behind, in proſpect, the townſmen may be ſeen going out from the back gates, with the two deities at their head.

Homer here gives a clear inſtance of what the ancients always practiſed; the diſtinguiſhing the Gods and Goddeſſes by characters of majeſty or beauty ſomewhat ſuperiour to nature; we conſtantly find this in their ſtatues, and to this the modern maſters owe the grand taſte in the perfection of their figures.

Fifth Compartiment. *An Ambuſcade.*

Οἱ δ' ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἵκανον, &c.] *Being arrived at the river where they deſigned their ambuſh (the place where the cattle were watered) they diſpoſed themſelves along the bank, covered with their arms: two ſpies lay at a diſtance from them obſerving when the oxen and the ſheep ſhould come to drink. They came immediately, followed by two ſhepherds, who were playing on their pipes, without any apprehenſion of their danger.*

This quiet picture is a kind of *repoſe* between the laſt and the following active pieces. Here is a ſcene of a river and trees, under which lie the ſoldiers, next the eye of the ſpectator; on the farther bank are placed the two ſpies on one hand, and the flocks and ſhepherds appear coming at a greater diſtance on the other.

Sixth Compartiment. *The Battle.*

Οἱ μὲν τὰ προϊδόντες, &c.] *The people of the town ruſhed upon them, carried off the oxen and ſheep, and*

killed the ſhepherds. The beſiegers ſitting before the town, heard the outcry, and mounting their horſes, arrived at the bank of the river; where they ſtopped, and encountered each other with their ſpears. Diſcord, Tumult, and Fate raged in the midſt of them. There might you ſee cruel Deſtiny dragging a dead ſoldier through the battle; two others ſhe ſeized alive; one of which was mortally wounded; the other not yet hurt: the garment on her ſhoulders was ſtained with human blood: the figures appeared as if they lived, moved, and fought, you would think they really dragged off their dead.

The ſheep and two ſhepherds lying dead upon the fore-ground. A battle-piece fills the picture. The allegorical figure of the *Parca* or Deſtiny is the principal. This had been a noble occaſion for ſuch a painter as Rubens, who has, with moſt happineſs and learning, imitated the ancients in theſe fictitious and ſymbolical perſons.

Seventh Compartiment. *Village.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει νειὸν μαλακὴν, &c.] *The next piece repreſented a large field, a deep and fruitful ſoil, which ſeemed to have been three times ploughed; the labourers appeared turning their ploughs on every ſide. As ſoon as they came to a land's-end, a man preſented them a bowl of wine; cheared with this, they turned and worked down a new furrow, deſirous to haſten to the next land's-end. The field was of gold, but looked black behind the ploughs, as if it had really been turned up; the ſurpriſing effect of the art of Vulcan.*

The ploughmen muſt be repreſented on the fore-ground, in the action of turning at the end of the furrow. The invention of Homer is not content with barely putting down the figures, but enlivens them prodigiouſly with ſome remarkable circumſtance: the giving a cup of wine to the ploughmen muſt occaſion a fine expreſſion in the faces.

Eighth Compartiment. *The Harveſt.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει τέμενος, &c.] *Next he repreſented a field of corn, in which the reapers worked with ſharp ſickles in their hands; the corn fell thick along the furrows in equal rows: three binders were employed in making up the ſheaves: the boys attending them, gathered up the looſe ſwarths, and carried them in their arms to be bound: the lord of the field ſtanding in the midſt of the heaps, with a ſcepter in his hand, rejoices in ſilence: his officers, at a diſtance, prepare a feaſt under the ſhade of an oak, and hold an ox ready to be ſacrificed; while the women mix the flower of wheat for the reapers' ſupper.*

The reapers on the fore-ground, with their faces towards the ſpectators; the gatherers behind, and the children on the farther ground. The maſter of the field, who is the chief figure, may be ſet in the middle of the picture with a ſtrong light upon him, in the action of directing and pointing with his ſcepter: the oak, with the ſervants under it, the ſacrifice, *&c.* on a diſtant ground, would all together make a beautiful group of great variety.

Ninth Compartiment. *The Vintage.*

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει σαφυλῇσι, &c.] *He then engraved a vineyard loaden with its grapes: the vineyard was gold, but the grapes black, and the props of them ſilver. A trench of a dark metal, and a paliſade of tin encompaſſed the whole vineyard. There was one path in it, by which the labourers in the vineyard paſſed: young men and maids carried the fruit in woven baſkets: in the middle of them a youth played on the lyre, and charmed them with his tender voice, as he ſung to the ſtrings* (or *as he ſung the ſong of* Linus:) *the reſt ſtriking the ground with their feet in exact time, followed him in a dance, and accompanied his voice with their own.*

The vintage ſcarce needs to be painted in any colours but Homer's. The youths and maids toward the eye, as coming out of the vineyard: the encloſure, pales, gate, &c. on the fore-ground. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly *riant* in this piece, above all the reſt.

Tenth Compartiment. *Animals.*

Ἐν δ' ἀγέλην ποίησε Βοῶν, &c.] *He graved a herd of oxen marching with their heads erected; thoſe oxen (inlaid with gold and tin) ſeemed to bellow as they quitted their ſtall, and run in haſte to the meadows, through which a rapid river rolled with reſounding ſtreams amongſt the ruſhes: four herdſmen of gold attended them, followed by nine large dogs. Two terrible lions ſeize a bull by the throat, who roared as they dragged him along; the dogs and the herdſmen ran to his reſcue, but the lions*

having torn the bull, devoured his entrails, and drank his blood. The herdſmen came up with their dogs, and heartened them in vain; they durſt not attack the lions, but ſtanding at ſome diſtance, barked at them, and ſhunned them.

We have next a fine piece of animals, tame and ſavage: but what is remarkable, is, that theſe animals are not coldly brought in to be gazed upon: the herds, dogs and lions are put into action, enough to exerciſe the warmth and ſpirit of Rubens, or the great taſte of Julio Romano.

The lions may be next the eye, one holding the bull by the throat, the other tearing out his entrails: a herdſman or two heartening the dogs: all theſe on the fore-ground. On the ſecond ground another group of oxen, that ſeem to have been gone before, toſſing their heads and running; other herdſmen and dogs after them: and beyond them, a proſpect of the river.

Eleventh Compartiment. *Sheep.*

Ἐν δὲ νομὸν, &c.] *The divine artiſt then engraved a large flock of white ſheep feeding along a beautiful valley. Innumerable folds, cottages, and encloſed ſhelters, were ſcattered through the proſpect.*

This is an entire landſkip without human figures, an image of Nature ſolitary and undiſturbed: the deepeſt repoſe and tranquillity is that which diſtinguiſhes it from the others.

Twelfth Compartiment. *The Dance.*

Ἐν δὲ χορὸν, &c.] *The ſkilful Vulcan then deſigned the figure and various motions of a dance, like that which Dædalus of old contrived in Gnoſſus for the fair Ariadne. There the young men and maidens danced hand in hand; the maids were dreſſed in linen garments, the men in rich and ſhining ſtuffs; the maids had flowery crowns on their heads; the men had ſwords of gold hanging from their ſides in belts of ſilver. Here they ſeem to run in a ring with active feet, as ſwiftly as a wheel runs round when tried by the hand of the potter. There, they appeared to move in many figures, and ſometimes to meet, ſometimes to wind from each other. A multitude of ſpectators ſtood round, delighted with the dance. In the middle two nimble tumblers exerciſed themſelves in feats of activity, while the ſong was carried on by the whole circle.*

This picture includes the greateſt number of perſons: Homer himſelf has grouped them and marked the manner of the compoſition. This piece would excel in the different *airs of beauty* which might be given to the young men and women, and the graceful attitudes in the various manners of dancing: on which account the ſubject might be fit for Guido, or perhaps could be no where better executed than in our own country.

The Border *of the* Shield.

Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει πολαμοῖο, &c.] *Then laſtly, he repreſented the rapid courſe of the great ocean, which he made to roll*

its waves round the extremity of the whole circumference.

This (as has been ſaid before) was only the Frame to the whole Shield, and is therefore but ſlightly touched upon, without any mention of particular objects.

I ought not to end this eſſay, without vindicating myſelf from the vanity of treating of an art, which I love ſo much better than I underſtand: but I have been very careful to conſult both the beſt performers and judges in Painting. I cannot neglect this occaſion of ſaying, how happy I think myſelf in the favour of the moſt diſtinguiſhed maſters of that art. Sir Godfrey Kneller in particular allows me to tell the world, that he entirely agrees with my ſentiments on this ſubject: and I cannot help wiſhing that he who gives this teſtimony to Homer, would ennoble ſo great a deſign by his own execution of it. Vulcan never wrought for Thetis with more readineſs and affection, than Sir Godfrey has done for me: and ſo admirable a picture of the whole univerſe could not be a more agreeable preſent than he has obliged me with, in the Portraits of ſome of thoſe perſons, who are to me the deareſt objects in it. P.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

THETIS brings to her ſon the armour made by Vulcan. She preſerves the body of his friend from corruption, and commands him to aſſemble the army, to declare his reſentment at an end. Agamemnon and Achilles are ſolemnly reconciled: the ſpeeches, preſents, and ceremonies on that occaſion. Achilles is with great difficulty perſuaded to refrain from the battle till the troops have refreſhed themſelves, by the advice of Ulyſſes. The preſents are conveyed to the tent of Achilles; where Briſeïs laments over the body of Patroclus. The hero obſtinately refuſes all repaſt, and gives himſelf up to lamentations for his friend. Minerva deſcends to ſtrengthen him, by the order of Jupiter. He arms for the fight: his appearance deſcribed. He addreſſes himſelf to his horſes, and reproaches them with the death of Patroclus. One of them is miraculouſly endued with voice, and inſpired to propheſy his fate; but the hero, not aſtoniſhed by that prodigy, ruſhes with fury to the combat.

The thirtieth day. The ſcene is on the ſea-ſhore.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

I L I A D.

SOON as Aurora heav'd her orient head
Above the waves that bluſh'd with early red,
(With new-born day to gladden mortal ſight,
And gild the courts of heav'n with ſacred light,)
Th' immortal arms the Goddeſs-mother bears
Swift to her ſon: her ſon ſhe finds in tears
Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corſe; while all the reſt
The ſovereign's ſorrows in their own expreſt.

Ver. 1.] Or thus, more conciſely and accurately at the ſame time, for the two firſt couplets:

When Morn in ſaffron robe from Ocean's ſtream
Roſe, to chear Gods and mortals with her beam—.

Ver. 7.] More fully to his author with theſe corrections:

Stretch'd o'er Patroclus' corſe the warriour lies,
His train reſponſive to his piercing cries.
Cloſe by his ſide the Goddeſs takes her ſtand,
And ſpake, with fondneſs as ſhe preſt his hand—.

All beſide this is from the imagination of our tranſlator.

A ray divine her heav'nly preſence ſhed,
And thus, his hand ſoft-touching, Thetis ſaid.
Suppreſs (my ſon) this rage of grief, and know
It was not man, but heav'n that gave the blow;
Behold what arms by Vulcan are beſtow'd,
Arms worthy thee, or fit to grace a God.
Then drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the ſtrong arms, and ring the ſhores around:
Back ſhrink the Myrmidons with dread ſurpriſe,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.

Ver. 13. *Behold what arms*, &c.] It is not poetry only which has had this idea, of giving divine arms to a hero; we have a very remarkable example of it in our holy books. In the ſecond of Maccabees, chap. xvi. Judas ſees in a dream the prophet Jeremiah bringing to him a ſword as from God: though this was only a dream, or a viſion, yet ſtill it is the ſame idea. This example is likewiſe ſo much the more worthy of obſervation, as it is much later than the age of Homer; and as thereby it is ſeen, that the ſame way of thinking continued a long time amongſt the Oriental nations. Dacier. P.

The rhymes are bad. I prefer a correction of Ogilby, for exactneſs alſo:

See Vulcan's gift! ſuch radiant arms before
Nor ſaw a mortal eye, nor mortal ſhoulders wore:

or,

So rich, ſo fair, no human ſhoulders wore:

which are the rhymes alſo of Chapman.

Ver. 16.] A moſt extravagant exaggeration of our poet! I ſhall ſubjoin faithful Ogilby, moderately chaſtiſed, as happily expreſſive of his author:

Then, as ſhe ſpake, her *glittering* burthen flings
Down at his feet: the high-proof'd metal rings.

Unmov'd, the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow;
From his fierce eye-balls living flames expire,
And flaſh inceſſant like a ſtream of fire:
He turns the radiant gift; and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artiſt had deſign'd.

Goddeſs (he cry'd) theſe glorious arms that ſhine
With matchleſs art, confeſs the hand divine.
Now to the bloody battle let me bend:
But ah! the relicks of my ſlaughter'd friend!
In thoſe wide wounds thro' which his ſpirit fled,
Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?

Ver. 20.] More exactly, thus:

And feels with *riſing* rage his boſom glow:

or,

And feels his *breaſt* with *riſing fury* glow.

Ver. 21.] There is too much ſameneſs in theſe verſes. I think Ogilby's rhymes might furniſh a better couplet:

His eyes terrific, ſwoll'n with ſecret ire,
Thro' the dark brows ſtream ſcintillating fire.

Ver. 30. *Shall flies, and worms obſcene, pollute the dead?*] The care which Achilles takes in this place to drive away the flies from the dead body of Patroclus, ſeems to us a mean employment, and a care unworthy of a hero. But that office was regarded by Homer, and by all the Greeks of his time, as a pious duty conſecrated by cuſtom and religion; which obliged the kindred and friends of the deceaſed to watch his corpſe, and prevent any corruption before the ſolemn day of his funerals. It is plain this devoir was thought an indiſpenſable one, ſince Achilles could not diſcharge himſelf of it but by impoſing it upon his Mother. It is alſo clear, that in thoſe times the preſervation of a dead body was accounted a very important matter, ſince the Goddeſſes themſelves, nay the moſt delicate

That unavailing care be laid aſide,
(The azure Goddeſs to her ſon reply'd)
Whole years untouch'd, uninjur'd ſhall remain
Freſh as in life, the carcaſe of the ſlain.

of the Goddeſſes, made it the ſubject of their utmoſt attention. As Thetis preſerves the body of Patroclus, and chaſes from it thoſe inſects that breed in the wounds and cauſe putrefaction, ſo Venus is employed day and night about that of Hector, in driving away the dogs to which Achilles had expoſed it. Apollo, on his part, covers it with a thick cloud, and preſerves its freſhneſs amidſt the greateſt heats of the ſun: and this care of the deities over the dead was looked upon by men as a fruit of their piety.

There is an excellent remark upon this paſſage in Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the epick poem, *lib.* iii. *cap.* 10. "To ſpeak "(ſays this Author) of the arts and ſciences as a poet ought, we "ſhould veil them under names and actions of perſons fictitious, and "allegorical. Homer will not plainly ſay that ſalt has the virtue "to preſerve dead bodies, and prevent the flies from engendering "worms in them; he will not ſay, that the ſea preſented Achilles "a remedy to preſerve Patroclus from putrefaction; but he will "make the ſea a Goddeſs, and tells us, that Thetis to comfort "Achilles, engaged to perfume the body with an Ambroſia which "ſhould keep it a whole year from corruption: it is thus Homer "teaches the poets to ſpeak of arts and ſciences. This example "ſhews the nature of the things, that flies cauſe putrefaction, that "ſalt preſerves bodies from it; but all this is told us poetically, "the whole is reduced into action, the ſea is made a perſon who "ſpeaks and acts, and this *proſopopœia* is accompanied with paſſion, "tenderneſs, and affection; in a word, there is nothing which is "not (according to Ariſtotle's precept) endued with manners."

Ver. 32.] After this verſe, *two* of his author are paſſed in ſilence, to this purport, in ſtrains, too much akin to thoſe of Ogilby, but declaratory of Homer's ſenſe:

Myſelf will try to drive the flies away;
That forward race, which makes the ſlain it's prey.

But go, Achilles, (as affairs require)
Before the Grecian peers renounce thine ire:
Then uncontroll'd in boundleſs war engage,
And heav'n with ſtrength ſupply the mighty rage!
Then in the noſtrils of the ſlain ſhe pour'd
Nectareous drops, and rich Ambroſia ſhow'r'd
O'er all the corſe. The flies forbid their prey,
Untouch'd it reſts, and ſacred from decay.
Achilles to the ſtrand obedient went;
The ſhores reſounded with the voice he ſent.
The heroes heard, and all the naval train
That tend the ſhips or guide them o'er the main,

Ver. 35.] The following plain repreſentation is faithful to the original:

But go, my ſon, this hour to council call
The Græcian heroes; there, before them all,
Renounce thine anger with the king of men;
And arm for war, and be thyſelf agen:

For I ſee no reaſon, why poetry ſhould not be indulged in thoſe varieties, which the Greeks and Romans ſo liberally enjoy; and write, as convenience may require, *agen* or *again*, conformably to the old or new orthography of the word.

Ver. 39.] Theſe *four* elegant verſes repreſent the following *three* of Homer:

She ſaid, and ſent bold vigour to his ſoul:
Then in Patroclus' noſtrils, to keep firm
The corps, Ambroſia with red Nectar dropt.

Ver. 43.] To ſhun the concurrency of words ſimilarly terminated, this verſe may be improved, perhaps, by tranſpoſition:

Obedient to the ſtrand Achilles went.

Alarm'd, tranſported, at the well-known ſound,
Frequent and full, the great aſſembly crown'd;
Studious to ſee that terrour of the plain,
Long loſt to battle, ſhine in arms again.
Tydides and Ulyſſes firſt appear,
Lame with their wounds, and leaning on the ſpear;
Theſe on the ſacred ſeats of council plac'd,
The king of men, Atrides came the laſt:

Ver. 49.] A word from Chapman would improve this verſe:

All ſwarm'd to ſee that terrour of the plain.

The whole paſſage is altogether very noble, both in the verſion and original; written with a pen, dipped in the font of Nature; and admirably calculated to aggrandiſe the character of his hero. It is, in my judgement, as intereſting a circumſtance as can be found in the whole compaſs of ancient or modern poetry.

Ver. 51.] Our poet here, very injudiciouſly and againſt all previous probability, follows Ogilby:

Ulyſſes *firſt* and Diomed *appear*,
Still *lame with wounds*,, each *leaning on* his *ſpear*.

And ſo, I ſee Dacier: "L'intrépide Diomede et le divin Ulyſſe, "tous deux favoris de Mars, viennent des *premiers*." The following tranſlation is exact:

Tydides brave and great Laërtes' ſon,
Servants of Mars, each leaning on his ſpear,
Came limping, ſtill oppreſs'd with grievous wounds;
And at the council's entrance took their ſeats.

And theſe are mentioned by way of eminence, that the reader may infer the great eagerneſs of the reſt, when even wounds could not keep theſe two from appearing on this occaſion.

Ver. 54.] Our tranſlator is too rapid. Thus his author;

But laſt came Atreus' ſon, the king of men;
He wounded alſo, in ſharp battle pierc'd
By Coon's brazen ſpear, Antenor's ſon.

He too ſore wounded by Agenor's ſon.
Achilles (riſing in the midſt) begun.
O Monarch! better far had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian ſtate,
If (e'er the day when by mad paſſion ſway'd,
Raſh we contended for the black-ey'd maid)
Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!

Soon as the thronging Græcians all were met,
Achilles, ſwift of foot, uproſe, and ſpake.

Ver. 59.] He might have compriſed the entire ſenſe of his author in a triplet, thus:

If, when Lyrneſſus in the duſt I laid,
Before that day ——.

Ver 61.] *Preventing Dian had diſpatch'd her dart,*
And ſhot the ſhining miſchief to the heart!]

Achilles wiſhes Briſeïs had died before ſhe had occaſioned ſo great calamities to his countrymen: I will not ſay to excuſe him, that his virtue here overpowers his love, but that the wiſh is not ſo very barbarous as it may ſeem by the phraſe to a modern reader. It is not, that Diana had actually killed her, as by a particular ſtroke or judgment from heaven; it means no more than a natural death, as appears from this paſſage in Odyſſ. xv:

When age and ſickneſs have unnerv'd the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along,
They bend the ſilver bows for ſudden ill,
And every ſhining arrow flies to kill.

And he does not wiſh her death now, after ſhe had been his miſtreſs, but only that ſhe had died, before he knew, or loved her. P.

Ver. 62.] He denominates *gold* by the ſame periphraſis, more appoſitely, I think, and perſpicuouſly, in his *ethic epiſtles*, iii. 10:

—— Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid *the ſhining miſchief* under ground.

Then many a hero had not preſs'd the ſhore,
Nor Troy's glad fields been fatten'd with our gore:
Long, long ſhall Greece the woes we caus'd, bewail,
And ſad poſterity repeat the tale.
But this, no more the ſubject of debate,
Is paſt, forgotten, and reſign'd to fate:
Why ſhould (alas) a mortal man, as I,
Burn with a fury that can never die?
Here then my anger ends: let war ſucceed,
And ev'n as Greece has bled, let Ilion bleed.
Now call the hoſts, and try, if in our ſight,
Troy yet ſhall dare to camp a ſecond night?
I deem, their mightieſt, when this arm he knows,
Shall 'ſcape with tranſport, and with joy repoſe.
He ſaid: his finiſh'd wrath with loud acclaim
The Greeks accept, and ſhout Pelides' name.

Ver. 63.] Our tranſlator conſulted his own eaſe in this paſſage, more than fidelity to his original. Thus?

Troy had not dealt ſuch waſting ſlaughter round;
Greeks in ſuch numbers had not bit the ground.
Thus Troy and Hector profit by my rage,
But Greece ſhall wail our ſtrife from age to age.
Yet will we leave our former feuds to reſt,
And quell the riſing paſſion of our breaſt.

Ver. 71.] This couplet is interpolated by our countryman.

Ver. 75.] This author would dictate,
——— when this *ſpear* he knows.

Ver. 77.] Of this intervening paragraph, the former couplet

When thus, not riſing from his lofty throne,
In ſtate unmov'd, the king of men begun.
Hear me ye ſons of Greece! with ſilence hear!
And grant your monarch an impartial ear;
Awhile your loud, untimely joy ſuſpend,
And let your raſh, injurious clamours end:
Unruly murmurs, or ill-tim'd applauſe,
Wrong the beſt ſpeaker, and the juſteſt cauſe.
Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate:
Know, angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnys, urg'd my wrath that day
When from Achilles' arms I forc'd the prey.
What then could I, againſt the will of heav'n?
Not by myſelf, but vengeful Ate driv'n;
She, Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt
The race of mortals, enter'd in my breaſt.

---

is vague in it's repreſentation, and the latter vicious in it's rhymes. I ſhall give a plain literal tranſlation:

> He ſaid: the warriour Greeks with tranſport hear
> The fierce Pelides thus renounce his wrath.
> Then Agamemnon ſpake, the king of men;
> Spake as he ſat, nor in the council roſe.

Ver. 93. *She, Jove's dread daughter.*] This ſpeech of Agamemnon, conſiſting of little elſe than the long ſtory of Jupiter's caſting Diſcord out of heaven, ſeems odd enough at firſt ſight; and does not indeed anſwer what I believe every reader expects, at the conference of theſe two Princes. Without excuſing it from the juſtneſs and proper application of the allegory in the preſent caſe, I think it a piece of artifice, very agreeable to the character of Agamemnon, which is a mixture of haughtineſs and cunning; he

Not on the ground that haughty fury treads,
But prints her lofty footſteps on the heads
Of mighty men; inflicting as ſhe goes
Long feſt'ring wounds, inextricable woes!
Of old, ſhe ſtalk'd amid the bright abodes;
And Jove himſelf, the Sire of men and gods,
The world's great ruler, felt her venom'd dart;
Deceiv'd by Juno's wiles, and female art.

---

cannot prevail with himſelf any way to leſſen the dignity of the royal character, of which he every where appears jealous: ſomething he is obliged to ſay in publick, and not brooking directly to own himſelf in the wrong, he ſlurs it over with this tale. With what ſtatelineſs is it that he yields? "I was miſled (ſays he) but I "was miſled like Jupiter. We inveſt you with our powers, take "our troops and our treaſures: our royal promiſe ſhall be fulfilled, "but be you pacified."

Ver. 93. *She Jove's dread daughter, fated to infeſt*
The race of mortals ———]

It appears from hence, that the ancients owned a Dæmon, created by God himſelf, and totally taken up in doing miſchief.

This fiction is very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the Pagans knew that a dæmon of diſcord and malediction was in heaven, and afterwards precipitated to earth, which perfectly agrees with holy hiſtory. St. Juſtin will have it, that Homer attained to the knowledge thereof in Ægypt, and that he had even read what Iſaiah writes, chap. xiv. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, ſon of the morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didſt weaken the nations?* But our poet could not have ſeen the prophecy of Iſaiah, becauſe he lived 100, or 150 years before that prophet; and this anteriority of time makes this paſſage the more obſervable. Homer therein bears authentick witneſs to the truth of the ſtory, of an angel thrown from heaven, and gives this teſtimony above 100 years before one of the greateſt prophets ſpoke of it. Dacier. P.

Ver. 95.] Thus Ogilby:

Tender of feet, ſhe on the ground ne'er *treads*,
But proudly ſtalking goes o'er peoples *heads*.

For when Alcmena's nine long months were run,
And Jove expected his immortal ſon;
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
He ſhow'd, and vaunted of his matchleſs boy:
From us (he ſaid) this day an infant ſprings,
Fated to rule, and born a King of Kings.
Saturnia aſk'd an oath, to vouch the truth,
And fix dominion on the favour'd youth.
The Thund'rer, unſuſpicious of the fraud,
Pronounc'd thoſe ſolemn words that bind a God.

Ver. 103.] Thus, without omiſſion:

In well-wall'd Thebes Alcmene's *time* was run;
When Jove, *expecting* his immortal ſon,
To Gods and Goddeſſes th' unruly joy
Declar'd, and vaunted ——.

And our tranſlator has exhibited the interlocutory addreſſes of his original with leſs formality; and very judiciouſly, I think, on the preſent occaſion.

Ver. 107.] It may not be amiſs to inſert Ogilby's detailed verſion of the *firſt* ſpeech, concluded by our poet in a ſingle couplet:

Know, all you powers who here aſſembled are,
What now this boſome prompts me to declare;
Lucina ſhall aſſiſt a birth this day
Who ſhall the neighbouring realms, and confines ſway:
Such and ſo bold a hero he ſhall be,
As thoſe derive their pedigree from me.

For the reſt, in paſſages not very intereſting, nor diſtinguiſhed by poetical beauties, more ſpecific animadverſions may well be ſpared.

Ver. 110.] The later editions erroneouſly give *fix'd*; contrary to the *firſt* edition, and the authority of Homer.

Ver. 111.] The rhymes are none. Thus?

Aſſents th' almighty Thunderer, nothing loath,
No fraud ſuſpecting; but he rued his oath.

The joyful Goddeſs, from Olympus' height,
Swift to Achaian Argos bent her flight;
Scarce ſev'n moons gone, lay Sthenelus's wife;
She puſh'd her ling'ring infant into life:
Her charms Alcmena's coming labours ſtay,
And ſtop the babe, juſt iſſuing to the day.
Then bids Saturnius bear his oath in mind;
" A youth (ſaid ſhe) of Jove's immortal kind
" Is this day born: from Sthenelus he ſprings,
" And claims thy promiſe to be King of Kings."
Grief ſeiz'd the Thund'rer, by his oath engag'd;
Stung to the ſoul, he ſorrow'd and he rag'd.
From his ambroſial head, where perch'd ſhe ſat,
He ſnatch'd the Fury-Goddeſs of debate,
The dread, th' irrevocable oath he ſwore,
Th' immortal ſeats ſhould ne'er behold her more;

Ver. 115.] The *firſt* edition preſerves the more ancient form

——————— Sthenelus *his* wife:

and in other places *ſtrook* for *ſtruck*. Such alterations took place from the rapid poliſh of our language in his lifetime!

Ver. 125.] Our admirable tranſlator, from an ignorance of his author's language, has committed a moſt ridiculous miſtake in this paſſage, though all his predeceſſors might have taught him better. He has, doubtleſs, miſapprehended ſome *Latin* verſion, which rendered " *à* capite," " *by*, or *from*, the head:" and ſo he has applied the ſentence to Jupiter. We may conſtruct a tolerable couplet from Chapman's rhymes, and faithful to Homer's ſenſe:

Then by her fair-treſs'd head in fury caught
Pernicious Ate, who the miſchief wrought.

And whirl'd her headlong down, for ever driv'n
From bright Olympus and the ſtarry heav'n:
Thence on the nether world the fury fell;
Ordain'd with man's contentious race to dwell.
Full oft' the God his ſon's hard toils bemoan'd,
Curs'd the dire fury, and in ſecret groan'd.
Ev'n thus, like Jove himſelf, was I miſled,
While raging Hector heap'd our camps with dead.
What can the errors of my rage atone?
My martial troops, my treaſures are thy own:
This inſtant from the navy ſhall be ſent
Whate'er Ulyſſes promis'd at thy tent:
But thou! appeas'd, propitious to our pray'r,
Reſume thy arms, and ſhine again in war.
O king of nations! whoſe ſuperiour ſway
(Returns Achilles) all our hoſts obey!

Ver. 137.] Remove an open vowel thus:
What can *theſe* errors of my rage atone?

And our tranſlator gives but a careleſs repreſentation of his author. The following verſion to the concluſion of the ſpeech is literal:

Since I thus err'd, by Jove bereav'd of ſenſe,
By gifts immenſe my wrong ſhall be redeem'd.
Riſe to the war thyſelf, and rouze our troops:
Be thine thoſe gifts, which yeſterday, from me,
Divine Ulyſſes promis'd in thy tent.
But, if it pleaſe thee, wait, though hot for war,
'Till from the ſhip my people preſents bring
To glad thy ſight, and ſatisfy thy ſoul.

To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care;
To us, 'tis equal: all we aſk is war.
While yet we talk, or but an inſtant ſhun
The fight, our glorious work remains undone.
Let ev'ry Greek, who ſees my ſpear confound
The Trojan ranks, and deal deſtruction round,
With emulation, what I act, ſurvey,
And learn from thence the buſineſs of the day.
The ſon of Peleus thus: and thus replies
The great in council, Ithacus the wiſe.
Tho' god-like, thou art by no toils oppreſt,
At leaſt our armies claim repaſt and reſt:

Ver. 145. *To keep or ſend the preſents, be thy care.*] Achilles neither refuſes nor demands Agamemnon's preſents: the firſt would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too ſelfiſh. It would ſeem as if Achilles fought only for pay like a mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a hero, and diſhonourable to that character: Homer is wonderful as to the manners. Spond. Dac. P.

I have frequently noticed the inaccuracy of this rhyme: but no ready and neat ſubſtitution occurs on this occaſion. Thus, perhaps:

Thy will, or keeps, (mine recks not) or beſtows
Theſe gifts: my ſoul for ſlaughter only glows.

Ver. 148.] I ſhould like better, "*a* glorious work—."

Ver. 152.] Thus may we correct a grammatical impropriety:

And thence *purſue* the buſineſs of the day.

Ver. 155.] A wretched verſe, and a mere abortion of the Muſes. Thus?

Thee, god-like *warrior! if no labours tire*,
At leaſt our *men* repaſt and reſt *require*.

And the next couplet of our tranſlator is highly elegant; but his obſervance of the original, throughout this paſſage, the ſubjoined attempt will ſhew:

Long and laborious muſt the combat be,
When by the Gods inſpir'd, and led by thee.
Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits and from blood,
And thoſe augment by gen'rous wine and food:
What boaſtful ſon of war without that ſtay,
Can laſt a hero thro' a ſingle day?
Courage may prompt; but, ebbing out his ſtrength,
Mere unſupported man muſt yield at length;
Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The drooping body will deſert the mind:

When ſpake the chief for wily ſchemes renown'd:
Not thus, divine Achilles! though ſo ſtout,
Urge againſt Ilium, to engage their foes,
The Achaians faſting: ſoon no conflict ſhort
Will riſe, when firſt our ſquadrons battle join,
And God inſpires the combatants with ſtrength.
But bid the Græcians at their ſhips partake
Both bread and wine, whence ſtrength and vigour flow.

Ver. 159. *Strength is deriv'd from ſpirits*, &c.] This advice of Ulyſſes that the troops ſhould refreſh themſelves with eating and drinking was extremely neceſſary after a battle of ſo long continuance as that of the day before: and Achilles's deſire that they ſhould charge the enemy immediately, without any reflection on the neceſſity of that refreſhment, was alſo highly natural to his violent character. This forces Ulyſſes to repeat that advice, and inſiſt upon it ſo much: which thoſe criticks did not ſee into, who through a falſe delicacy are ſhocked at his inſiſting ſo warmly upon eating and drinking. Indeed to a common reader who is more fond of heroick and romantick, than of juſt and natural images, this at firſt ſight may have an air of ridicule; but I will venture to ſay there is nothing ridiculous in the thing itſelf, nor mean and low in Homer's manner of expreſſing it: and I believe the ſame of this tranſlation, though I have not ſoftened or abated of the idea they are ſo offended with. P.

But built a-new with ſtrength-conferring fare,
With limbs and ſoul untam'd, he tires a war.
Diſmiſs the people then, and give command,
With ſtrong repaſt to hearten ev'ry band;
But let the preſents to Achilles made,
In full aſſembly of all Greece be laid.
The king of men ſhall riſe in publick ſight,
And ſolemn ſwear (obſervant of the rite)

Ver. 167.] The rhyme is vicious, and *two* verſes of his author are too ſlightly paſſed. With the help of Ogilby, I would thus remedy both theſe defects:

But *builded-new* with ſtrength-conferring fare,
All war's fatigues his ſoul untam'd *can* bear:
Thro' the whole day no reſt his limbs require,
'Till the ſpent armies from the field retire.

Ver. 168.] This aukward phraſe our tranſlator derived from Virgil, Æn. vii. 582:

Undique collecti, coeunt, *Martemque fatigant*:

They from all parts croud in, and *weary Mars*.

Ver. 171.] More fully and exactly, thus:

But let the *gifts*, *by king Atrides* made
To glad thy ſoul, *before* all Greece be laid.

Ver. 174.] The concluſion of this verſe is a wretched inſignificant piece of patch-work, for mere convenience. Thus? more faithfully:

The king, *to give thy jealous ſpirit peace*,
Shall ſolemn ſwear *before aſſembled Greece*.

The next couplet envelops the nakedneſs of his author in a delicate robe of the happieſt workmanſhip that poetical ingenuity could poſſibly have framed for this occaſion. Ogilby has preſerved the pure ſimplicity of the original:

Then let him ſwear he ne'er the lady knew,
And did with her as men with women do:

who, with Homer, has a noble advocate in Milton, Par. Loſt, iv. 313—319. whither I refer the reader.

That ſpotleſs as ſhe came, the maid removes,
Pure from his arms, and guiltleſs of his loves.
That done, a ſumptuous banquet ſhall be made,
And the full price of injur'd honour paid.
Stretch not henceforth, O prince! thy ſov'reign might,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon and of right;
'Tis the chief praiſe that e'er to kings belong'd,
To right with juſtice whom with pow'r they wrong'd.
To him the monarch. Juſt is thy decree,
Thy words give joy, and Wiſdom breathes in thee.
Each due atonement gladly I prepare;
And heav'n regard me as I juſtly ſwear!
Here then a-while let Greece aſſembled ſtay,
Nor great Achilles grudge this ſhort delay;
'Till from the fleet our preſents be convey'd,
And, Jove atteſting, the firm compact made.
A train of noble youth the charge ſhall bear;
Theſe to ſelect, Ulyſſes, be thy care:

Ver. 179.] This concluſion of the ſpeech is excellent and happy, full and forcible, beyond all example.

Ver. 184.] There is an aukwardneſs in this inſertion of the connecting word. It ſhould have been omitted, I think, in this place. Thus?

With joy *I hear it:* Wiſdom breathes in thee.

In order rank'd let all our gifts appear,
And the fair train of captives cloſe the rear:
Talthybius ſhall the victim boar convey,
Sacred to Jove, and yon' bright orb of day.
For this (the ſtern Æacides replies)
Some leſs important ſeaſon may ſuffice,

Ver. 193.] Theſe rhymes cannot be tolerated on the heel of the preceding. I will hazard a ſubſtitution:

All that I vow'd, in order let them place;
And the choice gifts the beauteous females grace.

Ver. 195.] Or thus:

A boar Talthybius ſhall *with ſpeed* convey,
To Jove *a* victim and *the God* of day.

Ver. 197. *The ſtern Æacides replies.*] The Greek verſe is,

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέφη πόδας ὠκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.

Which is repeated very frequently throughout the Iliad. It is a very juſt remark of a French critick, that what makes it ſo much taken notice of, is the rumbling ſound and length of the word ἀπαμειβόμενος: this is ſo true, that if in a poem or romance of the ſame length as the Iliad, we ſhould repeat *The hero anſwer'd*, full as often, we ſhould never be ſenſible of that repetition. And if we are not ſhocked at the like frequency of thoſe expreſſions in the Æneid, *ſic ore refert*, *talia voce refert*, *talia dicta dabat*, *vix ea fatus erat*, &c. it is only becauſe the ſound of the Latin words does not fill the ear like that of the Greek ἀπαμειβόμενος.

The diſcourſe of the ſame critick upon theſe ſort of repetitions in general, deſerves to be tranſcribed. That uſeleſs nicety (ſays he) of avoiding every repetition, which the delicacy of later times has introduced, was not known to the firſt ages of antiquity: the books of Moſes abound with them. Far from condemning their frequent uſe in the moſt ancient of all the poets, we ſhould look upon them as the certain character of the age in which he lived: they ſpoke ſo in his time, and to have ſpoken otherwiſe had been a fault. And indeed nothing is in itſelf ſo contrary to the true ſublime, as that painful and frivolous exactneſs, with which we avoid to make uſe of a proper word becauſe it was uſed before. It is certain that

When the ſtern fury of the war is o'er,
And wrath extinguiſh'd burns my breaſt no more.

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the Romans were leſs ſcrupulous as to this point: you have often in a ſingle page of Tully, the ſame word five or ſix times over. If it were really a fault, it is not to be conceived how an author who ſo little wanted variety of expreſſions as Homer, could be ſo very negligent herein? On the contrary, he ſeems to have affected to repeat the ſame things in the ſame words, on many occaſions.

It was from two principles equally true, that among ſeveral people, and in ſeveral ages, two practices entirely different took their riſe. Moſes, Homer, and the writers of the firſt times, had found that repetitions of the ſame words recalled the ideas or things, imprinted them much more ſtrongly, and rendered the diſcourſe more intelligible. Upon this principle, the cuſtom of repeating words, phraſes, and even entire ſpeeches, inſenſibly eſtabliſhed itſelf both in proſe and poetry, eſpecially in narrations.

The writers who ſucceeded them obſerved, even from Homer himſelf, that the greateſt beauty of ſtyle conſiſted in variety. This they made their principle: they therefore avoided repetitions of words, and ſtill more of whole ſentences; they endeavoured to vary their tranſitions; and found out new turns and manners of expreſſing the ſame things.

Either of theſe practices is good, but the exceſs of either vicious: we ſhould neither on the one hand, through a love of ſimplicity and clearneſs, continually repeat the ſame words, phraſes or diſcourſes; nor on the other, for the pleaſure of variety fall into a childiſh affectation of expreſſing every thing twenty different ways, though it be never ſo natural and common.

Nothing ſo much cools the warmth of a piece, or puts out the fire of poetry, as that perpetual care to vary inceſſantly even in the ſmalleſt circumſtances. In this, as in many other points, Homer has deſpiſed the ungrateful labour of too ſcrupulous a nicety. He has done like a great painter, who does not think himſelf obliged to vary all his pieces to that degree, as not one of them ſhall have the leaſt reſemblance to another: if the principal figures are entirely different, we eaſily excuſe a reſemblance in the landſkips, the ſkies, or the draperies. Suppoſe a gallery full of pictures, each of which repreſents a particular ſubject: in one I ſee Achilles in fury, menacing Agamemnon; in another the ſame hero with regret

By Hector ſlain, their faces to the ſky,
All grim with gaping wounds, our heroes lie:

delivers up Briſeïs to the heralds; in a third it is ſtill Achilles, but Achilles overcome with grief, and lamenting to his mother. If the air, the geſture, the countenance, the character of Achilles, are the ſame in each of theſe three pieces; if the ground of one of theſe be the ſame with that of the others in the compoſition and general deſign, whether it be landſkip or architecture, then indeed one ſhould have reaſon to blame the painter for the uniformity of his figures and grounds. But if there be no ſameneſs but in the folds of a few draperies, in the ſtructure of ſome part of a building, or in the figure of ſome tree, mountain, or cloud, it is what no one would regard as a fault. The application is obvious: Homer repeats, but they are not the great ſtrokes which he repeats, not thoſe which ſtrike and fix our attention: they are only the little parts, the tranſitions, the general circumſtances, or familiar images, which recur naturally, and upon which the reader but caſts his eye careleſly: ſuch as the deſcriptions of ſacrifices, repaſts, or embarkments; ſuch in ſhort, as are in their own nature much the ſame, which it is ſufficient juſt to ſhew, and which are in a manner incapable of different ornaments. P.

The reſpectful addreſs of the original ſhould not have been wholly omitted on this occaſion by the tranſlator, as happily deſcriptive of that conciliating ſpirit, which characteriſes this interview of Achilles. For this reaſon, and as the word *ſtern* is, by inattention, too ſoon repeated, we may ſafely preſcribe this ſubſtitution:

For this, *great king!* (Æacides replies).

Ver. 201.] Or thus, more faithfully:

Now in their blood lie thoſe by Hector ſlain,
When Jove allow'd him war's chief meed to gain.
Might I preſcribe, whom ye to food invite,
Thoſe would I urge, this inſtant, to the fight.
Then, *as the ſun retires*, let generous bowls,
Our vengeance ſated, glad your weary ſouls:

for the contraction in the laſt verſe but one is incompatible with the dignity of higher poerty.

Thoſe call to war, and might my voice incite,
Now, now, this inſtant, ſhou'd commence the fight:
Then, when the day's complete, let gen'rous bowls,
And copious banquets, glad your weary ſouls.
Let not my palate know the taſte of food,
'Till my inſatiate rage be cloy'd with blood:
Pale lies my friend, with wounds disfigur'd o'er,
And his cold feet are pointed to the door.
Revenge is all my ſoul! no meaner care,
Int'reſt, or thought, has room to harbour there;
Deſtruction be my feaſt, and mortal wounds,
And ſcenes of blood, and agonizing ſounds.

Ver. 207.] I ſhould prefer, for the ſake of variety and emphaſis,

Let not *this* palate—.

Ver. 209. *Pale lies my friend*, &c.] It is in the Greek, *lies extended in my tent with his face turning towards the door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον τέτραμμένος, that is to ſay, as the ſcholiaſt has explained it, *having his feet turned towards the door.* For it was thus the Greeks placed their dead in the porches of their houſes, as likewiſe in Italy.

" In portam rigidos calces extendit." Perſius.

——" Recepitque ad limina greſſum,
" Corpus ubi exanimi poſitum Pallantis Acetes
" Servabat ſenior"———

Thus we are told by Suetonius, of the body of Auguſtus—— *Equeſter ordo ſuſcepit, urbique intulit, atque in veſtibulo domus collavit.* P.

Ver. 213.] This mode of expreſſion is a happy improvement on his original, which ſays merely:

O firſt of Greeks (Ulyſſes thus rejoin'd)
The beſt and braveſt of the warriour-kind!
Thy praiſe it is in dreadful camps to ſhine,
But old experience and calm wiſdom, mine.
Then hear my counſel, and to reaſon yield,
The braveſt ſoon are ſatiate of the field;
Tho' vaſt the heaps that ſtrow the crimſon plain,
The bloody harveſt brings but little gain;
The ſcale of conqueſt ever wav'ring lies,
Great Jove but turns it, and the victor dies!

——————Nought, then, my ſoul regards,
But ſlaughter, blood, and ſtruggling groans of men.

The praiſe, however, muſt be transferred to Ogilby, though he be pronounced by our tranſlator "below criticiſm:"

Theſe cares trouble not me, I mind not food:
I'll *feaſt* on ſlaughter, dying groans, and blood.

Ver. 215.] Our poet is too conciſe with this elegant paſſage. For this reaſon, and becauſe our Engliſh tranſlators have not entered into the proper ſpirit of it, I ſhall ſubjoin a literal verſion:

Ulyſſes, fraught with counſels, thus replied:
Achilles! ſon of Peleus! firſt of Greeks!
Thou far excell'ſt, in brandiſhing the ſpear,
My feebler pow'rs; but uſe and age, perchance,
Have given me wiſdom far tranſcending thine.

Ver. 221. *Tho' vaſt the heaps*, &c.] Ulyſſes's expreſſion in the original is very remarkable; he calls καλάμων, *ſtraw* or *chaff*, ſuch as are killed in the battle; and he calls ἄμητον, the *crop*, ſuch as make their eſcape. This is very comformable to the language of holy ſcripture, wherein thoſe who periſh are called *chaff*, and thoſe who are ſaved are called *corn*. Dacier. P.

I regard this criticiſm as a frivolous refinement on Homer's language; and am of opinion, that no diſtinction at all was intended by this variety of expreſſion.

Ver. 223.] Our poet miſtakes his author, deceived, perhaps, by Ogilby; whoſe verſion is this:

The great, the bold, by thouſands daily fall,
And endleſs were the grief, to weep for all.
Eternal ſorrows what avails to ſhed?
Greece honours not with ſolemn faſts the dead:
Enough, when death demands the brave, to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave reſign'd,
Our care devolves on others left behind.
Let gen'rous food ſupplies of ſtrength produce,
Let riſing ſpirits flow from ſprightly juice,

Since, as Jove turns his counterpoiſed ſcales,
Now this alternately, now that prevails.

I ſhall continue an exact and plain verſion from the former ſpecimen:

Then let thy heart with patience hear my words.
Soon are men fated of that fight, in which,
Though ſteel with plenteous crops may ſtrew the ground,
Small is the harveſt, when the ſcales are turn'd
By Jove, great arbiter of wars to men.
'Tis moſt unfit that Greece ſhould mourn the dead
With faſting. When ſuch ranks are daily mown
In fight, what reſpite could our ſufferings find?
Let thoſe, who ſcape the ruin of the field,
Think on their food again, and thus be ſtrong
To wage continued battle with the foes,
In veſts of ſtubborn ſteel. Their ſummons now
Let all receive, nor ſhrink th' approaching fight.
This ſummons ſlighted ſhall ſeverely rue
Each loiterer at the ſhips. Impetuous now
Bear we on Troy the thickening ſtorm of war.

And the reaſon of a ſcanty harveſt, in the preſent caſe, after the inclination of the ſcales by Jupiter, was the ſpeedy aſylum, which the Trojans would find at hand in their walls and bulwarks: nor do I find, that any tranſlator or interpreter has ſeen the true meaning of the paſſage, if this now ſtated be indeed the true meaning; of which I entertain no doubt.

Let their warm heads with ſcenes of battle glow,
And pour new furies on the feebler foe.
Yet a ſhort interval, and none ſhall dare
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war;
Who waits for that, the dire effect ſhall find,
If trembling in the ſhips he lags behind.
Embodied, to the battle let us bend,
And all at once on haughty Troy deſcend.
And now the delegates Ulyſſes ſent,
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.
The ſons of Neſtor, Phyleus' valiant heir,
Thias and Merion, thunderbolts of war,
With Lycomedes of Creiontian ſtrain,
And Melanippus, form'd the choſen train.
Swift as the word was giv'n, the youths obey'd;
Twice ten bright vaſes in the midſt they laid;

Ver. 237. ——————*None ſhall dare*
Expect a ſecond ſummons to the war.]

This is very artful; Ulyſſes, to prevail upon Achilles to let the troops take repaſt, and yet in ſome ſort to ſecond his impatience, gives with the ſame breath orders for battle, by commanding the troops to march, and expect no farther orders. Thus though the troops go to take repaſt, it looks as if they did not loſe a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in array of battle. Dacier. P.

Ver. 247.] I would baniſh this wretched line by a different adjuſtment of the paſſage, in this manner:

Then Neſtor's ſons he calls, with Phyleus' heir,
With Thias and with Merion, to this care:
With Melanippus, Lycomedes went
To bear the preſents from the royal tent.

A row of ſix fair tripods then ſucceeds;
And twice the number of high-bounding ſteeds:
Sev'n captives next a lovely line compoſe;
The eighth Briſeïs, like the blooming roſe,
Clos'd the bright band: great Ithacus, before,
Firſt of the train, the golden talents bore:
The reſt in publick view the chiefs diſpoſe,
A ſplendid ſcene! then Agamemnon roſe:
The boar Talthybius held: the Grecian lord
Drew the broad cutlaſs ſheath'd beſide his ſword:
The ſtubborn briſtles from the victim's brow
He crops, and off'ring meditates his vow.

Ver. 251.] Our poet would take no trouble to be exact, and the rotundity of the next line he could not think of ſacrificing to the fidelity of this. We may thus rectify his verſion:

A row of *ſeven* fair tripods then ſucceeds:
Next, twelve in number, *come the ſtately* ſteeds:

for the *definite article* may properly be employed in connection with a circumſtance already ſtated.

Ver. 254.] The *ſimile* is from our tranſlator. Thus?

Then, faireſt of the fair, Briſeis goes.

Or rather, as the ſame rhymes immediately recur, the couplet may be thus diverſified, with advantage to fidelity:

Seven females, ſkill'd in labours of the loom;
Briſeis next, in beauty's freſheſt bloom—.

Ver. 259.] Thus, more fully:

Cloſe by the ſhepherd of the people, ſtands
Talthybius with the victim in his hands;
Sonorous like a god. The Græcian lord—.

His hands uplifted to th' atteſting ſkies,
On heav'n's broad marble roof were fix'd his eyes,
The ſolemn words a deep attention draw,
And Greece around ſat thrill'd with ſacred awe.
Witneſs thou firſt! thou greateſt pow'r above!
All-good, all-wiſe, and all-ſurveying Jove!
And mother-earth, and heav'n's revolving light,
And ye, fell Furies of the realms of night,
Who rule the dead, and horrid woes prepare
For perjur'd kings, and all who falſely ſwear!
The black-ey'd maid inviolate removes,
Pure and unconſcious of my manly loves.
If this be falſe, heav'n all its vengeance ſhed,
And level'd thunder ſtrike my guilty head!
With that, his weapon deep inflicts the wound;
The bleeding ſavage tumbles to the ground:

Ver. 263.] Ogilby's couplet becomes excellent, by changing only the *tenſe* of the *verb*:

Atrides round th' expanded ſky *ſurveys*,
And thus, with hands to heaven erected, *prays*.

Ver. 272.] Theſe *perjur'd kings* are engrafted on the paſſage by our tranſlator, who let no opportunity paſs by, when this race of beings could by any contrivance be brought into the leaſt coincidence with his ſubject, of exhibiting them to diſadvantage.

Ver. 275.] Thus, more exactly:

If this be falſe, *may* Heaven *avenging* ſhed
The woes in ſtore for perjuries on my head.

Ver. 278.] This verſe is gratuitous, and, in my opinion, not happy in it's expreſſion. The following repreſentation is more cloſe to his original:

The ſacred herald rolls the victim ſlain
(A feaſt for fiſh) into the foaming main.
Then thus Achilles. Hear, ye Greeks! and know
Whate'er we feel, 'tis Jove inflicts the woe:
Not elſe Atrides could our rage inflame,
Nor from my arms, unwilling, force the dame.
'Twas Jove's high will alone, o'er-ruling all,
That doom'd our ſtrife, and doom'd the Greeks to fall.
Go then, ye chiefs! indulge the genial rite;
Achilles waits ye, and expects the fight.
The ſpeedy council at his word adjourn'd:
To their black veſſels all the Greeks return'd.
Achilles ſought his tent. His train before
March'd onward, bending with the gifts they bore.

Then, as he ſpake, his unrelenting knife,
Plung'd in the ſtomach, robs the boar of life.
Talthybius, whirling, throws the victim ſlain,
A feaſt for *fiſhes, to* the foaming main.
Then *roſe* Achilles: "*Heavenly ſire! of woes*
"*A numerous train thy will on man beſtows!*"

Ver. 279. *Rolls the victim into the main.*] For it was not lawful to eat the fleſh of the victims that were ſacrificed in confirmation of oaths; ſuch were victims of malediction. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 281. *Hear, ye Greeks,* &c.] Achilles, to let them ſee that he is entirely appeaſed, juſtifies Agamemnon himſelf, and enters into the reaſons with which that prince had coloured his fault. But in that juſtification he perfectly well preſerves his character, and illuſtrates the advantage he has over that king who offended him. Dacier. P.

Thoſe in the tents the ſquires induſtrious ſpread;
The foaming courſers to the ſtalls they led:
To their new ſeats the female captives move:
Briſeïs, radiant as the queen of love,
Slow as ſhe paſt, beheld with ſad ſurvey
Where gaſh'd with cruel wounds, Patroclus lay.
Prone on the body fell the heav'nly fair,
Beat her ſad breaſt, and tore her golden hair;
All beautiful in grief, her humid eyes
Shining with tears ſhe lifts, and thus ſhe cries.
Ah youth for ever dear, for ever kind,
Once tender friend of my diſtracted mind!
I left thee freſh in life, in beauty gay;
Now find thee cold, inanimated clay!
What woes my wretched race of life attend?
Sorrows on ſorrows, never doom'd to end!

Ver. 296.] Thus, literally:

But, when Briſeis, like the golden queen
Of beauty, ſaw Patroclus gaſh'd with wounds,
She claſpt the corſe, ſhrill-ſhrieking, o'er it ſpread;
Her breaſts, ſoft neck, and beauteous face ſhe tore;
Then thus with tears, in charms a goddeſs, ſpake.

Ver. 303, &c. *The lamentation of Briſeïs over Patroclus.*] This ſpeech (ſays Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus) is not without its artifice: while Briſeis ſeems only to be deploring Patroclus, ſhe repreſents to Achilles who ſtands by, the breach of the promiſes he had made her, and upbraids him with the neglect he had been guilty of in reſigning her up to Agamemnon. He adds, that Achilles hereupon acknowledges the juſtice of her complaint, and makes anſwer that his promiſes ſhould be performed: it was a ſlip in that great critick's memory, for the verſe he cites is not in this part of the author, [περὶ ἰσχηματισμένων, part. II.] P.

The firſt lov'd conſort of my virgin bed
Before theſe eyes in fatal battle bled:
My three brave brothers in one mournful day,
All trod the dark, irremeable way:
Thy friendly hand uprear'd me from the plain,
And dry'd my ſorrows for a huſband ſlain;
Achilles' care you promis'd I ſhould prove,
The firſt, the deareſt partner of his love;
That rites divine ſhould ratify the band,
And make me Empreſs in his native land.
Accept theſe grateful tears! for thee they flow,
For thee, that ever felt another's woe!

Ver. 313.] The latter part of this verſe is for the rhyme only. Thus?

Then from thy chearing voice I found relief,
When my ſlain huſband *ſteept my ſoul in grief,*
And country ſpoil'd: you promis'd I ſhould prove
Sweet compenſation in Achilles' love.

Ver. 315. *Achilles' care you promis'd*, &c.] In theſe days when our manners are ſo different from thoſe of the ancients, and we ſee none of thoſe diſmal cataſtrophes which laid whole kingdoms waſte, and ſubjected princeſſes and queens to the power of the conqueror; it will perhaps ſeem aſtoniſhing, that a princeſs of Briſeïs's birth, the very day that her father, brothers, and huſband were killed by Achilles, ſhould ſuffer herſelf to be comforted, and even flattered with the hopes of becoming the ſpouſe of the murderer. But ſuch were the manners of thoſe times, as ancient hiſtory teſtifies: and a poet repreſents them as they were; but if there was a neceſſity for juſtifying them, it might be ſaid that ſlavery was at that time ſo terrible, that in truth a princeſs like Briſeïs was pardonable, to chuſe rather to become Achilles's wife than his ſlave. Dacier. P.

Ver. 320.] *Grammatical* accuracy requires *felt'ſt* for *felteſt:*

Her ſiſter captives echo'd groan for groan,
Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.
The leaders preſs'd the chief on every ſide;
Unmov'd he heard them, and with ſighs deny'd.
If yet Achilles have a friend, whoſe care
Is bent to pleaſe him, this requeſt forbear:
'Till yonder ſun deſcend, ah let me pay
To grief and anguiſh one abſtemious day.
He ſpoke, and from the warriours turn'd his face:
Yet ſtill the brother-kings of Atreus' race,

---

but on account of the harſhneſs of this word, I would propoſe, as follows:

Thee, *all compaſſion for* another's woe!

Ver. 321.] Ogilby renders,

Thus ſaid ſhe weeping. All the damſells *groan*,
And in Patroclus' chance lament *their own*,

Nor is Chapman diſpleaſing:

Thus ſpake ſhe weeping; and with her, did th' other ladies mone,
Patroclus' fortunes in pretext, but in ſad truth their owne.

Ver. 322. *Nor mourn'd Patroclus' fortunes, but their own.*] Homer adds this touch to heighten the character of Briſeïs, and to ſhew the difference there was between her and the other captives. Briſeïs, as a well-born princeſs, really bewailed Patroclus out of *gratitude*; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of *intereſt*. Dacier. P.

Ver. 323.] Ogilby, corrected, is more faithful:

The ſeniors round, with prayers, the chief adviſe
To take *refreſhment: he, with ſobs,* denies.

Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive to calm his grief and rage:
His rage they calm not, nor his grief controul;
He groans, he raves, he ſorrows from his ſoul.
Thou too, Patroclus! (thus his heart he vents)
Once ſpread th' inviting banquet in our tents:
Thy ſweet ſociety, thy winning care,
Once ſtaid Achilles, ruſhing to the war.

Ver. 331.] This intermixture of *angry* paſſion is unauthoriſed by his original. I would thus rectify the tranſlation by the proper ſtandard:

Neſtor, Idomeneus, Ulyſſes ſage,
And Phœnix, ſtrive his *ſorrows* to *aſſuage*.
War, war his whole delight! no words controul
The deep, recurrent anguiſh of his ſoul.

Ver. 335. *Thou too, Patroclus!* &c.] This lamentation is finely introduced: while the generals are perſuading him to take ſome refreſhment, it naturally awakens in his mind the remembrance of Patroclus, who had ſo often brought him food every morning before they went to battle: this is very natural, and admirably well conceals the art of drawing the ſubject of his diſcourſe from the things that preſent themſelves. Spondanus. P.

Ver. 337.] The rhyme of this couplet is not to be commended, and the turn of ſenſe not correſpondent to his author. The following attempt is exact:

Thou too haſt oft, moſt dear unhappy friend!
For me plac'd ſweet refreſhment in the tent
With haſte officious, when our eager Greeks
Prepar'd for Troy the tear-producing fight.
Now ly'ſt thou gor'd with wounds; and loaths my ſoul
Both meat and drink, tho' plenty crown the board,
For loſs of thee; nor could the doleful news
Of my ſire's death inflict a deeper wound.

But now alas! to death's cold arms reſign'd,
What banquet but revenge can glad my mind?
What greater ſorrow could afflict my breaſt,
What more, if hoary Peleus were deceas'd?
Who now, perhaps, in Phthia dreads to hear
His ſon's ſad fate, and drops a tender tear.
What more, ſhould Neoptolemus the brave
(My only offspring) ſink into the grave?
If yet that offspring lives, (I diſtant far,
Of all neglectful, wage a hateful war.)
I cou'd not this, this cruel ſtroke attend;
Fate claim'd Achilles, but might ſparehis friend.
I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive, to rear
My tender orphan with a parent's care,

Ver. 349.] An unauthoriſed, I apprehend, and unpleaſant uſe of the word *attend*. The rhymes too of the ſucceeding couplet are bad. In ſhort our poet is exceedingly careleſs on too many occaſions; of which this is one. I ſhall ſubmit to the reader a plain, but cloſe verſion:

My mind with pleaſing hopes my boſom fill'd,
That I alone, from Argos far, ſhould die,
Here, on this ſpot; but thou to Phthia go,
With a ſwift ſhip to bring my ſon for me
From Scyros, and to ſhew him all my ſtate,
My wealth, my ſervants, and my ſtately dome.

Ver. 351. *I hop'd Patroclus might ſurvive*, &c.] Patroclus was young, and Achilles who had but a ſhort time to live, hoped that after his death his dear friend would be as a father to his ſon, and put him into the poſſeſſion of his kingdom: Neoptolemus would in Patroclus find Peleus and Achilles; whereas when Patroclus was dead, he muſt be an orphan indeed. Homer is particularly admirable for the ſentiments, and always follows nature. Dacier. P.

From Scyros iſle conduct him o'er the main,
And glad his eyes with his paternal reign,
The lofty palace, and the large domain.
For Peleus breathes no more the vital air;
Or drags a wretched life of age and care,
But 'till the news of my ſad fate invades
His haſtening ſoul, and ſinks him to the ſhades.
Sighing he ſaid: his grief the heroes join'd,
Each ſtole a tear for what he left behind.
Their mingled grief the ſire of heav'n ſurvey'd,
And thus with pity, to his blue-ey'd Maid.
Is then Achilles now no more thy care,
And doſt thou thus deſert the great in war?
Lo, where yon' ſails their canvaſs wings extend,
All comfortleſs he ſits, and wails his friend;
E'er thirſt and want his forces have oppreſt,
Haſte and infuſe ambroſia in his breaſt.

Ver. 361.] The language of this verſe is exceedingly undignified, and the rhymes imperfect. Ogilby, corrected, if the ſame exception did not lie againſt his rhymes alſo, would be greatly preferable:

He ſaid, with tears: *the ſeniors thro'* the room
Sigh'd, mindful of their deareſt ties at home.

Ver. 363.] Vicious rhymes. Thus?

Attends my child her noble chief no more;
Nor loves Achilles, as ſhe lov'd before?

Ver. 368.] More accurately, thus:

Haſte; *and,* e'er *hunger* have his *ſtrength* oppreſs'd,
Drop nectar and ambroſia in his breaſt.

He ſpoke; and ſudden at the word of Jove,
Shot the deſcending Goddeſs from above.
So ſwift thro' æther the ſhrill Harpy ſprings,
The wide air floating to her ample wings.
To great Achilles ſhe her flight addreſt,
And pour'd divine Ambroſia in his breaſt,
With nectar ſweet, (refection of the Gods!)
Then, ſwift aſcending, ſought the bright abodes.
Now iſſued from the ſhips the warriour train,
And like a deluge pour'd upon the plain.
As when the piercing blaſts of Boreas blow,
And ſcatter o'er the fields the driving ſnow;

Ver. 370.] I am inclined to think the reading of this verſe, in the firſt edition, genuine, and the preſent *at*, an interpolation of meddling correctors of the preſs, or taſteleſs printers. And the *ſecond* verſe ſeems ſuſceptible of ſome improvement, as follows:

He ſpake; and ſudden *as* the word of Jove,
Shot the *glad* goddeſs from *the realms* above.

Ver. 374.] We may thus include an omiſſion of our tranſlator, and amend the rhymes:

Nectar ſhe drops, whilſt arm for war the reſt,
And ſweet ambroſia in Achilles' breaſt:
From chearleſs hunger thus defence ſupplies;
Then to her ſovereign ſire's bright manſion flies.

Ver. 379.] This *ſimile* is without any authority from his original, and unſeaſonably anticipates that which immediately follows. Thus?

And pour *their thick battalions o'er* the plain.

Ver. 380.] Ogilby is not to be deſpiſed:

Thicker than fall ſwift flights of feather'd *ſnow*
From *cloudie ſkies*, when *bleaker* tempeſts *blow*.

From duſky clouds the fleecy winter flies,
Whoſe dazzling luſtre whitens all the ſkies:
So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields;
Broad glittering breaſt-plates, ſpears with pointed rays,
Mix in one ſtream, reflecting blaze on blaze:
Thick beats the center as the courſers bound,
With ſplendour flame the ſkies, and laugh the fields around.

Ver. 381.] Better, perhaps,

Thick and more thick, the *ſtorm of* driving ſnow.

Ver. 383.] This appears to my taſte too ſtiff and formal. I ſhould prefer,

And dazzling luſtre—.

Ver. 384. *So helms ſucceeding helms, ſo ſhields from ſhields*
Catch the quick beams, and brighten all the fields.]

It is probable the reader may think the words, *ſhining*, *ſplendid*, and others derived from the luſtre of arms, too frequent in theſe books. My author is to anſwer for it, but it may be alledged in his excuſe, that when it was the cuſtom for every ſoldier to ſerve in armour, and when thoſe arms were of braſs before the uſe of iron became common, theſe images of luſtre were leſs avoidable, and more neceſſarily frequent in deſcriptions of this nature. P.

Thus Ogilby, whom our poet imitates:

Bright ſhone their glittering caſks, and *all the fields*
Sparkled with corſelets, ſpears, and ponderous *ſhields*.

And, in addition to our poet's remark, I would obſerve, that, if we were to ſee at this day an army ſo equipped in braſs, the moſt forcible idea impreſſed on us would, doubtleſs, be that of *brightneſs*, from ſo luminous a ſpectacle.

Ver. 389.] The quaint ingenuity of Chapman's wit, not unregarded by Pope, will amuſe the reader:

Full in the midſt, high-tow'ring o'er the reſt,
His limbs in arms divine Achilles dreſt;
Arms which the father of the fire beſtow'd,
Forg'd on th' eternal anvils of the God.
Grief and revenge his furious heart inſpire,
His glowing eye-balls roll with living fire;
He grinds his teeth, and furious with delay
O'erlooks th' embattl'd hoſt, and hopes the bloody day.

——————— their ſplendors gave heaven's eye
His beams again: Earth *laught* to ſee, her face ſo like the ſkie.

This claſſical uſe of the word *laugh* is common with the beſt writers. The reader will recollect at once a verſe in Horace, which is a ſufficient ſpecimen on this occaſion:

Ridet argento domus.

Ver. 390. *Achilles arming himſelf*, &c.] There is wonderful pomp in this deſcription of Achilles's arming himſelf; every reader without being pointed to it, will ſee the extreme grandeur of all theſe images; but what is particular, is, in what a noble ſcale they riſe one above another, and how the hero is ſet ſtill in a ſtronger point of light than before; till he is at laſt in a manner covered over with glories; he is at firſt likened to the moon-light, then to the flames of a beacon, then to a comet, and laſtly to the ſun itſelf. P.

The following attempt is more compact, and far cloſer to the ſentiments and language of Homer; which muſt excuſe the vanity of an apparent competition:

Tower'd in the midſt Pelides, chief divine!
Like flames of fire, his vivid eye-balls ſhine:
The warriour's teeth with gnaſhing fury ſound;
Grief wrung his boſom with a deadly wound.
On fire to bathe in blood the Trojan bands,
He takes his arms, the work of Vulcan's hands.

The ſilver cuiſhes firſt his thighs infold:
Then o'er his breaſt was brac'd the hollow gold:
The brazen ſword a various baldrick ty'd,
That, ſtarr'd with gems, hung glitt'ring at his ſide;
And like the moon, the broad refulgent ſhield
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field.
So to night wand'ring ſailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the wat'ry waſte a light appears,

Ver. 398.] More fully thus:

The cuiſhes firſt *with* ſilver *claſps* infold
His thighs; his breaſt was brac'd *with* hollow gold.

But the *gold* is added by our tranſlator from Dryden, Æn. xii. 636:

The hero arms in haſte: his hands *infold*,
His thighs with *cuiſhes* of refulgent *gold*:

which are chiefly taken from Lauderdale's tranſlation:

Earneſt of fight Æneas' hands infold
His thighs with cuiſhes cover'd o'er with gold.

And I would add, that our poet's remark on this place is equally lively, juſt, and beautiful.

Ver. 400.] Our tranſlator indulges his fancy. The following effort is verbally exact:

He round his ſhoulders threw the brazen ſword,
With ſilver ſtuds; then took his ſtrong huge ſhield;
It's ſurface gleam'd a radiance like the moon.

Ver. 404.] The concluſion of this verſe is a paltry clauſe, for convenience only, unworthy of our tranſlator. I ſhall give a plain verſion of the *ſimile*, to diſcover his embelliſhments to the Engliſh reader:

As from the ſea to diſtant ſailors ſhow
The flames far-blazing on a mountain's brow
From a ſwain's lonely cot: o'er ocean roam
Th' unwilling wanderers from their friends and home:

Which on the far-ſeen mountain blazing high,
Streams from ſome lonely watch-tow'r to the ſky:
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again;
Loud howls the ſtorm, and drives them o'er the main.

Next, his high head the helmet grac'd; behind
The ſweepy creſt hung floating in the wind:
Like the red ſtar, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diſeaſes, peſtilence and war:

Thus from Achilles' ſhield the ſplendors riſe,
The ſhield all-beauteous! and illume the ſkies.

Ver. 411.] He improves from Ogilby:
Whoſe gilded plumage waves with every wind.

Ver. 413.] This ſublime image is borrowed from a well-known paſſage of Milton, Par. Loſt, ii. 708.

——————— like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and *from his* horrid *hair*
Shakes peſtilence and war.

Milton might have a paſſage of Shakſpeare in view, at the beginning of King Henry Sixth, firſt part:

Comets, importing change of times and ſtates,
Brandiſh your chryſtal *treſſes* in the *ſky:*

and another in Virgil's Culex, ver. 42.

Igneus æthereas jam Sol penetrârat in arcis
Candidaque aurato *quatiebat lumina* curru.

But the luxuriant amplification of our tranſlator can only be ſeen by an Engliſh reader through the medium of a literal verſion:

——————— then took his ſolid helm,
And plac'd it on his head: the horſe-hair'd helm
Beam'd like a ſtar, and wav'd it's floating gold,
Pour'd in full ſtream by Vulcan from the creſt.

So ſtream'd the golden honours from his head,
Trembled the ſparkling plumes, and the looſe glories ſhed.
The chief beholds himſelf with wond'ring eyes;
His arms he poiſes, and his motions tries;
Buoy'd by ſome inward force, he ſeems to ſwim,
And feels a pinion lifting ev'ry limb.
And now he ſhakes his great paternal ſpear,
Pond'rous and huge! which not a Greek could rear.
From Pelion's cloudy top an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his ſire;
A ſpear which ſtern Achilles only wields,
The death of heroes, and the dread of fields:
Automedon and Alcimus prepare
Th' immortal courſers, and the radiant car,

Ver. 419.] This is a ſtroke of wonderful felicity! His original ſays merely,

Like wings they were, and rais'd the warriour up.

Indeed, the notion itſelf is inſtinct with true genius.

Ver. 420.] Or, more exactly, thus:

Then from it's ſtand his huge ſtrong ſpear *he takes:*
His arm alone the maſſive weapon ſhakes,
Of all the Græcian race: an aſh entire
Old Chiron fell'd, and ſhap'd it for his fire,
From Pelion's top. *With eaſe* Achilles wields
This bane of heroes, and *this* dread of fields.

Ver. 426.] More accurately, and with a better rhyme, thus:

Automedon and Alcimus *for war*
Prepare his courſers, and *his* radiant car.

(The ſilver traces ſweeping at their ſide)
Their fiery mouths reſplendent bridles ty'd,
The iv'ry-ſtudded reins, return'd behind,
Wav'd o'er their backs, and to the chariot join'd.
The charioteer then whirl'd the laſh around,
And ſwift aſcended at one active bound.
All bright in heav'nly arms, above his ſquire
Achilles mounts, and ſets the field on fire;
Not brighter Phœbus in th' ethereal way,
Flames from his chariot, and reſtores the day.
High o'er the hoſt, all terrible he ſtands,
And thunders to his ſteeds theſe dread commands.
Xanthus and Balius! of Podarges' ſtrain,
(Unleſs ye boaſt that heav'nly race in vain)

Ver. 434.] Theſe are *four* fine verſes, but are the repreſentatives of leſs than *two* in his author. I ſhould prefer ſomething more compact, if it could be attained with an union of fidelity and grandeur. Thus?

Behind, Achilles towers, in armour bright;
Like Phœbus blazing with meridian might.

The reader will recollect Judges, v. 31. "So let all thine enemies "periſh, O! Lord: but let them that love him be as the *ſun*, "when he goeth forth in his *might*."—And tranſlators, as well as editors, generally miſtake the word κορυσσομενῳ in Homer, which is ὑψωμενῳ, *ſublime* or *highly raiſed*. The ſenſe uſually aſſigned would evidently be ſuperfluous and inartificial on this occaſion, in connection with the phraſe τευχεσι παμφαινων.

Hence the common *epithet*, ἱπποκορυστης, properly is *altus equo, raiſed on a horſe*, ἱππικῳ, *a horſeman*, or *warriour*; equivalent to ἱπποδαμῳ. The radical word, as I apprehend, of this and many ſimilar terms, is κορυφ or κορυς, *a top* or *ſummit* of any thing.

Be ſwift, be mindful of the load ye bear,
And learn to make your maſter more your care:
Thro' falling ſquadrons bear my ſlaught'ring ſword,
Nor, as ye left Patroclus, leave your lord.
The gen'rous Xanthus, as the words he ſaid,
Seem'd ſenſible of woe, and droop'd his head:
Trembling he ſtood before the golden wain,
And bow'd to duſt the honours of his mane,
When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke
Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.

Ver. 450. *When, ſtrange to tell! (ſo Juno will'd) he broke Eternal ſilence, and portentous ſpoke.*]

It is remarked, in excuſe of this extravagant fiction of a horſe ſpeaking, that Homer was authoriſed herein by fable, tradition, and hiſtory. Livy makes mention of two oxen that ſpoke on different occaſions, and recites the ſpeech of one, which was, *Roma cave tibi.* Pliny tells us, theſe animals were particularly gifted this way, l. viii. c. 45. *Eſt frequens in prodigiis priſcorum, bovem locutum.* Beſides, Homer had prepared us for expecting ſomething miraculous from theſe horſes of Achilles, by repreſenting them to be immortal. We have ſeen them already ſenſible, and weeping at the death of Patroclus: and we muſt add to all this, that a Goddeſs is concerned in working this wonder: It is Juno that does it. Oppian alludes to this in a beautiful paſſage of his firſt book: not having the original by me, I ſhall quote (what I believe is no leſs beautiful) Mr. Fenton's tranſlation of it:

Of all the prone creation, none diſplay
A friendlier ſenſe of man's ſuperiour ſway:
Some in the ſilent pomp of grief complain,
For the brave chief, by doom of battle ſlain:
And when young Peleus in his rapid car
Ruſh'd on, to rouſe the thunder of the war,

Achilles! yes! this day at leaſt we bear
Thy rage in ſafety thro' the files of war:
But come it will, the fatal time muſt come,
Nor ours the fault, but God decrees thy doom.
Not thro' our crime, or ſlowneſs in the courſe,
Fell thy Patroclus, but by heav'nly force;
The bright far-ſhooting God who gilds the day,
(Confeſt we ſaw him) tore his arms away.

With human voice inſpir'd, his ſteed deplor'd
The fate impending dreadful o'er his lord.
Cyneg. lib. i.

Spondanus and Dacier fail not to bring up Balaam's aſs on this occaſion. But methinks the commentators are at too much pains to diſcharge the poet from the imputation of extravagant fiction, by accounting for wonders of this kind; I am afraid, that next to the extravagance of inventing them, is that of endeavouring to reconcile ſuch fictions to probability. Would not one general anſwer do better, to ſay once for all, that the above-cited authors lived in the *age of wonders:* the taſte of the world has been generally turned to the miraculous; wonders were what the people would have, and what not only the poets, but the prieſts, gave them. P.

It would have done much more honour to the magnanimity of our tranſlator, whoſe great acquirements ſhould have acquieſced in the abſence of ſuch inferiour accompliſhments, if, inſtead of talking with ſo much complacency of the *original* of Oppian, he had confeſſed ingenuouſly, that he could not have underſtood, had he been poſſeſſed of the book, a ſingle line of that author.

Reſpue quod non es.

Ver. 454.] The rhymes are not accurately correſpondent. Thus?

But lo! Death ſtrides with rapid ſtep! nor we
The cauſe, but God, and rigid Fate's decree.

Ver. 459.] This inſerted clauſe weakens the paſſage, in my opinion, and has no model in Homer. Correctly, thus:

Ennobling Hector, tore his arms away.

No—could our ſwiftneſs o'er the winds prevail,
Or beat the pinions of the weſtern gale,
All were in vain—the Fates thy death demand,
Due to a mortal and immortal hand.

Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,
His fate-ful voice: th' intrepid chief reply'd
With unabated rage—So let it be!
Portents and prodigies are loſt on me.

But I would propoſe a cloſer tranſlation of the paſſage:

Nor thy Patroclus, by our ſlowneſs croſt,
Stripp'd by the Trojan foe, his armour loſt:
Slain in the van by fair Latona's ſon,
Dread Power! he fell: the glory Hector won.

Ver. 461.] This uſe of the word *beat* ſeems colloquial and low: nor is the emphaſis of his original preſerved in this verſion. Thus?

E'en the *fleet* pinions of the weſtern gale,
This too were vain.

Ver. 464. *Then ceas'd for ever, by the Furies ty'd,*
His fate-ful voice.———]

The poet had offended againſt probability if he had made Juno take away the voice; for Juno (which ſignifies the air) is the cauſe of the voice. Beſides, the poet was willing to intimate that the privation of the voice is a thing ſo diſmal and melancholy, that none but the Furies can take upon them ſo cruel an employment. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 467.] This is elegant, but the following line more exact:

Why ſhould'ſt thou, Xanthus, bode my death to me?

Ogilby is literal; and, with little caſtigation, not to be deſpiſed:

Why do'ſt thou, Xanthus, *then* my death foretell?
'Tis needleſs all: I know my fate too well.
Far from my parents muſt I die; but firſt
In Trojan blood will quench my vengeful thirſt.

I know my fates: to die, to ſee no more
My much-lov'd parents, and my native ſhore—
Enough——when heav'n ordains, I ſink in night;
Now periſh Troy! He ſaid, and ruſh'd to fight.

The warriour ſpake; and furious drives his car,
With echoing clamours, to the front of war.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS, AND THE ACTS OF ACHILLES.

JUPITER upon Achilles's return to the battle, calls a council of the Gods, and permits them to aſſiſt either party. The terrors of the combat deſcribed, when the Deities are engaged. Apollo encourages Æneas to meet Achilles. After a long converſation, theſe two heroes encounter; but Æneas is preſerved by the aſſiſtance of Neptune. Achilles falls upon the reſt of the Trojans, and is upon the point of killing Hector, but Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. Achilles purſues the Trojans with a great ſlaughter.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is in the field before Troy.

THE

TWENTIETH BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THUS round Pelides breathing war and blood,
Greece ſheath'd in arms, beſide her veſſels ſtood;
While near impending from a neighb'ring height,
Troy's black battalions wait the ſhock of fight.
Then Jove to Themis gives command, to call
The Gods to council in the ſtarry hall:

Ver. 5. *Then Jove to Themis gives command,* &c.] The poet is now to bring his hero again into action, and he introduces him with the utmoſt pomp and grandeur: the Gods are aſſembled only upon this account, and Jupiter permits ſeveral Deities to join with the Trojans, and hinder Achilles from over-ruling deſtiny itſelf.

The circumſtance of ſending Themis to aſſemble the Gods is very beautiful; ſhe is the Goddeſs of Juſtice; the Trojans by the rape of Helen, and by repeated perjuries having broken her laws, ſhe is the propereſt meſſenger to ſummon a ſynod to bring them to puniſhment. Euſtathius.

Swift o'er Olympus' hundred hills ſhe flies,
And ſummons all the ſenate of the ſkies.
Theſe ſhining on, in long proceſſion come
To Jove's eternal adamantine dome.
Not one was abſent, not a rural pow'r,
That haunts the verdant gloom, or roſy bow'r,
Each fair-hair'd Dryad of the ſhady wood,
Each azure ſiſter of the ſilver flood;
All but old Ocean, hoary ſire! who keeps
His ancient ſeat beneath the ſacred deeps.

Proclus has given a farther explanation of this. Themis or Juſtice (ſays he) is made to aſſemble the Gods round Jupiter, becauſe it is from him that all the powers of nature take their virtue, and receive their orders; and Jupiter ſends them to the relief of both parties, to ſhew that nothing falls out but by his permiſſion, and that neither angels, nor men, nor the elements, act but according to the power which is given them. P.

Our poet is very diffuſe in his tranſlation here. The following view of the original is exact and commenſurate:

Jove Themis bade the Gods to council call
From high Olympus, ridg'd with hills: around
She went, and ſummon'd to the dome of Jove.

Ver. 11.] Thus? more faithfully and concifely:

Save Ocean's flood, no ſtream of all that ſtray
O'er earth's wide ſurface, but appear'd this day:
Each virgin Power, that haunts the rural reign,
Nymphs of the grove, the fountain, and the plain.

Ver. 15. *All but old Ocean.*] Euſtathius gives two reaſons why Oceanus was abſent from this aſſembly; the one is becauſe he is fabled to be the original of all the Gods, and it would have been a piece of indecency for him to ſee the deities, who were all his deſcendants, war upon one another by joining adverſe parties; the other reaſon

On marble thrones with lucid columns crown'd,
(The work of Vulcan) ſat the Pow'rs around.
Ev'n * he whoſe trident ſways the wat'ry reign,
Heard the loud ſummons, and forſook the main,
Aſſum'd his throne amid the bright abodes,
And queſtion'd thus the Sire of Men and Gods.
What moves the God who heav'n and earth commands,
And graſps the thunder in his awful hands,
Thus to convene the whole æthereal ſtate?
Is Greece and Troy the ſubject in debate?
Already met, the low'ring hoſts appear,
And Death ſtands ardent on the edge of war.
'Tis true (the cloud-compelling Pow'r replies)
This day, we call the council of the ſkies

---

he draws from the allegory of Oceanus, which ſignifies the element of water, and conſequently the whole element could not aſcend into the Æther; but whereas Neptune, the rivers, and the fountains are ſaid to have been preſent, this is no way impoſſible, if we conſider it in an allegorical ſenſe, which implies, that the rivers, ſeas, and fountains ſupply the air with vapours, and by that means aſcend into the æther. P.

Ver. 18.] His original preſcribes,
Works of *ſage* Vulcan —.

Ver. 19.] On account of the ſameneſs of the rhyme to thoſe in the laſt couplet of the ſubſtitution hazarded above, I would propoſe the following variation; which has alſo ſuperiour exactneſs to recommend it:

Ev'n he, whoſe trident *Earth's foundation ſhakes*,
Hears the loud ſummons, and *his ſea forſakes*.

* Neptune.

In care of human race; ev'n Jove's own eye
Sees with regret unhappy mortals die.
Far on Olympus' top in ſecret ſtate
Ourſelf will ſit, and ſee the hand of Fate
Work out our will. Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend

Ver. 33.] Our tranſlator had his eye on Chapman:
——— Here Ile hold *ſtate*, and freely take the joy
Of eithers *fate*.

Ver. 34.] Thus, more conformably to his author:
Ourſelf will ſit, and *view with joy elate*,
The deeds of war. Celeſtial Pow'rs! deſcend —.

Ver. 35. *Celeſtial pow'rs! deſcend,*
And as your minds direct, your ſuccour lend
To either hoſt. ——]

Euſtathius informs us, that the ancients were very much divided upon this paſſage of Homer. Some have criticized it, and others have anſwered their criticiſm; but he reports nothing more than the objection, without tranſmitting the anſwer to us. Thoſe who condemned Homer, ſaid Jupiter was for the Trojans; he ſaw the Greeks were the ſtrongeſt, ſo permitted the Gods to declare themſelves, and go to the battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his point: for the Gods who favour the Greeks being ſtronger than thoſe who favour the Trojans, the Greeks will ſtill have the ſame advantage. I do not know what anſwer the partiſans of Homer made, but for my part, I think this objection is more ingenious than ſolid. Jupiter does not pretend that the Trojans ſhould be ſtronger than the Greeks, he has only a mind that the decree of deſtiny ſhould be executed. Deſtiny had refuſed to Achilles the glory of taking Troy, but if Achilles fights ſingly againſt the Trojans, he is capable of forcing deſtiny; (as Homer has already elſewhere ſaid, that there had been brave men who had done ſo.) Whereas if the Gods took part, though thoſe who followed the Grecians were ſtronger than thoſe who were for the Trojans, the latter would however be ſtrong enough to ſupport

To either hoſt. Troy ſoon muſt lie o'erthrown,
If uncontroll'd Achilles fights alone:
Their troops but lately durſt not meet his eyes;
What can they now, if in his rage he riſe?
Aſſiſt them, Gods! or Ilion's ſacred wall
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the fall.

---

deſtiny, and to hinder Achilles from making himſelf maſter of Troy: this was Jupiter's ſole view. Thus is this paſſage far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for Achilles. Dacier. P.

Ver. 41. ——— *Or Ilion's ſacred wall*
May fall this day, tho' Fate forbids the fall.]

Monſ. de la Motte criticizes on this paſſage, as thinking it abſurd and contradictory to Homer's own ſyſtem, to imagine, that what Fate had ordained ſhould not come to paſs. Jupiter here ſeems to fear that Troy will be taken this very day in ſpite of deſtiny, ὑπὲρ μόρον. M. Boivin anſwers, that the explication hereof depends wholly upon the principles of the ancient Pagan theology, and their doctrine concerning Fate. It is certain, according to Homer and Virgil, that what deſtiny had decreed did not conſtantly happen in the preciſe time marked by deſtiny; the fatal moment was not to be retarded, but might be haſtened: for example, that of the death of Dido was advanced by the blow ſhe gave herſelf; her hour was not then come:

—— "Nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat,
"Sed miſera ante diem"——

Every violent death was accounted ὑπὲρ μόρον, that is, before the fated time, or (which is the ſame thing) againſt the natural order, *turbato mortalitatis ordine*, as the Romans expreſſed it. And the ſame might be ſaid of any misfortunes which men drew upon themſelves by their own ill conduct. (See the note on ver. 535. lib. xvi.) In a word, it muſt be allowed that it was not eaſy, in the Pagan religion, to form the juſteſt ideas upon a doctrine ſo difficult to be cleared; and upon which it is no great wonder if a poet

He ſaid, and fir'd their heav'nly breaſts with rage:
On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage.
Heav'n's awful Queen; and He whoſe azure round
Girds the vaſt globe; the Maid in arms renown'd;

ſhould not always be perfectly conſiſtent with himſelf, when it has puzzled ſuch a number of Divines and Philoſophers. P.

Or thus:

I fear, ye Gods! leſt Troy untimely fall,
Though Fate's ſtrong arm upholds her ſacred wall.

Ver. 44. *On adverſe parts the warring Gods engage. Heav'n's awful Queen*, &c.]

Euſtathius has a very curious remark upon this diviſion of the Gods of Homer, which M. Dacier has entirely borrowed (as indeed no commentator ever borrowed more, or acknowledged leſs, than ſhe has every where done from Euſtathius.) This diviſion, ſays he, is not made at random, but founded upon very ſolid reaſons, drawn from the nature of thoſe two nations. He places on the ſide of the Greeks all the Gods who preſide over arts and ſciences, to ſignify how much in that reſpect the Greeks excelled all other nations. Juno, Pallas, Neptune, Mercury and Vulcan are for the Greeks; Juno, not only as the Goddeſs who preſides over marriage, and who is concerned to revenge an injury done to the nuptial bed, but likewiſe as the Goddeſs who repreſents monarchical government, which was better eſtabliſhed in Greece than any where elſe; Pallas, becauſe being the Goddeſs of war and wiſdom, ſhe ought to aſſiſt thoſe who are wronged; beſides the Greeks underſtood the art of war better than the Barbarians; Neptune becauſe he was an enemy to the Trojans upon account of Laomedon's perfidiouſneſs, and becauſe moſt of the Greeks being come from iſlands or peninſulas, were in ſome ſort his ſubjects; Mercury, becauſe he is a God who preſides over ſtratagems of war, and becauſe Troy was taken by that of the wooden horſe; and laſtly Vulcan, as the declared enemy of Mars and of all adulterers, and as the father of arts. P.

Hermes, of profitable arts the ſire;
And Vulcan, the black ſov'reign of the fire:
Theſe to the fleet repair with inſtant flight;
The veſſels tremble as the Gods alight.
In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame,
Xanthus whoſe ſtreams in golden currents flow,
And the chaſte huntreſs of the ſilver bow.

Ver. 48.] A languid verſe. More correctly and fully, thus:
Vulcan *with limping pace, fierce god* of fire.

Ver. 49.] This couplet is an unneceſſary interpolation. I would condemn it to the fate, incurred by the Ajax of Auguſtus, "a fall upon the ſponge," by writing verſe 45, with this trivial alteration:

Heav'n's queen *with Greece:* and he —.

Ver. 52. *Mars fiery-helm'd, the laughter-loving Dame.*] The reaſons why Mars and Venus engage for the Trojans, are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour raviſhers and debauchees. But the ſame reaſon, you will ſay, does not ſerve for Apollo, Diana and Latona. It is urged that Apollo is for the Trojans, becauſe of the darts and arrows which were the principal ſtrength of the Barbarians; and Diana, becauſe ſhe preſided over dancing, and thoſe Barbarians were great dancers: and Latona, as influenced by her children. Xanthus being a Trojan river, is intereſted for his country. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 53.] All but the *firſt* word of this line, the *proper name* itſelf, is invented by the tranſlator. More of Homer's expreſſions may be preſerved, by ſubſtituting Xanthus for Phœbus in verſe 51, and by writing here,

Sol, whoſe long hairs in ſtreaming radiance flow.

But Chapman was the guide on this occaſion:

——— and the floud, that runnes on *golden* ſands,
Bright Xanthus.

E'er yet the Gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive boſom ſwell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles, (terrour of the plain)
Long loſt to battle, ſhone in arms again.
Dreadful he ſtood in front of all his hoſt;
Pale Troy beheld, and ſeem'd already loſt;
Her braveſt heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling ſee another God of war.
But when the Pow'rs deſcending ſwell'd the fight,
Then Tumult roſe; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then Diſcord ſounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations ruſh to arms.
Now thro' the trembling ſhores Minerva calls,
And now ſhe thunders from the Grecian walls.

Ver. 59.] As a word of inaction is but ill ſuited with the character and preſent circumſtances of Achilles, I would thus modify the verſion:

Long loſt to *war*, *was ſeen* in arms again:
Dreadful he *flam'd* in front of all his hoſt.

Ver. 62.] The rhyme is inſufferable. Thus?

And trembling ſee *fell Mars himſelf appear*.

Ver. 63.] All this deviates widely from his author, and is careleſs and inaccurate beyond meaſure. The reader muſt receive from me an undignified, but cloſe, repreſentation of the *two* verſes, which correſpond to theſe *four* of our poet's verſion:

But, as the Gods in human conflict cloſe,
Fierce Diſcord, ſpur of ſlaughtering hoſts, aroſe.

Ver. 67. Thus Ogilby:

Then to the fight aloud Minerva *calls*,
Now on the ſtrand, now ſtanding on the *walls*.

Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy his terrour ſhrouds
In gloomy tempeſts, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmoſt tow'rs;
Now ſhouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain ſhook, the rapid ſtream ſtood ſtill.
Above, the Sire of Gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.

Ver. 69.] Ogilby, with ſlight correction, exhibits as much of his original in *one* couplet, as our tranſlator in *three*:

Mars, *for his Trojans*, like a tempeſt, roars,
Now from *the towers*, now, ſwift, by Simois' ſhores.

Almoſt all beyond this Pope has given from his own fancy.

Ver. 74.] Here our tranſlator omits *two* verſes, which may be thus repreſented to the reader:

Thus rouſe conflicting Gods each hoſt by turns;
And, where they combat, fierce Contention burns.

The ſame omiſſion had already been made by Ogilby:

Ver. 75. *Above, the Sire of Gods*, &c.] "The images (ſays Longinus) "which Homer gives of the combat of the Gods, have in them "ſomething prodigiouſly great and magnificent. We ſee in "theſe verſes, the earth opened to its very center, hell ready "to diſcloſe itſelf, the whole machine of the world upon the point to "be deſtroyed and overturned: to ſhew that in ſuch a conflict, "heaven and hell, all things mortal and immortal, the whole "creation in ſhort was engaged in this battle, and all the extent of "nature in danger."

"Non ſecus ac ſi qua penitus vi terra dehiſcens
"Infernas reſeret ſedes & regna recludat
"Pallida, Diis inviſa, ſuperque immane barathrum
"Cernatur, trepidentque immiſſo lumine manes."

Virgil.

Madam Dacier rightly obſerves that this copy is inferiour to the

Beneath, ſtern Neptune ſhakes the ſolid ground;
The foreſts wave, the mountains nod around:
Thro' all their ſummits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their ſources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toſs'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the diſmal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal Monarch rear'd his horrid head,
Leap'd from his throne, leſt Neptune's arm ſhould lay
His dark dominions open to the day,

---

original on this account, that Virgil has made a compariſon of that which Homer made an action. This occaſions an infinite difference, which is eaſy to be perceived.

One may compare with this noble paſſage of Homer, the battle of the Gods and Giants in Heſiod's Theogony, which is one of the ſublimeſt parts of that author; and Milton's battle of the Angels in the ſixth book: the elevation, and enthuſiaſm of our great countryman ſeems owing to this original. P.

Ver. 77.] Or thus:

Beneath, *Earth's centre* ſhakes *great Ocean's god:*
Wave the *tall* foreſts, *and* the mountains nod.

Ver. 79.] Theſe *four* noble verſes repreſent the following *diſtich* of his author:

The loweſt roots of fountful Ida ſhook,
Her tops, Troy's city, and the ſhips of Greece.

Ver. 84.] This thought is from the tranſlator only, who omits another of much greater conſequence. Thus?

E'en the grim Pluto, thrill'd with ſudden dread,
Leapt from his throne amidſt the ſilent dead;
Gave a loud ſhriek, leſt Neptune's arm ſhould lay
His manſions open to the flaſh of day;

And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to Gods.

Such war th' immortals wage: ſuch horrors rend
The world's vaſt concave, when the Gods contend.
Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain
Againſt blue Neptune, Monarch of the main:
The God of arms his giant bulk diſplay'd,
Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
Againſt Latona march'd the ſon of May;
The quiver'd Dian, ſiſter of the Day,
(Her golden arrows ſounding at her ſide)
Saturnia, Majeſty of heav'n defy'd.

To gods and men reveal th' infernal ſtate,—
Black, horrid, foul! which e'en immortals hate:

for I muſt except, as I have already excepted often, to the concluding rhymes in our poet's tranſlation of this paſſage. But thus Ogilby:

Fearing leſt Neptune ſhould his loath'd *aboads*
Expoſe to mortals and immortal *Gods*.

Ver. 91. *Firſt ſilver-ſhafted Phœbus took the plain*, &c.] With what art does the poet engage the Gods in this conflict! Neptune oppoſes Apollo, which implies that things moiſt and dry are in continual diſcord: Pallas fights with Mars, which ſignifies that raſhneſs and wiſdom always diſagree: Juno is againſt Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage ſtate, than celibacy: Vulcan engages Xanthus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader receives a double ſatisfaction at the ſame time from beautiful verſes, and an inſtructive moral. Euſtathius. P.

With fiery Vulcan laſt in battle ſtands
The ſacred flood that rolls on golden ſands;
Xanthus his name with thoſe of heav'nly birth,
But call'd Scamander by the ſons of earth.

While thus the Gods in various league engage,
Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage:
Hector he ſought; in ſearch of Hector turn'd
His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd;
And burſt like lightning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
To glut the God of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the firſt who dar'd to ſtay;
Apollo wedg'd him in the warriour's way,
But ſwell'd his boſom with undaunted might,
Half-forc'd, and half-perſuaded to the fight.

Ver. 99.] The following couplet fully expreſſes the original; but the rhyme, though ſuch as our poets employ without ſcruple, is only given as ſufficient for the purpoſe of pointing out the redundancies of our tranſlator:

'Gainſt Vulcan ſtood that ample gulfy ſtream,
Which Xanthus Gods, but men Scamander name:

or thus, more unexceptionably:

Huge Xanthus, ſo call Gods that gulfy flood
By men Scamander ſtil'd, 'gainſt Vulcan ſtood.

Ver. 107.] The *ſimile* is due to the tranſlator; whoſe rhymes alſo in this couplet are too inaccurate for approbation.

Ver. 109.] Thus more exactly, without the interpolated comments of our tranſlator, in a ſingle couplet:

Againſt the warriour came Æneas, preſt
By Phœbus on, whoſe vigour fill'd his breaſt.

Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
In voice and aſpect, ſeem'd the pow'r divine:
And bade the chief reflect, how late with ſcorn
In diſtant threats he brav'd the goddeſs-born.
Then thus the hero of Anchiſes' ſtrain.
To meet Pelides you perſuade in vain:
Already have I met, nor void of fear
Obſerv'd the fury of his flying ſpear;
From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
Our force he ſcatter'd, and our herds he kill'd;

Ver. 115.] Theſe two verſes condenſe a ſpeech of his original to the following purport:

Æneas, great in council, where are flown
Thy boaſtings to Troy's princes o'er thy wine,
To meet in ſingle combat Peleus' ſon?

Ver. 119. *Already have I met*, &c.] Euſtathius remarks that the poet lets no opportunity paſs of inſerting into his poem the actions that preceded the tenth year of the war, eſpecially the actions of Achilles the hero of it. In this place he brings in Æneas extolling the bravery of his enemy, and confeſſing himſelf to have formerly been vanquiſhed by him: at the ſame time he preſerves a piece of ancient hiſtory, by inſerting into the poem the hero's conqueſt of Pedaſus and Lyrneſſus. P.

Ver. 121. *From Ida's woods he chas'd us——*
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd.]

It is remarkable that Æneas owed his ſafety to his flight from Achilles, but it may ſeem ſtrange that Achilles, who was ſo famed for his ſwiftneſs, ſhould not be able to overtake him, even with Minerva for his guide. Euſtathius anſwers, that this might proceed from the better knowledge Æneas might have of the ways and defiles: Achilles being a ſtranger, and Æneas having long kept his father's flocks in thoſe parts.

Lyrneſſus, Pedaſus in aſhes lay;
But (Jove aſſiſting) I ſurviv'd the day.
Elſe had I ſunk oppreſt in fatal fight,
By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
Where'er he mov'd, the Goddeſs ſhone before,
And bath'd his brazen lance in hoſtile gore.
What mortal man Achilles can ſuſtain?
Th' immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
And ſuffer not his dart to fall in vain.
Were God my aid, this arm ſhould check his pow'r,
Tho' ſtrong in battle as a brazen tow'r.
To whom the ſon of Jove. That God implore,
And be, what great Achilles was before.
From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'ſt thy ſtrain,
And he, but from a ſiſter of the main;
An aged Sea-God, father of his line,
But Jove himſelf the ſacred ſource of thine.

He farther obſerves, that the word φάος diſcovers that it was in the night that Achilles purſued Æneas. P.

The rhymes are vicious: we might ſubſtitute,

From Ida's woods the hero made me yield;
Our herds he ſeiz'd, or ſcatter'd thro' the field:

this, however, is not to tranſlate, but invent; for Homer ſays only,

From Ida; on our oxen when he fell.

Ver. 131.] Nearly *two* verſes of his author are unſkilfully and inelegantly huddled in the concluding line of a triplet. Thus?

Nor erring flies, nor ſtops his winged dart
It's baleful flight, but in ſome warriour's heart.

Ver. 135.] This verſe is added by our poet, but in ſufficient correſpondence both with the ſentiments and language of his original.

Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.
This ſaid, and ſpirit breath'd into his breaſt,
Thro' the thick troops th' embolden'd hero preſt:
His vent'rous act the white-arm'd queen ſurvey'd,
And thus, aſſembling all the pow'rs, ſhe ſaid.

Behold an action, Gods! that claims your care,
Lo great Æneas ruſhing to the war;
Againſt Pelides he directs his courſe,
Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
Reſtrain his bold career; at leaſt, t' attend
Our favour'd hero, let ſome pow'r deſcend.
To guard his life, and add to his renown,
We, the great armament of heav'n, came down.

Ver. 140.] Ogilby, very ſlightly touched, is not contemptible:

Rouſe, then, and boldly *charge* him with *thy* ſpear;
Nor his proud vaunts, and *threats inſulting*, fear.
This ſaid, his *riſing* breaſt ſuch courage warms,
The *van* he *travers'd*, *clad* in glittering arms.

Ver. 146.] Theſe faulty rhymes are found alſo in Chapman;

——————————Ye muſt have *care*
(Neptune and Pallas) for the frame, of this important *warre*
Ye undertake here.

Ver. 150.] Or thus, without this inelegant eliſion;

Reſtrain his bold career; *or bid* deſcend
Some power *immortal*, *and* our *chief* attend.

Ver. 151.] After this, our tranſlator paſſes over a part of his author, which may be thus imperfectly exhibited:

Thus ſhall he know, how great that heavenly train,
Who make Troy's patron gods protection vain.

Hereafter let him fall, as Fates deſign,
That ſpun ſo ſhort his life's illuſtrious line:
But leſt ſome adverſe God now croſs his way,
Give him to know, what pow'rs aſſiſt this day:
For how ſhall mortal ſtand the dire alarms,
When heav'n's refulgent hoſt appear in arms?
Thus ſhe, and thus the God whoſe force can make
The ſolid globe's eternal baſis ſhake.
Againſt the might of man, ſo feeble known,
Why ſhould celeſtial pow'rs exert their own?
Suffice, from yonder mount to view the ſcene;
And leave to war the fates of mortal men.

Ver. 158.] Chapman gives very accurately the ſenſe of his author:

——————The gods, when they appear to men,
And manifeſt their proper forms, are paſſing dreadful then.

Ver. 162.] Our poet miſunderſtood his author; of whom take a literal tranſlation:

To her the God, who ſhakes the earth, replied:
Juno, theſe threatnings wild become thee not:
Myſelf at leaſt adviſe not to contend
With Gods, of ſtrength inferiour to our own.

But he was miſled by Chapman:

Neptune replide; Saturnia, at no time let your care
Exceed your reaſon: 'tis not fit. *Where onely humanes are*
We muſt not mixe the hands of gods; our odds is too extreme.

Ver. 164.] The rhyme is cenſurable. Thus? more exactly:

Suffice, on ſeats apart, to keep in ſight
The ſubject ſcene, and leave to men the fight.
But ſhould or Mars or Phœbus interfere,
And check Achilles in his bold career—.

But if the Armipotent, or God of Light,
Obſtruct Achilles, or commence the fight,
Thence on the Gods of Troy we ſwift deſcend:
Full ſoon, I doubt not, ſhall the conflict end,
And theſe, in ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
Yield to our conqu'ring arms the lower world.
Thus having ſaid, the tyrant of the ſea,
Cærulean Neptune, roſe, and led the way.
Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound
Of earth congeſted, wall'd, and trench'd around;

Ver. 170.] Thus, more accurately to the words of Homer:

Soon ſhall they, routed, from our vengeance fly
For refuge to their manſions in the ſky:

and now I ſee, that Ogilby has anticipated theſe rhymes:

Who conquer'd by our proweſs ſoon will fly,
Seeking their ſafety in the arched ſkie.

Ver. 172.] Thus? for a riddance of ſuch faulty rhymes:

With this the blue-hair'd lord of Ocean's bed
With previous ſtep the train cæleſtial led.

Ver. 174. *Advanc'd upon the field there ſtood a mound*, &c.] It may not be unneceſſary to explain this paſſage to make it underſtood by the reader: the poet is very ſhort in the deſcription, as ſuppoſing the fact already known, and haſtens to the combat between Achilles and Æneas. This is very judicious in Homer not to dwell on a piece of hiſtory that had no relation to his action, when he has raiſed the reader's expectation by ſo pompous an introduction, and made the Gods themſelves his ſpectators.

The ſtory is as follows: Laomedon having defrauded Neptune of the reward he promiſed him for the building the walls of Troy, Neptune ſent a monſtrous whale, to which Laomedon expoſed his daughter Heſione: but Hercules having undertaken to deſtroy the monſter, the Trojans raiſed an intrenchment to defend Hercules

In elder times to guard Alcides made,
(The work of Trojans, with Minerva's aid)
What-time a vengeful monſter of the main
Swept the wide ſhore, and drove him to the plain.
Here Neptune, and the Gods of Greece repair,
With clouds encompaſs'd, and a veil of air:

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from his purſuit: this being a remarkable piece of conduct in the Trojans, it gave occaſion to the poet to adorn a plain narration with fiction, by aſcribing the work to Pallas the Goddeſs of Wiſdom. Euſtathius. P.

A feeble verſe. Thus?

High on the *plain*, *aſpiring* ſtood a mound—.

Ver. 179.] By the help of a trivial ſubſtitution we ſhall come very near the vigour and animation of the original phraſeology:

Swept the wide ſhore, and *ſcour'd* him to the plain.

Our tranſlator had his eye on Chapman, but unfortunately neglected the *grammatical* accuracy of his predeceſſor in the formation of the *verb*:

——————————for fit ſecuritie,
To Joves divine ſonne, gainſt the whale, that *drave* him from the ſhore
To th' *ample* field.

Ver. 180. *Here Neptune, and the Gods*, &c.] I wonder why Euſtathius and all other commentators ſhould be ſilent upon this receſs of the Gods: it ſeems ſtrange at the firſt view, that ſo many deities, after having entered the ſcene of action, ſhould perform ſo ſhort a part, and immediately become themſelves ſpectators? I conceive the reaſon of this conduct in the poet to be, that Achilles has been inactive during the greateſt part of the poem; and as he is the hero of it, ought to be the chief character in it: the poet therefore withdraws the Gods from the field, that Achilles may have the whole honour of the day, and not act in ſubordination to the deities: beſides the poem now draws to a concluſion, and it is neceſſary for Homer to enlarge upon the exploits of Achilles, that

The adverſe pow'rs, around Apollo laid,
Crown the fair hills that ſilver Simois ſhade.
In circle cloſe each heav'nly party ſat,
Intent to form the future ſcheme of Fate;
But mix not yet in fight, tho' Jove on high
Gives the loud ſignal, and the heav'ns reply.

Meanwhile the ruſhing armies hide the ground;
The trampled center yields a hollow ſound:
Steeds cas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
The gleamy champain glows with brazen light.
Amid both hoſts (a dreadful ſpace) appear
There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
With tow'ring ſtrides Æneas firſt advanc'd;
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
Spread o'er his breaſt the fencing ſhield he bore,
And, as he mov'd, his javelin flam'd before.

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he may leave a noble idea of his valour upon the mind of the reader. P.

Ver. 181.] More cloſely to the words of Homer, thus:

In clouds *thick-mantled,* and a veil of air.

Ver. 192.] This intervening clauſe is not from Homer, but from Milton, Par. Loſt, vi. 105:

——————————for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval.

Ver. 197.] The word *before* has too much the appearance of a paltry accommodation to the rhyme. Should the reader entertain a more favourable opinion of it, the following alteration may be made, with advantage to fidelity:

His *quivering* javelin *ſent it's flame* before.

Not ſo Pelides; furious to engage,
He ruſh'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
Who viewing firſt his foes with ſcornful eyes,
Tho' all in arms the peopled city riſe,
Stalks careleſs on, with unregarding pride;
'Till at the length, by ſome brave youth defy'd,
To his bold ſpear the ſavage turns alone,
He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
Laſh'd by his tail his heaving ſides reſound;
He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or reſolv'd on death.

Ver. 202.] Our poet caſt an eye on Ogilby:

A while he *ſtalks* with a majeſtick pace:

for Homer ſays only *he goes along:* and, perhaps, on Dryden, in the parallel paſſage at Æn. xii. 11:

But, if the pointed javelin pierce his ſide,
The lordly beaſt returns with double *pride*.

Ver. 203.] More accurately thus:

Till by the ſpear of ſome bold youth defy'd,
The wounded beaſt, in might collected turns:
His ſwelling heart with growing fury burns.

For the editors and tranſlators have not ſeen the true ſignification of the original word σεύει, which I have explained in ſect. xxxix. of my Silva Critica.

Ver 206.] Better, perhaps:

He grins, he foams, rolls his *red* eyes around.

Ver. 207.] His original ſays,

Laſh'd by his tail his *ſides and loins* reſound.

Ver. 208.] This verſe of the tranſlation is a mere ſuperfluous ſupplement; nor are the rhymes altogether ſatisfactory. Thus?

So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
So ſtands Æneas, and his force defies.
E'er yet the ſtern encounter join'd, begun
The ſeed of Thetis thus to Venus' ſon.
Why comes Æneas thro' the ranks ſo far?
Seeks he to meet Achilles' arm in war,

Then at the throng ſee the fell monſter fly;
Reſolv'd on vengeance, or *prepar'd to die.*

Ver. 214. *The converſation of Achilles and Æneas.*] I ſhall lay before the reader the words of Euſtathius in defence of this paſſage, which I confeſs ſeems to me to be faulty in the poet. The reader (ſays he) would naturally expect ſome great and terrible atchievements ſhould enſue from Achilles on his firſt entrance upon action. The poet ſeems to prepare for it, by his magnificent introduction of him into the field: but inſtead of a ſtorm we have a calm; he follows the ſame method in this book as he did in the third, where when both armies were ready to engage in a general conflict, he ends the day in a ſingle combat between the two heroes: thus he always agreeably ſurpriſes his readers. Beſides the admirers of Homer reap a farther advantage from this converſation of the heroes: there is a chain of ancient hiſtory as well as a ſeries of poetical beauties.

Madam Dacier's excuſe is very little better: and to ſhew that this is really a fault in the poet, I believe I may appeal to the taſte of every reader who certainly finds himſelf diſappointed: our expectation is raiſed to ſee Gods and heroes engage, when ſuddenly it all ſinks into ſuch a combat in which neither party receives a wound: and (what is more extraordinary) the Gods are made the ſpectators of ſo ſmall an action! What occaſion was there for thunder, earthquakes, and deſcending deities, to introduce a matter of ſo little importance? Neither is it any excuſe to ſay he has given us a piece of ancient hiſtory; we expected to read a poet, not an hiſtorian. In ſhort, after the greateſt preparation for action imaginable, he ſuſpends the whole narration, and from the heat of a poet, cools at once into the ſimplicity of an hiſtorian. P.

In hope the realms of Priam to enjoy,
And prove his merits to the throne of Troy?
Grant that beneath thy lance Achilles dies,
The partial monarch may refuſe the prize;
Sons he has many, thoſe thy pride may quell;
And 'tis his fault to love thoſe ſons too well.
Or, in reward of thy victorious hand,
Has Troy propos'd ſome ſpacious track of land?
An ample foreſt, or a fair domain,
Of hills for vines, and arable for grain?
Ev'n this, perhaps, will hardly prove thy lot.
But can Achilles be ſo ſoon forgot?
Once (as I think) you ſaw this brandiſh'd ſpear,
And then the great Æneas ſeem'd to fear.
With hearty haſte from Ida's mount he fled,
Nor, 'till he reach'd Lyrneſſus, turn'd his head.

Ver. 220.] All but the *firſt* clauſe of this couplet is alike foreign to the language and ſpirit of his original: not to mention the ambiguity in the former verſe. Something like the following ſenſe, well executed, would be greatly preferable:

For ſons he has; nor doats he thus through age,
That his chief cares an alien ſhould engage.

Ver. 222.] This reſembles Chapman's verſion:

——————— Is't then *ſome peece of land,*
Paſt others, fit to ſet and ſow, that *thy victorious hand*
The Ilians offer for my head?

Ver. 228.] So Chapman:

——————— *Once, I thinke,* my buſie javelin drove,
(With terror) thoſe thoughts from your ſpleene:

And thus Ogilby:

Her lofty walls not long our progreſs ſtaid;
Thoſe, Pallas, Jove, and we, in ruins laid:
In Grecian chains her captive race were caſt;
'Tis true, the great Æneas fled too faſt.
Defrauded of my conqueſt once before,
What then I loſt, the Gods this day reſtore.
Go; while thou may'ſt, avoid the threatened fate;
Fools ſtay to feel it, and are wiſe too late.
To this Anchiſes' ſon. Such words employ
To one that fears thee, ſome unwarlike boy;
Such we diſdain; the beſt may be defy'd
With mean reproaches, and unmanly pride;
Unworthy the high race from which we came,
Proclaim'd ſo loudly by the voice of fame:

The buſineſs will prove difficult, I *fear*,
Since thou haſt trembled often at my *ſpear*.

Ver. 234.] This is by no means exact. A more commendable couplet might be wrought from the rhymes of Ogilby:

Thence many beauteous nymphs I brought enſlav'd;
The Gods and Jove their flying favourite ſav'd.

Ver. 239.] So Chapman:

——————— *Fooles are wiſe too late:*

and Ogilby, without chaſtiſement, is good:

Retreat, and once take council of thy foe:
By late experience fools their folly know.

Ver. 244.] The tranſlation here is ingenious, but is a ſhadow only of the original, which I ſhall preſent to the reader in the plain dreſs of a faithful verſion:

We know the parents, whence each other came,
Thro' the wide world ſpread by the mouth of Fame;

Each from illuſtrious fathers draws his line;
Each Goddeſs-born; half human, half divine.
Thetis' this day, or Venus' offspring dies,
And tears ſhall trickle from celeſtial eyes:
For when two heroes, thus deriv'd, contend,
'Tis not in words the glorious ſtrife can end.
If yet thou farther ſeek to learn my birth
(A tale reſounded thro' the ſpacious earth)
Hear how the glorious origin we prove
From ancient Dardanus, the firſt from Jove:
Dardania's walls he rais'd; for Ilion, then,
(The city ſince of many-languag'd men)

Known but thus only to us both; for thine
I ſaw not to this day, nor ſaw'ſt thou mine.
Thy ſire the hero Peleus, all agree;
Thy mother, fair-treſs'd Thetis of the ſea.
I too of blood celeſtial boaſt a ſhare;
To brave Anchiſes me fair Venus bare.
This day, or thou or I our fate fulfill;
And eyes immortal human drops diſtill.

Ver. 251.] Theſe colloquial forms, ſo abbreviated and irregular, are unſuitable, I think, to dignified poetry, and ſhould be diſcarded from it. Thus?

Not in *vain* words the glorious ſtrife can end:

or,

Not in words *only* can the conteſt end.

Ver. 254.] Thus Chapman:

——————— Ile lineally *prove*
(Which many will confirme) my race. Firſt cloud commanding *Jove*
Was ſire to Dardanus.

Ver. 257.] The *epithet* in Homer, like all his ſtationary *epithets*,

Was not. The natives were content to till
The ſhady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.
From Dardanus, great Erichthonius ſprings,
The richeſt, once, of Aſia's wealthy kings;
Three thouſand mares his ſpacious paſtures bred,
Three thouſand foals beſide their mothers fed.

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is truly ſpecific and characteriſtical: "men with *articulate voices*," as diſtinguiſhed by this glory of their ſpecies from the confuſed *monotonies* of the brute creation. But our poet followed Chapman:

——————— Thoſe faire-built hals
Of divers languag'd men, not *rais'd*; all then made populous
The foote of Ida's fountfull hill.

Ver. 258. ——*The natives were content to till*
The ſhady foot of Ida's fount-full hill.

Κτίσσε δὲ Δαρδανίην, ἐπεὶ οὔπω Ἰλιος ἱρὴ
Ἐν πεδίῳ πεπόλιστο, πόλις μερόπων Ἀνθρώπων·
Ἀλλ' ἔθ' ὑπωρείας ὤκεον πολυπιδάκος Ἴδης.

Plato and Strabo underſtand this paſſage as favouring the opinion that the mountainous parts of the world were firſt inhabited, after the univerſal deluge; and that mankind by degrees deſcended to dwell in the lower parts of the hills (which they would have the ὑπώρεια ſignify) and only in greater proceſs of time ventured into the vallies: Virgil however ſeems to have taken this word in a ſenſe ſomething different where he alludes to this paſſage. Æn. iii. 109:

"——————— Nondum Ilium & arces
"Pergameæ ſteterant, habitabant vallibus imis." P.

Ver. 260.] Simply, but more accurately, thus:

But Dardanus *gave* Erichthonius *birth*,
The wealthieſt mortal on the globe of earth.

Ver. 262. *Three thouſand mares*, &c.] The number of horſes and mares of Erichthonius may ſeem incredible, were we not aſſured by Herodotus that there were in the ſtud of Cyrus at one time (beſides thoſe for the ſervice of the war) eight hundred horſes and ſix thouſand ſix hundred mares. Euſtathius. P.

Boreas, enamour'd of the ſprightly train,
Conceal'd his godhead in a flowing mane,
With voice diſſembled to his loves he neigh'd,
And cours'd the dappled beauties o'er the mead:
Hence ſprung twelve others of unrivall'd kind,
Swift as their mother mares, and father wind.
Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain;

I ſhould prefer, as more conformable to the original,

Three thouſand mares his *graſſy marſhes fed:*

and the rhymes are in Chapman, who is not worthy of quotation.

Ver. 263.] This elegant turn might be ſuggeſted by Chapman alſo:

——— In his fens, he fed three thouſand mares
All neighing by their tender foles.

Their author runs literally thus:

Three thouſand horſes in his marſhes fed,
Females, exulting in their tender foals.

Ver 264. Boreas, *enamoured*, &c.] Homer has the happineſs of making the leaſt circumſtance conſiderable; the ſubject grows under his hands, and the plaineſt matter ſhines in his dreſs of poetry: another poet would have ſaid theſe horſes were as ſwift as wind, but Homer tells you that they ſprung from Boreas the God of the wind; and thence drew their ſwiftneſs. P.

Ver. 269.] An elegant verſe from the fancy of our tranſlator.

Ver. 270. *Theſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain.*] The poet illuſtrates the ſwiftneſs of theſe horſes by deſcribing them as running over the ſtanding corn, and ſurface of waters, without making any impreſſion. Virgil has imitated theſe lines, and adapts what Homer ſays of theſe horſes to the ſwiftneſs of Camilla, Æn. vii. 809:

And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.
Such Erichthonius was: from him there came
The ſacred Tros, of whom the Trojan name.
Three ſons renown'd adorn'd his nuptial bed,
Ilus, Aſſaracus, and Ganymed:
The matchleſs Ganymed, divinely fair,
Whom heav'n, enamour'd, ſnatch'd to upper air
To bear the cup of Jove (æthereal gueſt)
The grace and glory of th' ambroſial feaſt.
The two remaining ſons the line divide:
Firſt roſe Laomedon from Ilus' ſide;

" Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
" Gramina; nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas:
" Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
" Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas."

The reader will eaſily perceive that Virgil's is almoſt a literal tranſlation: he has imitated the very run of the verſes, which flow nimbly away in dactyls, and as ſwift as the wind they deſcribe.

I cannot but obſerve one thing in favour of Homer, that there can no greater commendation be given to him, than by conſidering the conduct of Virgil; who, though undoubtedly the greateſt poet after him, ſeldom ventures to vary much from his original in the paſſages he takes from him, as in a deſpair of improving, and contented if he can but equal them. P.

Ver. 271.] Thus Ogilby:

——————— Nor bruiſe *the tender grain:*

and Dryden at the parallel paſſage in Æn. vii. 1100:

Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the *plain*,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded *grain*.

Ver. 280. *To bear the cup of Jove.*] To be a cup-bearer has in all ages and nations been reckoned an honourable employment:

From him Tithonus, now in cares grown old,
And Priam, (bleſt with Hector, brave and bold:)
Clytius and Lampus, ever-honour'd pair;
And Hicetaon, thunderbolt of war.
From great Aſſaracus ſprung Capys, he
Begat Anchiſes, and Anchiſes me.
Such is our race: 'tis fortune gives us birth,
But Jove alone endues the ſoul with worth:
He, ſource of pow'r and might! with boundleſs ſway,
All human courage gives, or takes away.

Sappho mentions it in honour of her brother Larichus, that he was cup-bearer to the nobles of Mitylene: the ſon of Menelaus executed the ſame office; Hebe and Mercury ſerved the Gods in the ſame ſtation.

It was the cuſtom in the Pagan worſhip to employ noble youths to pour the wine upon the ſacrifice: in this office Ganymed might probably attend upon the altar of Jupiter, and from thence was fabled to be his cup-bearer. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 288.] Thus Hobbes:

Capys begat Anchiſes, and he me.

Ver. 290.] The following tranſlation of the paſſage is literally exact:

Such is the race and blood, of which I boaſt.
But Jove augments man's virtue, and impairs,
At his own will; of all, that live, ſupreme:

ſo that our tranſlator profited by Chapman's efforts:

——————— Thus, *fortunate men give birth*;
But Jove gives vertue; he augments, and he empaires the *worth*
Of all men, and his will, their rule; *he's ſtrong'ſt, all ſtrength affoords.*

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falſhood, right or wrong;
So voluble a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither ſide can fail,
For every man has equal ſtrength to rail:
Women alone, when in the ſtreets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they ſtand, encompaſs'd with the croud,
And vent their anger impotent and loud.
Ceaſe then—Our buſineſs in the field of fight
Is not to queſtion, but to prove our might.
To all thoſe inſults thou haſt offer'd here,
Receive this anſwer: 'tis my flying ſpear.

Ver. 294.] The reader will ſee the preciſe language of Homer in Ogilby's verſion, which was not unattended to by our tranſlator:

Why prattle we like children at their play,
Spending thus idle breath, enough to freight
An able veſſell of the primer rate?
Our tongues are *voluble*, and ſtore of words
Invention on all arguments affords,
Scatter'd on freſh occaſions here and there,
And what thou ſay'ſt thou ſhalt from others hear.
Let us no longer vainly thus *contend*,
Like *fenceleſs women*, railing to *no end*.

Ver. 306.] Ogilby is unpoliſhed, but ingenious, and expreſſive of his author's ſpirit:

Words move not me, which onely pierce the ear:
We e're we part muſt interchange a ſpear.

He ſpoke. With all his force the jav'lin flung,
Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
Far on his out-ſtretch'd arm, Pelides held
(To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful ſhield,
That trembled as it ſtuck; nor void of fear
Saw, e'er it fell, th' immeaſurable ſpear.
His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
Secur'd the temper of th' æthereal arms.
Thro' two ſtrong plates the point its paſſage held,
But ſtopp'd, and reſted, by the third repell'd:
Five plates of various metal, various mold,
Compos'd the ſhield; of braſs each outward fold,
Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
There ſtuck the lance. Then riſing e'er he threw,
The forceful ſpear of great Achilles flew,

Ver. 308.] Thus Ogilby:

His ponderous launce, this ſaid, Æneas *flung*;
The javelin *fixing* on his target *rung*:

where *grammar* requires, I apprehend, *flang* and *rang*: for which uniformity the conſtruction of Pope's firſt verſe muſt be changed.

Ver. 314.] I cannot admire this verſe. The original runs literally thus:

Nor, childiſh he! reflected in his mind,
That glorious gifts of Gods by men at leaſt
Are hard to conquer, nor give way with eaſe.
Nor then the Trojan warriour's forceful ſpear
The buckler brake, by Vulcan's gold repell'd:

all which our tranſlator has huddled into a couplet.

Ver. 321.] Our poet for convenience introduces an extraneous idea, which a little attention would have made unneceſſary. Thus more faithfully:

And pierc'd the Dardan ſhield's extremeſt bound,
Where the ſhrill braſs return'd a ſharper ſound:
Thro' the thin verge the Pelian weapon glides,
And the ſlight cov'ring of expanded hides.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
Sees, thro' its parting plates, the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quiv'ring ſpear:
A fate ſo near him, chills his ſoul with fright;
And ſwims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
Achilles, ruſhing in with dreadful cries,
Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies:

There ſtuck the *weapon*. *Next* Achilles threw;
The *long-projecting* lance *with fury* flew:

or thus:

Here ſtuck the *javelin*. *Next* Achilles threw
His mighty lance: the forceful *weapon* flew.

Ver. 327.] A literal and commenſurate verſion will beſt diſcover the deviations of our tranſlator:

Æneas, ſtooping, ſhrank; and from him rais'd
His ſhield, appall'd; for o'er his ſhoulder plung'd
In earth the ſpear ſtill vigorous, thro' two rounds
Of the broad buckler driven. Thus from the lance
He ſhrinking ſtood, whilſt horror dim'd his eyes;
So near the weapon ſtuck!

Not unlike is Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, vol. i. p. 24. [edit. 14. "Now, Sir, (ſaid he) this is my maſter's nature, though his grief be "ſuch as to live is a grief unto him, and that even *his reaſon is* "*darkened with ſorrow.*"

Æneas rouſing as the foe came on,
(With force collected) heaves a mighty ſtone:
A maſs enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degen'rate ſons could raiſe.
But Ocean's God, whoſe earthquakes rock the ground,
Saw the diſtreſs, and mov'd the pow'rs around.
Lo! on the brink of fate Æneas ſtands,
An inſtant victim to Achilles' hands:
By Phœbus urg'd; but Phœbus has beſtow'd
His aid in vain: the man o'erpow'rs the God.
And can ye ſee this righteous chief atone
With guiltleſs blood, for vices not his own?

Ver. 335.] Theſe rhymes are not unexceptionably accurate, and were borrowed from Ogilby:

At which Achilles furiouſly comes *on*
With his drawn ſword: Æneas takes a *ſtone*.

Ver. 338.] After this verſe our tranſlator has paſſed over *three* lines of his author, to the following effect:

Him ruſhing then Æneas with the ſtone
Had ſmitten helm or ſhield, his guards from death;
But him had robb'd of life Pelides' ſword.

Ver. 339. *But Ocean's God*, &c.] The conduct of the poet in making Æneas owe his ſafety to Neptune in this place is remarkable: Neptune is an enemy to the Trojans, yet he dares not ſuffer ſo pious a man to fall, leſt Jupiter ſhould be offended: this ſhews, ſays Euſtathius, that piety is always under the protection of God; and that favours are ſometimes conferred, not out of kindneſs, but to prevent a greater detriment; thus Neptune preſerves Æneas, leſt Jupiter ſhould revenge his death upon the Grecians. P.

Ver. 345. *And can ye ſee this righteous chief*, &c.] Though Æneas is repreſented as a man of great courage, yet his piety is

To all the Gods his conſtant vows were paid:
Sure, tho' he wars for Troy, he claims our aid.
Fate wills not this; nor thus can Jove reſign
The future father of the Dardan line:
The firſt great anceſtor obtain'd his grace,
And ſtill his love deſcends on all the race.
For Priam now, and Priam's faithleſs kind,
At length are odious to th' all-ſeeing mind;
On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.

---

his moſt ſhining character: this is the reaſon why he is always the care of the Gods, and they favour him conſtantly through the whole poem with their immediate protection.

It is in this light that Virgil has preſented him to the view of the reader; his valour bears but the ſecond place in the Æneis. In the Ilias indeed he is drawn in miniature, and in the Æneis at full length; but there are the ſame features in the copy, which are in the original, and he is the ſame Æneas in Rome as he was in Troy. P.

Ver. 348.] This verſe is a mere interpolation. The following ſubſtitution is more congenial to the ſpirit of the paſſage:

His grateful gifts on every altar laid.

Ver. 349.] This is not accurate. Take a literal tranſlation:

Come, let us ſnatch him from impending death,
Leſt Jove's reſentment kindle, if he fall
By Peleus' ſon: the Fates his life decree,
That Dardan's race (whom Jove o'er all his ſons,
From him and mortal females born, careſt)
Not, loſt and childleſs, in oblivion ſink.

Ver. 355. *On great Æneas ſhall devolve the reign,*
And ſons ſucceeding ſons the laſting line ſuſtain.]

The ſtory of Æneas's founding the Roman empire, gave Virgil the

The great earth-ſhaker thus: to whom replies
Th' imperial Goddeſs with the radiant eyes.

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fineſt occaſion imaginable of paying a compliment to Auguſtus, and his countrymen, who were fond of being thought the deſcendants of Troy. He has tranſlated theſe two lines literally, and put them in the nature of a prophecy; as the favourers of the opinion of Æneas's ſailing into Italy, imagine Homer's to be:

——— Αἰνείαο βίῃ Τρώεσσιν ἀνάξει
Καὶ παῖδες παίδων τοι κεν μετόπισθε γένωνται.
"Hic domus Æneæ cunctis dominabitur oris,
"Et nati natorum & qui naſcentur ab illis."

There has been a very ancient alteration made (as Strabo obſerves) in theſe two lines, by ſubſtituting πάντεσσι in the room of τρώεσσι. It is not improbable but Virgil might give occaſion for it, by his *cunctis dominabitur oris*.

Euſtathius does not entirely diſcountenance this ſtory: if it be underſtood, ſays he, as a prophecy, the poet might take it from the Sibylline oracles. He farther remarks, that the poet artfully interweaves into his poem not only the things which happened before the commencement, and in the proſecution of the Trojan war; but other matters of importance which happened even after that war was brought to a concluſion. Thus for inſtance, we have here a piece of hiſtory not extant in any other author, by which we are informed that the houſe of Æneas ſucceeded to the crown of Troas, and to the kingdom of Priam. Euſtathius.

This paſſage is very conſiderable, for it ruins the famous chimæra of the Roman empire, and of the family of the Cæſars, who both pretended to deduce their original from Venus by Æneas, alledging that after the taking of Troy, Æneas came into Italy: and this pretenſion is hereby actually deſtroyed. This teſtimony of Homer ought to be looked upon as an authentick act, the fidelity and verity thereof cannot be queſtioned. Neptune, as much an enemy as he is to the Trojans, declares that Æneas, and after him his poſterity, ſhall reign over the Trojans. Would Homer have put this prophecy in Neptune's mouth, if he had not known that Æneas did not leave Troy, but that he reigned there, and if he had not ſeen in his time the deſcendants of that Prince reign there likewiſe? That poet wrote two hundred and ſixty years, or thereabouts, after the taking of

Good as he is, to immolate or ſpare
The Dardan prince, O Neptune, be thy care;

Troy; and what is very remarkable, he wrote in ſome of the towns of Ionia, that is to ſay, in the neighbourhood of Phrygia, ſo that the time and place gave ſuch a weight to his depoſition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the hiſtorians have written concerning Æneas's voyage into Italy, ought to be conſidered as a Romance, made on purpoſe to deſtroy all hiſtorical truth; for the moſt ancient of them is poſterior to Homer by ſome ages. Before Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, ſome writers being ſenſible of the ſtrength of this paſſage of Homer, undertook to explain it ſo as to reconcile it with this fable; and they ſaid that Æneas, after having been in Italy, returned to Troy, and left his ſon Aſcanius there. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, little ſatisfied with this ſolution, which did not ſeem to him to be probable, has taken another method: he would have it that by theſe words, "He ſhall reign over the Trojans," Homer meant, He ſhall reign over the Trojans whom he ſhall carry with him into Italy. "For is it not poſſible, ſays he, that Æneas "ſhould reign over the Trojans, whom he had taken with him, "though ſettled elſewhere?"

That hiſtorian, who wrote in Rome itſelf, and in the reign of Auguſtus, was willing to make his court to that prince, by explaining this paſſage of Homer, ſo as to favour the chimera he was poſſeſſed with. And this is a reproach that may with ſome juſtice be caſt on him; for poets may by their fictions flatter princes and welcome: it is their trade. But for hiſtorians to corrupt the gravity and ſeverity of hiſtory, to ſubſtitute fable in the place of truth, is what ought not to be pardoned. Strabo was much more religious, for though he wrote his books of geography towards the beginning of Tiberius's reign, yet he had the courage to give a right explication to this paſſage of Homer, and to aver, that this poet ſaid, and meant, that Æneas remained at Troy, that he reigned therein, Priam's whole race being extinguiſhed, and that he left the kingdom to his children after him, lib. xiii. You may ſee this whole matter diſcuſſed in a letter from M. Bochart to M. de Segrais, who has prefixed it to his remarks upon the tranſlation of Virgil. P.

Dryden, at the parallel paſſage, Æn. iii. 131:

Through the wide world th' Ænean houſe ſhall *reign*,
And children's children ſhall the crown *ſuſtain*.

Moreover, the note of our tranſlator is from Dacier.

Pallas and I, by all that Gods can bind,
Have ſworn deſtruction to the Trojan kind;
Not e'en an inſtant to protract their fate,
Or ſave one member of the ſinking ſtate;
'Till her laſt flame be quench'd with her laſt gore,
And ev'n her crumbling ruins are no more.
The king of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends,
Swift interpos'd between the warriours flies,
And caſts thick darkneſs o'er Achilles' eyes.
From great Æneas ſhield the ſpear he drew,
And at its maſter's feet the weapon threw.
That done, with force divine he ſnatch'd on high
The Dardan prince, and bore him thro' the ſky,
Smooth-gliding without ſtep, above the heads
Of warring heroes, and of bounding ſteeds:

Ver. 361.] This tranſlation is ſpirited, but wide of his author, who runs thus:

For we by numerous oaths ourſelves have bound
With all th' immortals, Pallas and myſelf,
Never to ward the day of fate from Troy;
Though the whole city blaze with hoſtile fire,
In full perdition, caught from Græcian brands.

Ver. 368.] Thus Chapman:

——————Through all, the *whizzing ſpeares* he paſt.

Ver. 371.] Our tranſlator had his eye on Ogilby:

Then from the Trojans ſhield the javelin *drew*,
And juſt before its raging *maſter threw*.

Ver. 375.] The rhymes are not ſufficiently correct. Thus?

'Till at the battle's utmoſt verge they light,
Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear of fight.
The Godhead there (his heav'nly form confeſs'd)
With words like theſe the panting chief addreſs'd.
What pow'r, O prince, with force inferiour far
Urg'd thee to meet Achilles' arm in war? 382

Smooth-gliding without ſtep, *the chief he leads*
O'er warring heroes, and *o'er* bounding ſteeds.

Ver. 378. *Where the ſlow Caucans cloſe the rear.*] The Caucones (ſays Euſtathius) were of Paphlagonian extract: and this perhaps was the reaſon why they are not diſtinctly mentioned in the catalogue, they being included under the general name of Paphlagonians: though two lines are quoted which are ſaid to have been left out by ſome tranſcriber, and immediately followed this,

Κρῶμναν τ' Αἰγιαλόντε καὶ ὑψηλὰς Ἐρυθίνας.

Which verſes are theſe,

Καύκωνας αὖτ' ἦγε πολυκλέος υἱὸς Ἀμύμων.

Or as others read it, Ἀμισῶν

Οἱ περὶ πεμθένιον ποταμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Or according to others,

Κατὰ δώματ' ἔναιον.

Yet I believe theſe are not Homer's lines, but rather the addition of ſome tranſcriber, and it is evident by conſulting the paſſage from which they are ſaid to have been curtailed, that they would be abſurd in that place; for the ſecond line is actually there already, and as theſe Caucons are ſaid to live upon the banks of the Parthenius, ſo are the Paphlagonians in the above-mentioned paſſage. It is therefore more probable that the Caucons are included in the Paphlagonians. P.

Ver. 379.] Thus our tranſlator: but I do not find from any circumſtances of his original, that Neptune appeared in his proper character to Æneas; nor have any of our poet's predeceſſors given countenance to this aſſertion.

Henceforth beware, nor antedate thy doom,
Defrauding Fate of all thy fame to come.
But when the day decreed (for come it muſt)
Shall lay this dreadful hero in the duſt,
Let then the furies of that arm be known,
Secure, no Grecian force tranſcends thy own.
With that, he left him wond'ring as he lay,
Then from Achilles chas'd the miſt away:
Sudden, returning with the ſtream of light,
The ſcene of war came ruſhing on his ſight.
Then thus, amaz'd: What wonders ſtrike my mind!
My ſpear, that parted on the wings of wind,
Laid here before me! and the Dardan lord
That fell this inſtant, vaniſh'd from my ſword!

Ver. 384.] There is nothing like this in the original. And indeed the entire exordium of the ſpeech may be more accurately repreſented thus:

What god impell'd thee, prince, inferiour far,
By heaven leſs lov'd, to meet this chief in war?
Shun his rencounter, leſt unwilling Fate
Send by his arm thy ſoul to Pluto's gate:

which laſt are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 387.] More exactly thus:

Then with the foremoſt warriours boldly ſtand,
Safe from the rage of every Græcian hand.

Ver. 389.] More cloſe:

His will declar'd, he left him as he lay.

Ver. 396.] Better, perhaps,

A deſtin'd victim! vaniſh'd from my ſword.

I thought alone with mortals to contend,
But pow'rs cœleſtial ſure this foe defend.
Great as he is, our arm he ſcarce will try,
Content for once, with all the Gods, to fly.
Now then let others bleed—This ſaid, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the croud.
O Greeks (he cries, and ev'ry rank alarms)
Join battle, man to man, and arms to arms!
'Tis not in me, tho' favour'd by the ſky,
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies fly:

Ver. 397.] More faithfully,

With *a vain boaſter deem'd* I to contend.

Or, with a correction of Ogilby:

Protecting gods *their favourite have* redeem'd,
Whilſt I *his vaunts but* idle breath eſteem'd.

Ver. 399.] Thus, with more fidelity:

But let him go: nor henceforth will he try
Our arm, ſo glad from inſtant fate to fly.
Now will I ſee, firſt rous'd our Græcian train,
What Trojan elſe will meet me in the plain.
He ſpake; and, ſpringing to the ranks, aloud
He vents his fury, and inflames the crowd:
O! Greeks, he cries, with files advancing go
Man againſt man, and charge at hand your foe.

Ver. 405.] Homer has no ſuch aſſertion here. The couplet may be rendered accurate by this correction:

How great ſo-e'er my powers, 'tis not in me
To mow whole troops, and make whole armies *flee*.

By which an additional advantage is alſo gained from a greater variety of rhymes, on account of the late recurrence of thoſe in our poet's couplet.

No God can ſingly ſuch a hoſt engage,
Not Mars himſelf, nor great Minerva's rage.
But whatſoe'er Achilles can inſpire,
Whate'er of active force, or acting fire;
Whate'er this heart can prompt, or hand obey;
All, all Achilles, Greeks! is yours to-day.
Thro' yon' wide hoſt this arm ſhall ſcatter fear,
And thin the ſquadrons with my ſingle ſpear,
He ſaid: nor leſs elate with martial joy,
The god-like Hector warm'd the troops of Troy.
Trojans to war! Think Hector leads you on;
Nor dread the vaunts of Peleus' haughty ſon.
Deeds muſt decide our fate. Ev'n thoſe with words
Inſult the brave, who tremble at their ſwords:
The weakeſt atheiſt-wretch all heav'n defies,
But ſhrinks and ſhudders, when the thunder flies.

Ver, 409.] Or thus, more cloſely, in *two* couplets:

Far as my hands avail, my feet, my force,
No ſlackneſs ſhall attend Achilles' courſe.
I through yon ranks will urge my ſwift career;
Nor joy thoſe Trojans, that approach this ſpear.

Ver. 410.] This figure might be ſuggeſted by Chapman:

And all their ſtrength to th' utmoſt nerve (though now I loſt ſome play,
By ſome ſtrange miracle) no more, ſhall *burne* in vaine the day.

Ver. 421.] The Engliſh reader will, no doubt, be curious to know the tenour of this paſſage in the original. I ſhall offer, therefore, a plain verſion of the whole ſpeech of Hector, in equal compaſs:

Nor from yon' boaſter ſhall your chief retire,
Not tho' his heart were ſteel, his hands were fire;
That fire, that ſteel, your Hector ſhou'd with-
ſtand,
And brave that vengeful heart, that dreadful hand.
Thus (breathing rage thro' all) the hero ſaid;
A wood of lances riſes round his head,
Clamours on clamours tempeſt all the air,
They join, they throng, they thicken to the war.
But Phœbus warns him from high heav'n to ſhun
The ſingle fight with Thetis' god-like ſon;

Brave Trojans, ſhrink not back from Peleus' ſon:
E'en 'gainſt gods themſelves cou'd fight with words,
With arms 'twere arduous; ſo much mightier they.
Nor ſhall Achilles all his vaunts perform;
If ſome take place, ſome will fall fruſtrate through.
Him will I meet, though arm'd with hands of fire,
With hands of fire though arm'd, and hearts of ſteel.

And I now ſee that Mr. Cowper, as might be expected from his taſte and accuracy, has properly preſerved the beautiful and forcible repetition of his author at the concluſion of the ſpeech. Nor was Milton inattentive to this poetical felicity of his maſter: Par. Loſt, vii. 24:

More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe or mute, *though fall'n on evil days,*
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.

Ver. 429.] The rhymes are inaccurate; and theſe *four* introductory verſes correſpond to *two* of his author; which may be repreſented, leſs poetically indeed, but much more faithfully, thus:

So ſpake the chearing chief: his troops oppoſe,
In crouds, their lifted ſpears: loud clamours roſe.

More ſafe to combat in the mingled band,
Nor tempt too near the terrours of his hand.
He hears, obedient to the God of light,
And plung'd within the ranks, awaits the fight.
Then fierce Achilles, ſhouting to the ſkies,
On Troy's whole force with boundleſs fury flies.
Firſt falls Iphytion, at his army's head;
Brave was the chief, and brave the hoſt he led;
From great Otrynteus he deriv'd his blood,
His mother was a Naïs of the flood;
Beneath the ſhades of Tmolus, crown'd with ſnow,
From Hyde's walls he rul'd the lands below.
Fierce as he ſprings, the ſword his head divides;
The parted viſage falls on equal ſides:

Ver. 433.] The formal introduction of the ſpeech, which may be judiciouſly avoided on ſome occaſions, would be ſtill more effectually recompenſed by preſerving the form of *perſonal addreſs*, as follows:

"*In ſafety* combat *with* the mingled band"—.

Ver. 438.] His original preſcribes,

In might array'd, on Troy's whole *army* flies:

thus Ogilby:

But on Achilles, like a *fury*, flew.

Ver. 440.] More exactly,

Brave was the chief, and *large* the *band* he led.

Ver. 445.] Thus Dryden, at the parallel paſſage, Æn. ix. 1018:

Scalp, face, and ſhoulders, the keen ſteel *divides*,
And *the ſhar'd viſage* hangs *on equal ſides*.

With loud-reſounding arms he ſtrikes the plain;
While thus Achilles glories o'er the ſlain.
Lie there Otryntides! the Trojan earth
Receives thee dead, tho' Gygæ boaſt thy birth;
Thoſe beauteous fields where Hyllus' waves are roll'd,
And plenteous Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
Are thine no more—Th' inſulting hero ſaid,
And left him ſleeping in eternal ſhade.
The rolling wheels of Greece the body tore,
And daſh'd their axles with no vulgar gore.
Demoleon next, Antenor's offspring, laid
Breathleſs in duſt, the price of raſhneſs paid.
Th' impatient ſteel with full-deſcending ſway
Forc'd thro' his brazen helm its furious way.
Reſiſtleſs drove the batter'd ſkull before,
And daſh'd and mingled all the brains with gore.
This ſees Hippodamas, and ſeiz'd with fright,
Deſerts his chariot for a ſwifter flight:

Ver. 449.] Chapman ſupplied this vicious pronunciation:
Th' art dead, Otryntides.

Ver. 451.] Thus, with more fidelity:
Where thy ſire's lands the gulfy Hermus laves
And Hyllus rolls his fiſh-abounding waves.
Thus Peleus' ſon inſults him as he lies,
And Death in gloom eternal veils his eyes.

The rhymes of the former couplet, I now ſee, are Ogilby's.

The lance arreſts him: an ignoble wound
The panting Trojan rivets to the ground.
He groans away his ſoul: not louder roars
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helice's high ſhores
The victim bull; the rocks rebellow round,
And Ocean liſtens to the grateful ſound,
Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage,
The youngeſt hope of Priam's ſtooping age:

Ver. 467. ——— *Not louder roars,*
At Neptune's ſhrine on Helice's high ſhores, &c.]

In Helice, a town of Achaia, three quarters of a league from the gulf of Corinth, Neptune had a magnificent temple, where the Ionians offered every year to him a ſacrifice of a bull; and it was with theſe people an auſpicious ſign, and a certain mark that the ſacrifice would be accepted, if the bull bellowed as he was led to the altar. After the Ionick migration, which happened about one hundred and forty years after the taking of Troy, the Ionians of Aſia aſſembled in the fields of Priene to celebrate the ſame feſtival in honour of Heliconian Neptune; and as thoſe of Priene valued themſelves upon being originally of Helice, they choſe for the King of the ſacrifice a young Prienian. It is needleſs to diſpute from whence the poet has taken his compariſon; for as he lived a hundred or a hundred and twenty-one years after the Ionick migration, it cannot be doubted but he took it in the Aſian Ionia, and at Priene itſelf; where he had probably often aſſiſted at that ſacrifice, and been witneſs of the ceremonies therein obſerved. This poet always appears ſtrongly addicted to the cuſtoms of the Ionians, which makes ſome conjecture that he was an Ionian himſelf. Euſtathius. Dacier. P.

Thus Chapman:

——— and dragge him round, about the hallowed *ſhore*;
To pleaſe the watry deitie, with forcing him to *rore*.

Ver. 471. *Then fell on Polydore his vengeful rage.*] Euripides in his Hecuba has followed another tradition, when he makes

(Whoſe feet for ſwiftneſs in the race ſurpaſt)
Of all his ſons, the deareſt, and the laſt.
To the forbidden field he takes his flight
In the firſt folly of a youthful knight,
To vaunt his ſwiftneſs wheels around the plain,
But vaunts not long, with all his ſwiftneſs ſlain.
Struck where the croſſing belts unite behind,
And golden rings the double back-plate join'd:
Forth thro' the navel burſt the thrilling ſteel;
And on his knees with piercing ſhrieks he fell;
The ruſhing entrails pour'd upon the ground
His hands collect; and darkneſs wraps him round.
When Hector view'd, all ghaſtly in his gore
Thus ſadly ſlain, th' unhappy Polydore;
A cloud of ſorrow overcaſt his ſight,
His ſoul no longer brook'd the diſtant fight,
Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came,
And ſhook his jav'lin like a waving flame.

Polydorus the ſon of Priam and of Hecuba, and ſlain by Polymneſtor King of Thrace, after the taking of Troy; for according to Homer, he is not the ſon of Hecuba, but of Laothoë, as he ſays in the following book, and is ſlain by Achilles. Virgil too has rather choſen to follow Euripides than Homer. P.

Ver. 479.] The rhymes are imperfect. Thus Ogilby, corrected:

He, where gold *claſps uniting*, *cloſe the* belt,
And folds the corſlet, *the ſharp weapon* felt.

Ver. 487.] So Chapman:

Darke *ſorrow overcaſt his eyes.*

Ver. 489. *Full in Achilles' dreadful front he came.*] The great

The ſon of Peleus ſees, with joy poſſeſt,
His heart high-bounding in his riſing breaſt:
And, lo! the man, on whom black fates attend;
The man, that ſlew Achilles, in his friend!
No more ſhall Hector's and Pelides' ſpear
Turn from each other in the walks of war—
Then with revengeful eyes he ſcann'd him o'er:
Come, and receive thy fate! He ſpake no more.

---

judgment of the Poet in keeping the character of his hero, is in this place very evident: when Achilles was to engage Æneas, he holds a long conference with him, and with patience bears the reply of Æneas: had he purſued the ſame method with Hector, he had departed from his character. Anger is the prevailing paſſion in Achilles: he left the field in a rage againſt Agamemnon, and entered it again to be revenged of Hector: the Poet therefore judiciouſly makes him take fire at the ſight of his enemy: he deſcribes him as impatient to kill him, he gives him a haughty challenge, and that challenge is comprehended in a ſingle line: his impatience to be revenged, would not ſuffer him to delay it by a length of words. P.

Ver. 490.] Our poet follows Ogilby, or at leaſt took advantage of his ambiguity, in applying the compariſon to the *ſpear*, and not to the man:

No longer could he hold, but out *he came*,
His javelin brandiſhing like dreadfull *flame*.

Chapman is accurate:

————but like fire, *he* brake out of the throng;
Shooke his long lance, at Thetis ſonne.

Ver. 491.] Thus his original:

————but Peleus' ſon
Saw and ſprang forth; and thus exulting ſaid:
Nigh is the man, who moſt has wrung my ſoul;
Who ſlew my honour'd friend: nor hence ſhall we
Sculk from each other through the files of war.

Hector, undaunted, thus. Such words employ
To one that dreads thee, ſome unwarlike boy:
Such we could give, defying and defy'd
Mean intercourſe of obloquy and pride!
I know thy force to mine ſuperiour far;
But heav'n alone confers ſucceſs in war:
Mean as I am, the Gods may guide my dart,
And give it ent'rance in a braver heart.
Then parts the lance: but Pallas' heav'nly breath
Far from Achilles wafts the winged death:
The bidden dart again to Hector flies,
And at the feet of its great maſter lies.
Achilles cloſes with his hated foe,
His heart and eyes with flaming fury glow:
But preſent to his aid, Apollo ſhrouds
The favour'd hero in a veil of clouds.

Ver. 499.] The whole of this ſpeech is rendered with equal elegance and fidelity.

Ver. 503.] So Chapman:

——— and well *know thy ſtrength ſuperior farre,*
To that my nerves hold; but the gods, (not nerves) determine *warre.*

Ver. 512.] There is nothing correſpondent to this ſenſe in his author. The following attempt has more fidelity:

With horrid cries Achilles on his foe
Sprang; all on fire to ſtrike the deadly blow.

Ver. 513. *But preſent to his aid, Apollo.*] It is a common obſervation, that a God ſhould never be introduced into a poem but where his preſence is neceſſary. And it may be aſked why the life

Thrice ſtruck Pelides with indignant heart,
Thrice in impaſſive air he plung'd the dart:
The ſpear a fourth time bury'd in the cloud;
He foams with fury, and exclaims aloud.
Wretch! thou haſt 'ſcap'd again, once more thy flight
Has ſav'd thee, and the partial God of light.
But long thou ſhalt not thy juſt fate withſtand,
If any power aſſiſt Achilles' hand.
Fly then inglorious! but thy flight this day
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghoſts ſhall pay.

---

of Hector is of ſuch importance that Apollo ſhould reſcue him from the hand of Achilles here, and yet ſuffer him to fall ſo ſoon after? Euſtathius anſwers, that the Poet had not yet ſufficiently exalted the valour of Achilles, he takes time to enlarge upon his atchievements, and riſes by degrees in his character, till he completes both his courage and reſentment at one blow in the death of Hector. And the Poet, adds he, pays a great compliment to his favourite countryman, by ſhewing that nothing but the intervention of a God could have ſaved Æneas and Hector from the hand of Achilles. P.

Similar rhymes occur too ſoon. Thus?

That inſtant Phœbus, preſent to his aid,
With eaſe enrapt him in a veil of *ſhade*.

Ver. 515.] Ogilby's couplet is not deſpicable:

Three times he charg'd, and with his dreadfull ſpear
Pierc'd the ſoft boſome of the yielding air.

Ver. 520.] After this, our poet drops a line of his author:

To whom thy prayers, before the fight, are made.

Ver. 523.] This couplet is wrought from the following verſe of Homer:

Now I aſſail what other foes I find.

With that, he gluts his rage on numbers ſlain:
ThenDryops tumbled to th' enſanguin'd plain,
Pierc'd thro' the neck: he left him panting there,
And ſtopp'd Demuchus, great Philetor's heir,
Gigantick chief! deep gaſh'd th'enormous blade,
And for the ſoul an ample paſſage made.
Laogonus and Dardanus expire,
The valiant ſons of an unhappy ſire;
Both in one inſtant from the chariot hurl'd,
Sunk in one inſtant to the nether world;
This diff'rence only their ſad fates afford,
That one the ſpear deſtroy'd, and one the ſword.
Nor leſs unpity'd, young Alaſtor bleeds;
In vain his youth, in vain his beauty pleads:

Ver. 528.] More fully and correctly thus:

Demuchus' *knee*, Philetor's *ſon*, *his ſpear*
Tranſfixt; *huge* chief! then gaſht the enormous blade.

Ver. 531.] Ogilby, ſlightly corrected, is tolerable, and more conciſe, with equal obſervance of his original:

On Laogon and Dardan, Bion's ſons,
Th' impetuous hero next, inraged, runs:
Both, from their chariot *thrown*, *he* ſlaughters there;
This his broad faulchion dyes, and that his ſpear.

Ver. 537.] This paragraph may be literally repreſented thus:

Then Tros, Alaſtor's ſon, approaching, claſpt
His knees; if chance in pity he might ſpare,
Nor ſlay a youth of years that matcht his own.
Fool! not to know ſuch fond entreaties vain!
No mild affections ſway'd, nor temper ſweet,
This man, all fury! Whilſt he toucht his *knees*,

In vain he begs thee with a ſuppliant's moan,
To ſpare a form, an age ſo like thy own!
Unhappy boy! no pray'r, no moving art,
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!
While yet he trembled at his knees, and cry'd,
The ruthleſs falchion ope'd his tender ſide;
The panting liver pours a flood of gore
That drowns his boſom, 'till he pants no more.
Thro' Mulius' head then drove th' impetuous ſpear,
The warriour falls, transfix'd from ear to ear.

Prepar'd to ſue, the blade his liver pierc'd;
And pour'd it forth: the purple current fill'd
His veſt emboſom'd: darkneſs clos'd his eyes,
Of life bereav'd.

Ver. 541. ——— *No pray'r, no moving art,*
E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart!]

I confeſs it is a ſatisfaction to me, to obſerve with what art the Poet purſues his ſubject: the opening of the poem profeſſes to treat of the anger of Achilles; that anger draws on all the great events of the ſtory: and Homer at every opportunity awakens the reader to an attention to it, by mentioning the effects of it: ſo that when we ſee in this place the hero deaf to youth and compaſſion, it is what we expect: mercy in him would offend, becauſe it is contrary to his character. Homer propoſes him not as a pattern for imitation; but the moral of the poem which he deſigned the reader ſhould draw from it, is, that we ſhould avoid anger, ſince it is ever pernicious in the event. P.

Ver. 547.] Thus, Ogilby:

Next Mutius charging pierc'd *from ear to ear*,
Stringing his head upon his reeking *ſpear*

Thy life, Echeclus! next the ſword bereaves,
Deep thro' the front the pond'rous falchion cleaves;
Warm'd in the brain the ſmoking weapon lies,
The purple death comes floating o'er his eyes.
Then brave Deucalion dy'd: the dart was flung
Where the knit nerves the pliant elbow ſtrung;
He dropt his arm, an unaſſiſting weight,
And ſtood all impotent, expecting fate:
Full on his neck the falling falchion ſped,
From his broad ſhoulders hew'd his creſted head:
Forth from the bone the ſpinal marrow flies,
And ſunk in duſt, the corpſe extended lies.
Rhigmus, whoſe race from fruitful Thracia came,
(The ſon of Pireus, an illuſtrious name,)
Succeeds to fate: the ſpear his belly rends;
Prone from his car the thund'ring chief deſcends:
The ſquire, who ſaw expiring on the ground
His proſtrate maſter, rein'd the ſteeds around:

Ver. 553.] The following paragraph is tranſlated with great eaſe and ingenuity, and conſiderable fidelity to his author. In the firſt couplet, a ſmall imperfection in the rhiming of a *participle* with the *paſt tenſe* of a congenial *verb*, when the terminations ſhould differ, might be adjuſted with no great difficulty, if deemed as neceſſary by the reader, as by myſelf.

Ver. 554.] Thus Chapman:

——— where the *nerves*, about the elbow *knit*.

Ver. 558.] Thus exactly:

The chief at diſtance caſt his creſted head.

His back ſcarce turn'd, the Pelian jav'lin gor'd,
And ſtretch'd the ſervant o'er his dying lord.
As when a flame the winding valley fills,
And runs-on crackling ſhrubs between the hills;
Then o'er the ſtubble up the mountain flies,
Fires the high woods, and blazes to the ſkies,
This way and that, the ſpreading torrent roars;
So ſweeps the hero thro' the waſted ſhores:
Around him wide, immenſe deſtruction pours,
And earth is delug'd with the ſanguine ſhow'rs.
As with autumnal harveſts cover'd o'er,
And thick beſtrown, lies Ceres' ſacred floor;
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling ſteers beat out th' unnumber'd grain:

Ver. 568.] So Chapman;

That threw him to his lord:

whom our poet follows alſo in his omiſſion. The paragraph in the original ſtands thus:

——— Areithous his 'ſquire,
Turning his car, between his ſhoulders pierc'd
The lance, and tumbled off. The courſers ſtart.

Ver. 580. *The trampling ſteers beat out th' un-number'd grain.*] In Greece, inſtead of threſhing the corn as we do, they cauſed it to be trod out by oxen; this was likewiſe practiſed in Judea, as is ſeen by the law of God, who forbad the Jews to muzzle the ox who trod out the corn. *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in areâ fruges tuas.* Deut. xxv. Dacier.

The ſame practice is ſtill preſerved among the Turks and modern Greeks. P.

The ſimiles at the end.] It is uſual with our author to heap his ſimiles very thick together at the concluſion of a book. He has

So the fierce courſers, as the chariot rolls,
Tread down whole ranks, and cruſh out heroes ſouls.
Daſh'd from their hoofs while o'er the dead they fly,
Black, bloody drops the ſmoking chariot dye:
The ſpiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
High o'er the ſcene of death Achilles ſtood,
All grim with duſt, all horrible in blood:
Yet ſtill inſatiate, ſtill with rage on flame;
Such is the luſt of never dying Fame!

---

done the ſame in the ſeventeenth: it is the natural diſcharge of a vaſt imagination, heated in the progreſs, and giving itſelf vent in this cloud of images.

I cannot cloſe the notes upon this book, without obſerving the dreadful idea of Achilles, which the poet leaves upon the mind of the reader. He drives his chariot over ſhields, and mangled heaps of ſlain; the wheels, the axle-tree, and the horſes are ſtained with blood, the hero's eyes burn with fury, and his hands are red with ſlaughter. A painter might form from this paſſage the picture of Mars in the fulneſs of his terrours, as well as Phidias is ſaid to have drawn from another, that of Jupiter in all his majeſty. P.

It is not the "concluſion of the book," according to the ſtatement of our tranſlator, which induced Homer to pour forth an abundance of *ſimilies*, but the vigour and buſtle of circumſtances at that time; which may have happened to coincide with the termination of the book: nor injudiciouſly; that the reader's expectation might be raiſed, and a new book entered upon with eagerneſs.

Ver. 582.] More correctly thus:

Bruiſe ſcatter'd ſhields, and tread out heroes' ſouls.

Ver. 587.] Our tranſlator, as uſual in the ſublimer paſſages, gives the reins to his imagination. His author runs ſimply thus:

——————— Still ruſht on in queſt of fame
Pelides: gore diſtain'd his matchleſs hands.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDER.

THE Trojans fly before Achilles, ſome towards the town, others to the river Scamander: he falls upon the latter with great ſlaughter, takes twelve captives alive, to ſacrifice to the ſhade of Patroclus; and kills Lycaon and Aſteropæus. Scamander attacks him with all his waves; Neptune and Pallas aſſiſt the hero; Simois joins Scamander; at length Vulcan, by the inſtigation of Juno, almoſt dries up the river. This combat ended, the other Gods engage each other. Meanwhile Achilles continues the ſlaughter, drives the reſt into Troy: Agenor only makes a ſtand, and is conveyed away in a cloud by Apollo; who (to delude Achilles) takes upon him Agenor's ſhape, and while he purſues him in that diſguiſe, gives the Trojans an opportunity of retiring into their city.

The ſame day continues. The ſcene is on the banks and in the ſtream of Scamander. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book is entirely different from all the foregoing: though it be a battle, it is entirely of a new and ſurpriſing kind, diverſified with a vaſt variety of imagery and deſcription. The ſcene is totally changed: he paints the combat of his hero with the rivers, and deſcribes a battle amidſt an inundation. It is obſervable, that though the whole war of the Iliad was upon the banks of theſe rivers, Homer has artfully left out the machinery of the River-Gods in all the other battles, to aggrandize this of his hero. There is no book of the poem that has more force of imagination, or in which the great and inexhauſted invention of our author is more powerfully exerted. After this deſcription of an inundation, there follows a very beautiful contraſt in that of the drought: the part of Achilles is admirably ſuſtained, and the new ſtrokes which Homer gives to his picture are ſuch as are derived from the very ſource of his character, and finiſh the entire draught of this hero.

How far all that appears wonderful or extravagant in this epiſode, may be reconciled to probability, truth and natural reaſon, will be conſidered in a diſtinct note on that head: the reader may find it on ver. 447. P.

THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ILIAD.

AND now to Xanthus' gliding ſtream they drove,
Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.
The river here divides the flying train.
Part to the town fly diverſe o'er the plain,

Ver. 1.] I have elſewhere proved, at a ſimilar paſſage, that our poet ſhould have rendered, as follows, to expreſs the language of his author:

And now to Xanthus' *rapid* ſtream they drove,
To *gulfy* Xanthus, progeny of Jove.

Ver. 2. *Xanthus, immortal progeny of Jove.*] The river is here ſaid to be the ſon of Jupiter, on account of its being ſupplied with waters that fall from Jupiter, that is, from heaven. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 3.] His original runs thus:

Then parting, there, ſome through the plain he drives
To Troy, what way the Greeks in wild rout fled,
That day, when Hector put forth all his rage;
There in diſmay they pour'd.

Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chas'd, and trembling in ignoble flight:
(Theſe with a gather'd miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls behind the rout a heap of clouds)
Part plunge into the ſtream: old Xanthus roars,
The flaſhing billows beat the whiten'd ſhores:
With cries promiſcuous all the banks reſound;
And here, and there, in eddies whirling round,
The flouncing ſteeds and ſhrieking warriours drown'd.
As the ſcorch'd locuſts from their fields retire,
While faſt behind them runs the blaze of fire;

Ver. 7.] This verſion leads to a total miſconception of his author. I would alter thus:

Theſe with a *darkening* miſt Saturnia ſhrouds,
And rolls *before them intercepting* clouds.

Chapman, Ogilby, and Barbin rightly conceived the paſſage, which Hobbes has omitted altogether. It was eaſy to ſuppoſe, that a deity peculiarly friendly to the Greeks would not be introduced exerting ſo kind an interference in behalf of the Trojans. But our poet was miſled by Dacier, who gained a great reputation for learning as a lady, but was in reality but a very moderate proficient in the Greek language. "Junon les couvre d' un épais nuage *pour les* "*dérober à ce héros.*"

Ver. 11.] Thus Chapman:

——————which the ſhores, did round about *reſound:*
This way, and that, they ſwum, and *ſhriekt*; as in the gulphs they *drown'd.*

Ver. 14. *As the ſcorch'd locuſts,* &c.] Euſtathius obſerves that ſeveral countries have been much infeſted with armies of locuſts; and that, to prevent their deſtroying the fruits of the earth, the countrymen by kindling large fires drove them from their fields;

Driv'n from the land before the ſmoky cloud,
The cluſt'ring legions ruſh into the flood:
So plung'd in Xanthus by Achilles' force,
Roars the reſounding ſurge with men and horſe.
His bloody lance the hero caſts aſide,
(Which ſpreading tam'riſks on the margin hide)
Then, like a God, the rapid billows braves,
Arm'd with his ſword, high-brandiſh'd o'er the waves:

---

the locuſts to avoid the intenſe heat were forced to caſt themſelves into the water. From this obſervation the poet draws his alluſion, which is very much to the honour of Achilles, ſince it repreſents the Trojans with reſpect to him as no more than ſo many inſects.

The ſame commentator takes notice, that becauſe the iſland of Cyprus in particular was uſed to practiſe this method with the locuſts, ſome authors have conjectured that Homer was of that country. But if this were a ſufficient reaſon for ſuch a ſuppoſition, he might be ſaid to be born in almoſt all the countries of the world, ſince he draws his obſervations from the cuſtoms of them all.

We may hence account for the innumerable armies of theſe locuſts, mentioned among the plagues of Ægypt, without having recourſe to an immediate creation, as ſome good men have imagined, whereas the miracle indeed conſiſts in the wonderful manner of bringing them upon the Ægyptians. I have often obſerved with pleaſure the ſimilitude which many of Homer's expreſſions bear with the holy ſcriptures, and that the moſt ancient heathen writer in the world, often ſpeaks in the idiom of Moſes: thus as the locuſts in Exodus are ſaid to be driven into the *ſea*, ſo in Homer they are forced into *a river*. P.

Thus Ogilby:

As locuſts *ſcorcht* from burning camps *retire*,
Purſu'd by eager flames and hungry *fire*.

Ver. 16.] The rhymes are incorrect. Thus?

To 'ſcape deſtruction from the driving gleam,
The *trembling* legions ruſh into the *ſtream*,

Now down he plunges, now he whirls it round,
Deep groan'd the waters with the dying ſound;
Repeated wounds the red'ning river dy'd,
And the warm purple circled on the tide.
Swift thro' the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And cloſe in rocks or winding caverns lie:
So the huge Dolphin tempeſting the main,
In ſhoals before him fly the ſcaly train,
Confus'dly heap'd they ſeek their inmoſt caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.
Now tir'd with ſlaughter, from the Trojan band
Twelve choſen youths he drags alive to land;

Ver. 24.] His original would dictate this alteration:

There, bent on ſlaughter, whirls *the faulchion* round.

Ver. 30. *So the huge Dolphin,* &c.] It is obſervable with what juſtneſs the author diverſifies his compariſons according to the different ſcenes and elements he is engaged in. Achilles has been hitherto on the land, and compared to land-animals, a lion, &c. Now he is in the water, the poet derives his images from thence, and likens him to a dolphin. Euſtathius. P.

This fine expreſſion was taken from Milton, Par. Loſt, vii. 412:

——————part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate,
Tempeſt the ocean.

And our tranſlator indulges his fancy in this compariſon, which may be ſimply repreſented thus:

As from th' enormous Dolphin fly the tribes
Of fiſh, and trembling ſeek the cavern'd depths
Of a ſmooth harbour: ſure to die if caught—,

Ver. 34. *Now tir'd with ſlaughter,*] This is admirably well ſuited to the character of Achilles, his rage bears him headlong on the enemy, he kills all that oppoſe him, and ſtops not, till nature

With their rich belts their captive arms conſtrains
(Late their proud ornaments, but now their chains.)

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itſelf could not keep pace with his anger; he had determined to reſerve twelve noble youths to ſacrifice them to the Manes of Patroclus, but his reſentment gives him no time to think of them, till the hurry of his paſſion abates, and he is tired with ſlaughter: without this circumſtance, I think an objection might naturally be raiſed, that in the time of a purſuit Achilles gave the enemy too much leiſure to eſcape, while he buſied himſelf with tying theſe priſoners: though it is not abſolutely neceſſary to ſuppoſe he tied them with his own hands. P.

Ver. 35. *Twelve choſen youths,*] This piece of cruelty in Achilles has appeared ſhocking to many, and indeed is what I think can only be excuſed by conſidering the ferocious and vindictive ſpirit of this hero. It is however certain that the cruelties exerciſed on enemies in war were authoriſed by the military laws of thoſe times; nay, religion itſelf became a ſanction to them. It is not only the fierce Achilles, but the pious and religious Æneas, whoſe very character is virtue and compaſſion, that reſerves ſeveral young unfortunate captives taken in battle, to ſacrifice them to the Manes of his favourite hero. Æn. x. ver. 517:

"——————— Sulmone creatos
"Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Uſens,
"Viventes rapit; inferias quos immolet umbris,
"Captivoque rogi perfundat ſanguine flammas."

And Æn. xi. ver. 81:

"Vinxerat & poſt terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
"Inferias, cæſo ſparſuros ſanguine flammam."

And (what is very particular) the Latin poet expreſſes no diſapprobation of this action, which the Grecian does in plain terms, ſpeaking of this in Iliad xxiii. ver. 176:

——————— Κακὰ δὲ φρεσὶ μήδετο ἔρσα. P.

As the circumſtances of the action ſufficiently ſhew, that theſe youths were *alive*, the omiſſion of that idea would have been preferable to the ſuppreſſion of another, which may be introduced thus:

Twelve choſen youths he drags, *like fawns*, to land.

Theſe his attendants to the ſhips convey'd,
Sad victims! deſtin'd to Patroclus' ſhade.
Then, as once more he plung'd amid the flood,
The young Lycaon in his paſſage ſtood;
The ſon of Priam, whom the hero's hand
But late made captive in his father's land,
(As from a ſycamore, his ſounding ſteel
Lopp'd the green arms to ſpoke a chariot-wheel)

Ver. 41. *The young Lycaon*, &c.] Homer has a wonderful art and judgment in contriving ſuch incidents as ſet the characteriſtick qualities of his heroes in the higheſt point of light. There is hardly any in the whole Iliad more proper to move pity than this circumſtance of Lycaon; or to raiſe terrour, than this view of Achilles. It is alſo the fineſt picture of them both imaginable. We ſee the different attitude of their perſons, and the different paſſions which appeared in their countenances: at firſt Achilles ſtands erect, with ſurprize in his looks at the ſight of one whom he thought it impoſſible to find there; while Lycaon is in the poſture of a ſuppliant, with looks that plead for compaſſion; with one hand holding the hero's lance, and his knee with the other: afterwards, when at his death he lets go the ſpear, and places himſelf on his knees with his arms extended, to receive the mortal wound, how lively and how ſtrongly is this painted? I believe every one perceives the beauty of this paſſage, and allows that poetry (at leaſt in Homer) is truly a ſpeaking picture. P.

Ver. 44.] Thus Ogilby:

Whom buſie cutting down with well-edg'd *ſteell*
Wild fig-tree branches for a chariot *wheel*—.

Ver. 45.] Some thoughts of his original, not included in this verſion, might be thus introduced here:

The buſied youth, when night had curtain'd round
The globe an unthought ill! Achilles found.

To Lemnos' iſle he ſold the royal ſlave,
Where Jaſon's ſon the price demanded gave;
But kind Eëtion touching on the ſhore,
The ranſom'd prince to fair Ariſbe bore.
Ten days were paſt, ſince in his father's reign
He felt the ſweets of liberty again;
The next, that God whom men in vain withſtand,
Gives the ſame youth to the ſame conqu'ring hand;
Now never to return! and doom'd to go
A ſadder journey to the ſhades below.
His well-known face when great Achilles eyed,
(The helm and viſor he had caſt aſide
With wild affright, and dropp'd upon the field
His uſeleſs lance and unavailing ſhield.)
As trembling, panting, from the ſtream he fled,
And knock'd his falt'ring knees, the hero ſaid.
Ye mighty Gods! what wonders ſtrike my view!
Is it in vain our conqu'ring arms ſubdue?
Sure I ſhall ſee yon' heaps of Trojans kill'd,
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the field:

Ver. 59.] Theſe *epithets* tend in ſome meaſure to convey a wrong notion of the paſſage. I ſhould prefer, as more conformable to the purpoſe of his author, ſomething like the following verſe:

His *ponderous* lance and his *oppreſſive* ſhield.

The youth had thrown off his armour to expedite his eſcape: and this *naked* appearance principally conſtitutes the propriety of Achilles' pretended ſuſpicion, that he was a ghoſt, eſcaped from the regions of Pluto.

As now the captive, whom ſo late I bound
And ſold to Lemnos, ſtalks on Trojan ground!
Not him the ſea's unmeaſur'd deeps detain,
That bar ſuch numbers from their native plain:
Lo! he returns. Try, then, my flying ſpear!
Try, if the grave can hold the wanderer;
If Earth at length this active prince can ſeize,
Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules.

Ver. 64.] The rhymes are inſufferable. We might eaſily rectify the couplet by this alteration:

Sure I ſhall ſee yon' heaps of Trojans *ſlain*
Riſe from the ſhades, and brave me on the *plain*.

And then below, to obviate a too quick recurrence of the ſame ſound,

Not barr'd by ocean, who with boundleſs tides
Such numerous exiles from their homes divides.

Ver. 69.] Thus Chapman:

——————— and that (that many a man doth keepe
From his lov'd countrie) *barres* not him.

Ver. 71.] A poor rhyme! Thus, in every reſpect better; with more elegance, I think, and ſuperiour vigour:

Try, if the grave can *keep* the wanderer *here*.

Ver. 73.] *Grammar* requires *holden*, the proper participle of *hold*. This inaccuracy might be thus avoided:

Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp *holds* down *e'en* Hercules:

but the whole is interpolation; ſince his original ſays merely,

Whether he thence too will return, or earth
Will hold, all-foſtering; who the ſtrongeſt holds.

For our tranſlator was pleaſed with Chapman's invention, and adopted it accordingly:

——————— or kind earth *can* any ſurer *ſeiſe*
On his ſlie perſon; *whoſe ſtrong armes, have held down Hercules*.

Thus while he ſpake, the Trojan pale with fears
Approach'd, and ſought his knees with ſuppliant tears;
Loth as he was to yield his youthful breath,
And his ſoul ſhiv'ring at th' approach of death.
Achilles rais'd the ſpear, prepar'd to wound;
He kiſs'd his feet, extended on the ground:
And while, above, the ſpear ſuſpended ſtood,
Longing to dip its thirſty point in blood,
One hand embrac'd them cloſe, one ſtopt the dart,
While thus theſe melting words attempt his heart.

Ver. 79.] More correctly thus:

He *graſpt* his *knees low-crouching* on the ground.
Plung'd in the field the fruſtrate weapon ſtood.—

The other Engliſh tranſlators are right, except Chapman, who miſled our poet on this occaſion:

——————————— His foe
Obſerv'd all this; and up he rais'd, his lance, *as he would throw.*

Dacier alſo miſconceives the paſſage: "Achille leve ſa pique, et "*la lance* de toute ſa force pour le percer:" which deſtroys the propriety of the author, in making Lycaon afterwards lay his hand on the ſpear. I ſhall give a literal tranſlation of the original:

Then his long lance Achilles lifted up,
Prepar'd to ſtrike: he, ſtooping, ran beneath,
And ſeiz'd his knees: above his back the ſpear
Plung'd in the ground, athirſt for human blood.

And our tranſlator has taken into this verſe Chapman's phraſe below, at the beginning of Lycaon's ſpeech:

But thus beſought: I *kiſſe* thy knees, divine Æacides.

Thy well-known captive, great Achilles! ſee,
Once more Lycaon trembles at thy knee.
Some pity to a ſuppliant's name afford,
Who ſhar'd the gifts of Ceres at thy board;
Whom late thy conqu'ring arm to Lemnos bore,
Far from his father, friends, and native ſhore;
A hundred oxen were his price that day,
Now ſums immenſe thy mercy ſhall repay.
Scarce reſpited from woes I yet appear,
And ſcarce twelve morning ſuns have ſeen me here;

Ver. 84. *The ſpeeches of Lycaon and Achilles.*] It is impoſſible for any thing to be better imagined than theſe two ſpeeches: that of Lycaon is moving and compaſſionate, that of Achilles haughty and dreadful; the one pleads with the utmoſt tenderneſs, the other denies with the utmoſt ſternneſs: one would think it impoſſible to amaſs ſo many moving arguments in ſo few words as thoſe of Lycaon: he forgets no circumſtance to ſoften his enemy's anger, he flatters the memory of Patroclus, is afraid of being thought too nearly related to Hector, and would willingly put himſelf upon him as a ſuppliant, and conſequently as an inviolable perſon: but Achilles is immoveable, his reſentment makes him deaf to entreaties, and it muſt be remembered that anger, not mercy is his character.

I muſt confeſs I could have wiſhed Achilles had ſpared him: there are ſo many circumſtances that ſpeak in his favour, that he deſerved his life, had he not aſked it in terms a little too abject.

There is an air of greatneſs in the concluſion of the ſpeech of Achilles, which ſtrikes me very much: he ſpeaks very unconcernedly of his own death, and upbraids his enemy for aſking life ſo earneſtly, a life that was of ſo much leſs importance than his own. P.

Ver. 84.] The firſt edition has *trembling:* as well.

Ver. 86.] His author dictates,

Some *reverence* to a ſuppliant's name afford:

or, as the *reverence* is claimed on the ground of former *hoſpitality*,

Some *grace*, *ſome reverence* to *my prayer* afford:

Ver. 92.] A miſerable line in my opinion. Thus? more exactly:

Lo! Jove again ſubmits me to thy hands,
Again, her victim cruel Fate demands!
I ſprung from Priam, and Laothöe fair,
(Old Alte's daughter, and Lelegia's heir;
Who held in Pedaſus his fam'd abode,
And rul'd the fields where ſilver Satnio flow'd)
Two ſons (alas! unhappy ſons) ſhe bore;
For ah! one ſpear ſhall drink each brother's gore,
And I ſucceed to ſlaughter'd Polydore.
How from that arm of terrour ſhall I fly?
Some Dæmon urges! 'tis my doom to die!
If ever yet ſoft pity touch'd thy mind,
Ah! think not me too much of Hector's kind!
Not the ſame mother gave thy ſuppliant breath,
With his, who wrought thy lov'd Patroclus' death.

Scarce *have my ſorrows clos'd their long career:*
Scarce *the twelfth morning's* ſun *beholds* me here.

Ver. 95.] More cloſely,

Her *ſhort liv'd* victim Fate again demands.

Ver. 97.] Lelege, if I miſtake not, was the name of the country; and not Lelegia.

Ver. 99.] Homer gives no *epithet* to the river: it was furniſhed by Chapman:

In height of upper Pedaſus, neare Satnius *ſilver* flood.

Ver. 107.] This appears to me a wretched line. I cannot preſume to attempt every paſſage that appears exceptionable to my judgement; but propoſe the following couplet on this occaſion, as not leſs fully expreſſive of Homer's ſenſe, than our poet's more amplified verſion:

Theſe words, attended with a ſhow'r of tears,
The youth addreſt to unrelenting ears:
Talk not of life, or ranſom, (he replies)
Patroclus dead, whoever meets me, dies:
In vain a ſingle Trojan ſues for grace;
But leaſt, the ſons of Priam's hateful race.

Yet the ſame womb (ah! think on this, and ſpare!)
Not thy friend's murderer and this ſuppliant bare:

which indeed are the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 110.] Theſe *tears* our tranſlator found convenient, and above at verſe 75, equally unauthoriſed by his author at both places. *Tears* are no effort of Nature at a criſis like this. The learned reader may compare my note on the *Hercules Furens* of Euripides, v. 448.

But our poet might take a wrong direction from Chapman juſt below:

Die, die, (my friend) what *teares* are theſe? what ſad
lookes ſpoil thy face?

Where Ogilby and Mr. Cowper alſo are erroneous, if erroneous.

Ver. 111.] Thus Ogilby:

Talk not to me of pleas, and *randſome*, fool!

But our tranſlator makes too ſhort diſpatch with his author on this occaſion; who may be plainly repreſented thus:

Talk not to me of ranſoms, ſimple wretch!
Before Patroclus' fatal day arriv'd,
To ſpare the Trojans then my ſoul prefer'd,
And many a living captive ſold for gain.
But now not one 'ſcapes death, by fortune thrown
Into theſe hands, near Ilium's wall; not one
Of all the Trojans, leaſt of Priam's ſons.

Ver. 113.] Thus Ogilby:

——————— None ſhall eſcape, not one
That falls into my hands muſt hope *for grace;*
But leaſt of all old Priam's *curſed race.*

Die then, my friend! what boots it to deplore?
The great, the good Patroclus is no more!
He, far thy better, was foredoom'd to die,
"And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality?"
See'ſt thou not me, whom nature's gifts adorn,
Sprung from a hero, from a Goddeſs born;
The day ſhall come (which nothing can avert)
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart,
By night, or day, by force or by deſign,
Impending death and certain fate are mine.

Ver. 118.] The inverted commas, affixed by our poet to this verſe, imply it to be borrowed. I have ſearched for the author in vain; and ſuppoſe it taken from ſome tranſlation of the well-known paſſage in Lucretius, where that noble author has imitated Homer.

And accordingly I find it, upon the information of Mr. Steevens, in Dryden's verſion of that portion of Lucretius, improperly omitted in ſome ſubſequent collections of the great poet's works:

Ancus, *thy better far, was* born *to die:*
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?

Ver. 121.] *The day ſhall come* ———
When by the ſpear, the arrow, or the dart.]

This is not ſpoken at random, but with an air of ſuperiority; when Achilles ſays he ſhall fall by an arrow, a dart, or a ſpear, he inſinuates that no man will have the courage to approach him in a cloſe fight, or engage him hand to hand. Euſtathius. P.

I ſhould prefer a verſion, that attempted to repreſent more faithfully the remarkable ſimplicity of his original. Thus?

E'en me reſiſtleſs Death will make his prey,
At early dawn, at twilight, or mid-day.
Some lance ſhall pierce me, or ſome feather'd dart,
Twang'd from the fatal bow, transfix my heart:

for the rhymes of our tranſlator's *ſecond* couplet are inadmiſſible.

Die then—He ſaid: and as the word he ſpoke
The fainting ſtripling ſunk, before the ſtroke:
His hand forgot its graſp, and left the ſpear;
While all his trembling frame confeſt his fear.
Sudden, Achilles his broad ſword diſplay'd,
And buried in his neck the reeking blade.
Prone fell the youth; and panting on the land,
The guſhing purple dy'd the thirſty ſand:
The victor to the ſtream the carcaſe gave,
And thus inſults him, floating on the wave.
Lie there, Lycaon! let the fiſh ſurround
Thy bloated corſe, and ſuck thy gory wound:
There no ſad mother ſhall thy fun'rals weep,
But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep,
Whoſe ev'ry wave ſome wat'ry monſter brings,
To feaſt unpuniſh'd on the fat of kings.

Ver. 127.] More exactly thus:

His *hands*, *ſtretch'd out for mercy*, left the ſpear.

Ogilby, corrected, is accurate and not contemptible:

The youth, deſpairing, let the *javelin* go,
And *ſits with* hands *diſplaid* to move the foe.

Ver. 135.] Our poet in this fine tranſlation treads in the ſteps of Ogilby; below criticiſm, perhaps, but not imitation:

Lycaon, lye thou there, till fiſh *ſurround*
Thy ſoaking *corps and ſuck thy bleeding wound:*
Nor ſhall thy mother at *thy fun'rals weep*,
But thee *ſwift* Xanthus hurry *to the deep*.

Ver. 139.] Our poet has not been careful to ennoble his tranſlation with the ſignificant and delicate phraſeology of his original. The reader muſt acquieſce in an humble ſubſtitute from myſelf:

So periſh Troy, and all the Trojan line!
Such ruin theirs, and ſuch compaſſion mine.
What boots ye now Scamander's worſhip'd ſtream,
His earthly honours, and immortal name;
In vain your immolated bulls are ſlain,
Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain:

Soon to the black wave's rippling edge ſhall ſpring
The lurking fiſh, to gorge Lycaon's fat.

Our poet might get his *monſter* from *Ogilby:*

Thy juicie fleſh ſhall ſcalie *monſters* gorge:

or from Dacier: "Où quelque *monſtre marin* s' élançant ſur la "ſurface des flots.—" Hobbes is not amiſs:

Where to the curled water leaps a fiſh,
Upon Lycaon's dainty fat to feed.

Ver. 140.] The reader is here furniſhed with another proof of our poet's reliſh for a lick at *Kings:* which humour of his has been pointed out before, and is finely taken off in that imitation of Pope on a "Pipe of Tobacco:"

Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taſte thee unexcis'd by *kings:*

ſo that our tranſlator's character of Therſites may be deemed by ſome not unſuitable to himſelf:

Ulyſſes or Achilles ſtill his theme;
But *royal ſcandal* his delight ſupreme.

Ver. 143.] The rhyme is not to be tolerated. Thus, more faithfully:

What boots you ſwift Scamander's honour'd wave?
His ample ſtream no votary now ſhall ſave.

Ver. 146. *Your living courſers glut his gulphs in vain.*] It was an ancient cuſtom to caſt living horſes into the ſea, and into rivers, to honour, as it were, by theſe victims, the rapidity of their ſtreams. This practice continued a long time, and hiſtory ſupplies us with

Thus he rewards you, with this bitter fate;
Thus, 'till the Grecian vengeance is compleat:
Thus is aton'd Patroclus' honour'd ſhade,
And the ſhort abſence of Achilles paid.
Theſe boaſtful words provoke the raging God;
With fury ſwells the violated flood.
What means divine may yet the pow'r employ,
To check Achilles, and to reſcue Troy?
Meanwhile the hero ſprings in arms, to dare
The great Aſteropeus to mortal war;
The ſon of Pelagon, whoſe lofty line
Flows from the ſource of Axius, ſtream divine!
(Fair Peribæa's love the God had crown'd,
With all his refluent waters circled round)

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examples of it: Aurelius Victor ſays of Pompey the younger, *Cum mari feliciter uteretur, Neptuni ſe filium confeſſus eſt, cumque bobus auratis & equo placavit.* He offered oxen in ſacrifice, and threw a living horſe into the ſea, as appears from Dion, which is perfectly conformable to this of Homer. Euſtathius. Dacier. P.

Ver. 148.] The rhyme is vicious. I will propoſe a ſubſtitution:

'Till my tired vengeance general carnage ſate.

Others, no leſs faulty, ſoon follow; but the correction of all were endleſs.

Ver. 152. *With fury ſwells the violated flood.*] The poet has been preparing us for the epiſode of the river Xanthus ever ſince the beginning of the laſt book: and here he gives us an account why the river wars upon Achilles: it is not only becauſe he is a river of Troas, but, as Euſtathius remarks, becauſe it is in defence of a man that was deſcended from a brother River-God: he was angry too with Achilles on another account, becauſe he had choked up his current with the bodies of his countrymen, the Trojans. P.

Ver. 160.] This line is added by our tranſlator.

On him Achilles ruſh'd: he fearleſs ſtood,
And ſhook two ſpears, advancing from the flood;
The flood impell'd him, on Pelides' head
T'avenge his waters chok'd with heaps of dead.
Near as they drew, Achilles thus began.
What art thou, boldeſt of the race of man?
Who, or from whence? Unhappy is the ſire,
Whoſe ſon encounters our reſiſtleſs ire.
O ſon of Peleus! what avails to trace
(Reply'd the warriour) our illuſtrious race?
From rich Pæonia's vallies I command
Arm'd with protended ſpears, my native band;

Ver. 164.] This eliſion is ungraceful. Thus, with more fidelity:

The flood, with ſlaughter fill'd and ſwoll'n with rage,
Impell'd the ruthleſs warriour to engage.

Ver. 166.] Homer ſays only,

Who, and whence, art thou, that dar'ſt thus oppoſe?
Sons of unhappy ſires reſiſt my rage:

ſo that our tranſlator had in view a former paſſage at Iliad vi. ver. 152. where he employs the ſame verſe.

Ver. 171. *From rich Pæonia's—&c.*] In the Catalogue Pyræchmes is ſaid to be commander of the Pæonians, where they are deſcribed as bow-men; but here they are ſaid to be armed with ſpears, and to have Aſteropeus for their general. Euſtathius tells us, ſome criticks aſſerted that this line in the Cat. ver. 355:

Πηλεγόνος δ' υἱὸς περιδέξιος Ἀστεροπαῖος,

followed

Αὐτὰρ Πυραίχμης ἄγε Παίονας ἀγκυλοτόξους.

but I ſee no reaſon for ſuch an aſſertion. Homer has expreſsly told us in this ſpeech that it was but ten days ſince he came to the aid of

Now ſhines the tenth bright morning ſince I came
In aid of Ilion to the fields of fame:
Axius, who ſwells with all the neighb'ring rills,
And wide around the floated region fills,
Begot my ſire, whoſe ſpear ſuch glory won:
Now lift thy arm, and try that hero's ſon!
Threat'ning he ſaid: the hoſtile chiefs advance;
At once Aſteropeus diſcharg'd each lance,
(For both his dext'rous hands the lance cou'd wield)
One ſtruck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian ſhield;

Troy; he might be made general of the Pæonians upon the death of Pyræchmes, who was killed in the ſixteenth book. Why alſo might not the Pæonians, as well as Teucer, excel in the management both of the bow and the ſpear?

Ver. 173.] Thus Chapman, leſs ſtudious of his own eaſe than our poet:

——————— and here th' *eleventh* faire light
Shines on us, ſince we entered Troy.

Ver. 176.] He might here have preſerved the beautiful repetition of his author:

Axius, who round the floated region fills.

A good couplet may be made from Ogilby:

Axius my grandſire, who with *ſpreading* waves
The region round, delicious current! laves.

Ver. 177.] This couplet is executed with an ingenuity and fidelity truly admirable. The literal ſenſe is this:

Who ſpear-fam'd Pelegon begat, he me.
Prepare we now, illuſtrious chief! to fight.

Ver. 181.] Thus Ogilby:

But he, whoſe either hand a ſpear *could wield*,
Straight both diſcharg'd; one lights upon his *ſhield*.

One raz'd Achilles' hand; the ſpouting blood
Spun forth, in earth the faſten'd weapon ſtood.
Like light'ning next the Pelian javelin flies:
Its erring fury hiſs'd along the ſkies;
Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,
Ev'n to the middle earth'd; and quiver'd there.
Then from his ſide the ſword Pelides drew,
And on his foe with doubled fury flew.
The foe thrice tugg'd, and ſhook the rooted wood;
Repulſive of his might the weapon ſtood:
The fourth, he tries to break the ſpear, in vain;
Bent as he ſtands, he tumbles to the plain;

Ver. 184.] So Chapman:

——————— *forth*, the blacke blood *ſpunne*.

And our poet might have preſerved a loſt idea of his author thus:

——————— in earth the *thirſting* weapon ſtood.

Ver. 187. *Deep in the ſwelling bank was driv'n the ſpear,*
Ev'n to the middle earth'd;—]

It was impoſſible for the poet to give us a greater idea of the ſtrength of Achilles, than he has by this circumſtance: his ſpear pierced ſo deep into the ground, that another hero of great ſtrength could not diſengage it by repeated efforts; but immediately after, Achilles draws it with the utmoſt eaſe: how prodigious was the force of that arm that could drive at one throw a ſpear half way into the earth, and then with a touch releaſe it? P.

Ver. 192.] To prevent a miſconception of this paſſage, which is too ambiguous to be deciſively apprehended in this tranſlation, I would propoſe:

His efforts thrice the Pelian lance withſtood.

His belly open'd with a ghaſtly wound,
The reeking entrails pour upon the ground.
Beneath the hero's feet he panting lies,
And his eye darkens, and his ſpirit flies:
While the proud victor thus triumphing ſaid,
His radiant armour tearing from the dead:
So ends thy glory! ſuch the fate they prove
Who ſtrive preſumptuous with the ſons of Jove.
Sprung from a River didſt thou boaſt thy line?
But great Saturnius is the ſource of mine.
How durſt thou vaunt thy wat'ry progeny?
Of Peleus, Æacus, and Jove, am I;
The race of theſe ſuperiour far to thoſe,
As he that thunders to the ſtream that flows.
What rivers can, Scamander might have ſhown;
But Jove he dreads, nor wars againſt his ſon.
Ev'n Achelöus might contend in vain,
And all the roaring billows of the main.
Th' eternal Ocean, from whoſe fountains flow
The ſeas, the rivers, and the ſprings below,

Ver. 199.] More accurately thus:

His *arms* the victor tearing from the dead,
Trod on his breaſt, and thus *inſulting ſaid.*

Ver. 208.] This is very happy and noble. His original ſays merely,

Streams, that to Ocean flow, Jove far exceeds.

Perhaps our poet took a hint from Chapman:

Thunder-voic't Jove farre paſſeth floods.

The thund'ring voice of Jove abhors to hear,
And in his deep abyſſes ſhakes with fear.
He ſaid; then from the bank his javelin tore,
And left the breathleſs warriour in his gore.
The floating tides the bloody carcaſe lave,
And beat againſt it, wave ſucceeding wave;
'Till roll'd between the banks, it lies the food
Of curling eels, and fiſhes of the flood.
All ſcatter'd round the ſtream (their mightieſt ſlain)
Th' amaz'd Pæonians ſcour along the plain:
He vents his fury on the flying crew,
Thraſius, Aſtypylus, and Mneſus ſlew;

Ver. 215.] An admirable couplet: and ſo indeed is the whole ſpeech. The rhymes here might be got from Ogilby, and the neceſſity of variation lead him to the original thought before us:

For he Jove's lightning and dire thunder fear'd,
When in the ſky ſuch diſmal cracks he heard.

Homer, literally tranſlated, runs thus:

E'en him the bolts of mighty Jove affright,
And horrid thunder, when from heaven it roars.

Ver. 222.] This is ſufficiently faithful to his author, but the diſtinction between *eels* and *fiſhes* does not ſound well in modern language. I ſhould prefer:

Of eels, and *every native* of the flood.

Chapman has well expreſſed a thought of his author, on which our tranſlator, more ſtudious of delicacy and dignity, could not venture:

———————about which fauſens, and other fiſh,
Did ſhole, to *nibble at the fat*, which his ſweet *kidneys* hid.

Ver. 223.] Thus Ogilby, very well:

Who fled *amaz'd*, their valiant leader *ſlain*.

Mydon, Therſilochus, with Ænius fell;
And numbers more his lance had plung'd to hell;
But from the bottom of his gulfs profound,
Scamander ſpoke; the ſhores return'd the ſound.
O firſt of mortals! (for the Gods are thine)
In valour matchleſs, and in force divine!
If Jove have given thee ev'ry Trojan head,
'Tis not on me thy rage ſhould heap the dead.
See! my chok'd ſtreams no more their courſe can keep,
Nor roll their wonted tribute to the deep.
Turn then, impetuous! from our injur'd flood;
Content, thy ſlaughters could amaze a God.
In human form, confeſs'd before his eyes,
The river thus; and thus the chief replies.
O ſacred ſtream! thy word we ſhall obey;
But not 'till Troy the deſtin'd vengeance pay,
Not 'till within her tow'rs the perjur'd train
Shall pant, and tremble at our arms again;
Not 'till proud Hector, guardian of her wall,
Or ſtain this lance, or ſee Achilles fall.
He ſaid; and drove with fury on the foe.
Then to the Godhead of the ſilver bow

Ver. 230.] The finiſhing clauſe is a commodious inſertion of the tranſlator, kept ready by him for every opportunity of this kind, and employed perpetually without ſcruple.

The yellow Flood began: O ſon of Jove!
Was not the mandate of the ſire above
Full and expreſs? that Phœbus ſhould employ
His ſacred arrows in defence of Troy,
And make her conquer, 'till Hyperion's fall
In awful darkneſs hide the face of all?
He ſpoke in vain—the chief without diſmay
Ploughs thro' the boiling ſurge his deſp'rate way.
Then riſing in his rage above the ſhores,
From all his deep the bellowing river roars,
Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges on the coaſt,
And round the banks the ghaſtly dead are toſt.
While all before, the billows rang'd on high
(A wat'ry bulwark) ſkreen the bands who fly.

Ver. 253.] Thus, with more fidelity to Homer's language:

'Till the late lamp of day had run his race,
And Earth in twilight veil obſcur'd her face.

Ver. 255.] A ſublime paſſage, in the tranſlation, as well as the original; but an image, or two, is dropped by our poet, which add conſiderably to the animation of the deſcription. Thus?

He ſpake: *the warriour ſprang with furious force*
Off the ſteep bank, and urg'd his deſperate *courſe.*
From all his deep the boiling River roars,
And foamy ſurges *laſh* the bellowing ſhores.

Ver. 256.] Thus Chapman:

——— then ſweld his waves, then *rag'd*, then *boyld* againe.

Ver. 260.] The rhymes are not ſufficiently correct. Thus?

Huge heaps of ſlain diſgorges *from his bed*,
And *o'er the* banks *foams out* the ghaſtly dead.

Now burſting on his head with thund'ring ſound,
The falling deluge whelms the hero round:
His loaded ſhield bends to the ruſhing tide;
His feet, upborn, ſcarce the ſtrong flood divide,
Slidd'ring, and ſtagg'ring. On the border ſtood
A ſpreading elm, that overhung the flood;
He ſeized a bending bough, his ſteps to ſtay;
The plant uprooted to his weight gave way,
Heaving the bank, and undermining all;
Loud flaſh the waters to the ruſhing fall

Ogilby preſerves (as Chapman alſo) the *ſimile* of his author:

Then bodies, roaring like a bull, *diſgorg'd*;

and probably ſupplied our poet with this emphatical and ſonorous term ſo well adapted to the majeſty of the deſcription.

Ver. 263. *Now burſting on his head*, &c.] There is a great beauty in the verſification of this whole paſſage in Homer: ſome of the verſes run hoarſe, full and ſonorous, like the torrent they deſcribe; others by their broken cadences, and ſudden ſtops, image the difficulty, labour and interruption of the hero's march againſt it. The fall of the elm, the tearing up of the bank, the ruſhing of the branches in the water, are all put into ſuch words, that almoſt every letter correſponds in its ſound, and echoes to the ſenſe, of each particular. P.

Ver. 264.] Or, more correctly and faithfully,

An eddying deluge—.

Ver. 265.] There is too much amplification here. I ſhould prefer an expulſion of the couplet, with this adjuſtment of the paſſage, and with no ſacrifice to fidelity:

Now, burſting on his *ſhield* with thundering ſound,
An eddying deluge *whirls* the hero round,
His feet *all buoyant*. On the border ſtood—.

Of the thick foliage. The large trunk diſplay'd
Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs: the hero ſtay'd
On this his weight, and rais'd upon his hand,
Leapt from the channel, and regain'd the land.

Ver. 274. *Bridg'd the rough flood acroſs:*—] If we had no other account of the river Xanthus but this, it were alone ſufficient to ſhew that the current could not be very wide; for the poet here ſays that the elm ſtretched from bank to bank, and as it were made a bridge over it: the ſuddenneſs of this inundation perfectly well agrees with a narrow river. P.

We may baniſh a ſuperfluous word, and introduce a neglected, but important, idea of his author, with improvement to the numbers, thus:

Bridg'd the rough flood: th' *affrighted* hero ſtay'd—.

Ver. 276. *Leapt from the channel.*] Euſtathius recites a criticiſm on this verſe, in the original the word Λίμνη ſignifies *Stagnum*, *Palus*, a *ſtanding water;* now this is certainly contrary to the idea of a river, which always implies a *current:* to ſolve this, ſays that author, ſome have ſuppoſed that the tree which lay acroſs the river ſtopped the flow of the waters, and forced them to ſpread as it were into a pool. Others, diſſatisfied with this ſolution, think that a miſtake has crept into the text, and that inſtead of ἐκ Λίμνης, ſhould be inſerted ἐκ Δίνης. But I do not ſee the neceſſity of having recourſe to either of theſe ſolutions; for why may not the word Λίμνη ſignify here the *channel* of the river, as it evidently does in the 317th verſe of the original? And nothing being more common than to ſubſtitute a part for the whole, why may not the channel be ſuppoſed to imply the whole river? P.

Exactly thus:

Leapt from the *ſtream to fly along* the land.

But the full ſenſe of Homer may be thus exhibited:

He from the channel ſprang, and ruſht to flight,
Alarm'd, with all his ſwiftneſs through the plain.

Chapman is poetical:

——————————the rage did terrifie,
Even his great ſpirit, and made him adde wings to his ſwifteſt feet:

Then blacken'd the wild waves; the murmur roſe;
The God purſues, a huger billow throws,
And burſts the bank, ambitious to deſtroy
The man whoſe fury is the fate of Troy.
He, like the warlike eagle ſpeeds his pace,
(Swifteſt and ſtrongeſt of th' aërial race)
Far as a ſpear can fly, Achilles ſprings
At ev'ry bound; his clanging armour rings:
Now here, now there, he turns on ev'ry ſide,
And winds his courſe before the following tide;

---

which Paradiſe Loſt, ii. 700. reſembles:

——————back to thy puniſhment,
False fugitive, and *to thy ſpeed add wings:*

but is originally found in Virgil, Æn. viii. 224:

——————pedibus timor addidit alas.

Ver. 277.] More accurately, thus:

Nor reſts the *mighty* flood, but blackening roſe,
And a huge billow *at the warriour* throws.

Ver. 278.] This elegance our poet might derive from Chapman:

——————And yet not there, the flood left his retreate:
But *thruſt his billowes after him*, and blackt them all at top.

Ver. 280.] I ſhould like better—"the *bane* of Troy."

Ver. 284.] There is a ſimilar ſuperfluity in Ogilby:

Upon his breaſt his *rattling* arms *reſound:*

May I venture to propoſe a ſubſtitution?

Far as a brandiſh'd lance, each effort ſpring
His bounding feet: his arms, terrific, ring.

Ver. 285.] Theſe are fine verſes, and diſplay aſtoniſhing ingenuity; but I leave the reader to judge, whether the ſublimity of the deſcription be not broken by ſuch minute and ſtudied expanſion of his author; whoſe entire ſenſe is concentrated in the following couplet:

The waves flow after, whereſoe'er he wheels,
And gather faſt, and murmur at his heels.
So when a peaſant to his garden brings
Soft rills of water from the bubbling ſprings,
And calls the floods from high, to bleſs his bow'rs
And feed with pregnant ſtreams the plants and flow'rs;
Soon as he clears whate'er their paſſage ſtaid,
And marks the future current with his ſpade,

Now here, now there, *his courſe oblique* he wheels;
Cloſe ſwells the ſtream, and *bellows* at his heels.

Ver. 289. *So when a peaſant to his garden brings*, &c.] This changing of the character is very beautiful; no poet ever knew, like Homer, to paſs from the vehement and the nervous, to the gentle and agreeable; ſuch tranſitions, when properly made, give a ſingular pleaſure, as when in muſick a maſter paſſes from the rough to the tender. Demetrius Phalereus, who only praiſes this compariſon for its clearneſs, has not ſufficiently recommended its beauty and value. Virgil has transferred it into his firſt book of the Georgicks, ver. 106:

" Deinde ſatis fluvium inducit, rivoſque ſequentes:
" Et cùm exuſtus ager morientibus æſtuat herbis,
" Ecce ſupercilio clivoſi tramitis undam
" Elicit: illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
" Saxa ciet, ſcatebriſque arentia temperat arva." Dacier. P.

Thus Ogilby:

" As when a ſkilful gard'ner water *brings*
" His plants to comfort from refreſhing *ſprings*.

Ver. 291.] Our poet imitates Dryden in a couplet, which introduces the parallel deſcription in Virgil, Georg. i. 155:

And call the floods from high, to ruſh amain
With pregnant ſtrea ms to ſwell the teeming grain.

Swift o'er the rolling pebbles, down the hills
Louder and louder purl the falling rills,
Before him ſcatt'ring, they prevent his pains,
And ſhine in mazy wand'rings o'er the plains.
Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
Still ſwift Scamander rolls where-e'er he flies:
Not all his ſpeed eſcapes the rapid floods;
The firſt of men, but not a match for Gods.
Oft' as he turn'd the torrent to oppoſe,
And bravely try if all the pow'rs were foes;
So oft' the ſurge, in wat'ry mountains ſpread,
Beats on his back, or burſts upon his head.

Ver. 295.] Ogilby renders,

The *purling* ſtream, o'er murm'ring *pebbles rowl'd.*

Ver. 298.] This verſe is a fancy of our tranſlator; nor does the couplet in general give a ſatisfactory likeneſs of the author. Chapman's tranſlation is diſtinct, and correſpondent to his original:

——————— under it, the pebbles all give way,
And where it finds a fall, runnes ſwift: nor can the leader ſtay,
His current then: before himſelfe, full pac't, it murmures on.

Ver. 299.] Thus, with perfect accuracy:

Still flies *the warriour ſwift;* before his eyes
The ſurge, more ſwift, ſtill *ſwells* where'er he flies.

Ver. 304.] Better, perhaps, as more explicit,

And try, if all th' *immortals* were *his* foes.

Ver. 305.] A glorious couplet! Thus his original, to a word:

So oft th' ætherial ſtream's enormous wave
High o'er his ſhoulders wander'd.

In my opinion, this deſcription of the conflict of Achilles and

Yet dauntleſs ſtill the adverſe flood he braves,
And ſtill indignant bounds above the waves.
Tir'd by the tides, his knees relax with toil;
Waſh'd from beneath him ſlides the ſlimy ſoil;
When thus (his eyes on heav'n's expanſion thrown)
Forth burſts the hero with an angry groan.
Is there no God Achilles to befriend,
No pow'r t' avert his miſerable end?
Prevent, oh Jove! this ignominious date,
And make my future life the ſport of Fate.

Scamander, from firſt to laſt, for ſublimity of thought, an exquiſite propriety of expreſſion, felicity of deſcription, noble imagery, and a continued ſucceſſion of glowing ſcenery, exceeds, beyond all competition, every paſſage in the Iliad.

Ver. 307.] This open vowel would, perhaps, be well ſuperſeded thus:

Yet dauntleſs ſtill th' *oppoſing* flood he braves.

Ver. 309.] There is an unpleaſant ſuperfluity in this verſe. Thus?

Beat by the tides——.

Ver. 314.] The removal of this inelegant and harſh eliſion may be effected thus:

And will no god Achilles *then* befriend,
No pow'r avert his miſerable end?

Ver. 315.] This couplet repreſents the laſt of ver. 274, in the original; and in this ſenſe editors, tranſlators, and the *ſcholiaſt* agree; but are all, I apprehend, miſtaken. The words are επειτα δε και τι παθοιμι: *atque adeo mihi vel acciderit aliquid:* "and accordingly I may even die in this river:" for the *euphemiſmus* of τι παθειν for αποθνησκειν is too common to need illuſtration or proof. This couplet therefore might be expunged, were the *firſt* verſe of this addreſs thus adjuſted:

Will then no god Achilles, Jove! befriend?

Of all heav'n's oracles believ'd in vain,
But moſt of Thetis muſt her ſon complain;
By Phœbus darts ſhe propheſy'd my fall,
In glorious arms before the Trojan wall.
Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm,
Stretch'd like a hero, by a hero's arm!
Might Hector's ſpear this dauntleſs boſom rend,
And my ſwift ſoul o'ertake my ſlaughter'd friend!

Ver. 321. *Oh! had I dy'd in fields of battle warm*, &c.] Nothing is more agreeable than this wiſh to the heroick character of Achilles: glory is his prevailing paſſion; he grieves not that he muſt die, but that he ſhould die unlike a man of honour. Virgil has made uſe of the ſame thought in the ſame circumſtance, where Æneas is in danger of being drowned, Æn. i. ver. 98:

" ——— O terque quaterque beati,
" Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ ſub mœnibus altis,
" Contigit oppetere! O Danaûm fortiſſime gentis
" Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
" Non potuiſſe? tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?"

Lucan in the fifth book of his Pharſalia, repreſenting Cæſar in the ſame circumſtance, has (I think) carried yet farther the character of ambition, and a boundleſs thirſt of glory, in his hero; when, after he has repined in the ſame manner with Achilles, he acquieſces at laſt in the reflection of the glory he had already acquired:

" ——— Licet ingentes abruperit actus
" Feſtinata dies fatis, ſat magna peregi.
" Arctoas domui gentes: inimica ſubegi
" Arma manu: vidit Magnum mihi Roma ſecundum."

And only wiſhes that his obſcure fate might be concealed, in the view that all the world might ſtill fear and reſpect him:

" ——— Lacerum retinete cadaver
" Fluctibus in mediis; deſint mihi buſta, roguſque,
" Dum metuar ſemper, terráque expecter ab omni."

Ver. 324.] This thought is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ah no! Achilles meets a ſhameful fate,
Oh how unworthy of the brave and great!
Like ſome vile ſwain, whom on a rainy day,
Croſſing a ford, the torrent ſweeps away,
An unregarded carcaſe to the ſea.
Neptune and Pallas haſte to his relief,
And thus in human form addreſs'd the chief:
The pow'r of Ocean firſt. Forbear thy fear,
O ſon of Peleus! Lo thy Gods appear!
Behold! from Jove deſcending to thy aid,
Propitious Neptune, and the blue-eye'd maid.

Indeed, he might faſhion this couplet by Dryden's tranſlation of the parallel place in Virgil, Æn. i. 139:

> Tydides, braveſt of the Grecian train,
> Why could not I by that ſtrong arm be ſlain,
> *And lie by noble Hector on the plain?*

Ver. 329.] An excellent verſe, ſingly conſidered; but the rhyme is vicious, and the ſenſe unauthorized: it might, therefore, be expunged without any injuſtice to the fidelity of tranſlation. Chapman is pointed:

> ——————— One, heaven borne, ſhall like a hog-herd die,
> Drown'd in a durtie torrents rage:

and Ogilby, with trivial alteration, will gratify the reader:

> *But* now *the* Fates *determine* to deſtroy
> *By death ignoble*, like a ſhepherd's boy,
> Drown'd in a ſwelling flood, when muſter'd rills
> In gutt'ring torrents tumble from the hills.

Ver. 330.] Here the following line of the author is paſſed over in ſilence:

> Each graſpt his hand, and chear'd with ſoothing words.

Stay, and the furious flood ſhall ceaſe to rave:
'Tis not thy fate to glut his angry wave.
But thou, the counſel heav'n ſuggeſts, attend!
Nor breathe from combat, nor thy ſword ſuſpend,
'Till Troy receive her flying ſons, 'till all
Her routed ſquadrons pant behind their wall:
Hector alone ſhall ſtand his fatal chance,
And Hector's blood ſhall ſmoke upon thy lance.
Thine is the glory doom'd. Thus ſpake the Gods:
Then ſwift aſcended to the bright abodes.
Stung with new ardour, thus by heav'n impell'd,
He ſprings impetuous, and invades the field:
O'er all th' expanded plain the waters ſpread;
Heav'd on the bounding billows danc'd the dead,
Floating 'midſt ſcatter'd arms; while caſques of gold
And turn'd-up bucklers glitter'd as they roll'd.

Ver. 336.] His original would preſcribe:

Soon ſhalt thou ſee the torrent ceaſe to rave.

Ver. 342.] The term *chance* has no other object than to facilitate the rhyme; and there ſeems to be vulgarity in the expreſſion. Thus?

Hector alone *to meet thee* ſhall *advance:*

or,

Hector alone *to combat* ſhall *advance.*

Ver. 347.] The rhyme is vicious, or rather none. Thus? with the words *plain* and *field* tranſpoſed:

His courſe impetuous *to* the plain he *held.*

Ver. 350.] Or thus? to avoid an expreſſion, not ſufficiently dignified, perhaps, for ſuch a noble paſſage:

High o'er the ſurging tide, by leaps and bounds,
He wades, and mounts; the parted wave reſounds.
Not a whole river ſtops the hero's courſe,
While Pallas fills him with immortal force.
With equal rage, indignant Xanthus roars,
And lifts his billows, and o'erwhelms his ſhores.

Then thus to Simois: Haſte, my brother flood!
And check this mortal that controlls a God:
Our braveſt heroes elſe ſhall quit the fight,
And Ilion tumble from her tow'ry height.
Call then thy ſubject ſtreams, and bid them roar,
From all thy fountains ſwell thy wat'ry ſtore,
With broken rocks, and with a load of dead
Charge the black ſurge, and pour it on his head.

'Midſt ſcatter'd *armour* floating, caſques of gold,
And *ſhields inverted, glittering* as they roll'd.

Ver. 352.] I have not diſcovered the diſtinction between *leaps* and *bounds*; and would therefore preſume on ſome alteration of the paſſage:

High o'er the ſurging *ſtream the warriour* bounds,
And ſtems the tide: the parting wave reſounds.

Ver. 357.] Better, perhaps, as more forcible:

Still lifts his billows.——

Thus Sandys in his *Travels*, p. 17:

Nor ſhrunk Scamander, but inrag'd the more,
A climing billow high in air up-bore.

Ver. 358.] May the vicious rhyme be ſuperſeded thus?

Then *calls* to Simois: Brother! haſte, *engage*
With waves united this *bold* mortal's *rage*.

Ver. 364.] The concluſion of this verſe is a ſublime effuſion of the tranſlator' enthuſiaſtic fancy, ſet on fire by the ſubject.

Mark how reſiſtleſs thro' the floods he goes,
And boldly bids the warring Gods be foes!
But nor that force, nor form divine to fight
Shall ought avail him, if our rage unite:
Whelm'd under our dark gulfs thoſe arms ſhall lie,
That blaze ſo dreadful in each Trojan eye;
And deep beneath a ſandy mountain hurl'd,
Immers'd remain this terrour of the world.
Such pond'rous ruin ſhall confound the place,
No Greek ſhall e'er his periſh'd relicks grace,
No hand his bones ſhall gather, or inhume;
Theſe his cold rites, and this his wat'ry tomb.

Ver. 367.] This is very grand and animated: his original ſays only,

Who lords it now, and godlike feats preſumes:

but our tranſlator was indebted to Ogilby for this noble effort:

Who now, victorious, *dares the gods aſſail.*

Chapman's verſion is accurate enough:

He dares things fitter for a god.

Ver. 369.] More accurately thus:

Nor arms ſhall *help* him, if our rage unite.

Ver. 371.] This verſe is due to the tranſlator only, as alſo verſe 373. The following attempt to the end of the ſpeech is literal:

——————————— himſelf will I
With ſands involve, and plenteous rubbiſh pour
Around him; nor ſhall Greece his bones ſelect,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the maſs; ſuch filth ſhall hide!
Here will I raiſe his tomb, and ſave the Greeks
The charge of rites funereal for their chief.

He ſaid; and on the chief deſcends amain,
Increas'd with gore, and ſwelling with the ſlain.
Then murm'ring from his beds, he boils, he raves,
And a foam whitens on the purple waves:
At ev'ry ſtep, before Achilles ſtood
The crimſon ſurge, and delug'd him with blood.
Fear touch'd the Queen of heav'n: ſhe ſaw diſmay'd,
She call'd aloud, and ſummon'd Vulcan's aid.
Riſe to the war! th' inſulting flood requires
Thy waſteful arm: aſſemble all thy fires!

Ver. 378.] Conſidering the vigour and grandeur of his author, our tranſlator has not kept pace with his cuſtomary animation. Thus? more cloſely and exactly:

He ſaid, and *pours his boiling tides* amain,
Roaring with *foam*, and *blood*, and *heaps of* ſlain.
The darkling ſtream in ſwelling mountains raves,
Nor 'ſcapes the chief the fury of his waves.

Ver. 382.] An admirable couplet! repreſentative of *three* words only in his author:

——————— and Achilles overtook.

Ver. 384.] Thus Ogilby:

But Juno for Achilles much *diſmaid*,
'Gainſt this aſſault call'd Vulcan to his *aid*.

Ver. 386.] I ſhall venture a literal verſion of this ſpeech, to ſhew the deviations of our tranſlator:

Vulcan, my ſon, ariſe; we think, in fight
The gulfy Xanthus is a match for thee.
Bring inſtant aid, and light a copious flame;
Whilſt I depart a furious ſtorm to raiſe
From ocean, with ſwift winds from weſt and ſouth,
To parch the Trojans, and their armour burn;

While to their aid, by our command enjoin'd,
Ruſh the ſwift Eaſtern and the Weſtern wind:
Theſe from old Ocean at my word ſhall blow,
Pour the red torrent on the wat'ry foe,
Corſes and arms to one bright ruin turn,
And hiſſing rivers to their bottoms burn.
Go, mighty in thy rage! diſplay thy pow'r,
Drink the whole flood, the crackling trees devour.
Scorch all the banks! and ('till our voice reclaim)
Exert th' unweary'd furies of the flame!
The Pow'r ignipotent her word obeys:
Wide o'er the plain he pours the boundleſs blaze;
At once conſumes the dead, and dries the ſoil;
And the ſhrunk waters in their channel boil.
As when autumnal Boreas ſweeps the ſky,
And inſtant blows the water'd gardens dry:
So look'd the field, ſo whiten'd was the ground,
While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.

Winds, inſtinct with perdition. Wither thou
The trees on Xanthus' banks, and fire his bed;
By ſoothing words alike unmov'd, and threats.
Nor ſtop thy fury, 'till a ſhout from me
Give ſignal; then th' unwearied flame may ceaſe.

Ver. 398.] I cannot admire the word ignipotent! Thus?
The *god of fire* her *ſovereign* word obeys.

Ver. 401. Thus Chapman:
——— the quite drown'd field it dried,
And *ſhrunke* the flood up.

Ver. 404.] The following deſcription, though not perfectly

Swift on the ſedgy reeds the ruin preys;
Along the margin winds the running blaze:
The trees in flaming rows to aſhes turn,
The flow'ry Lotos, and the Tam'riſk burn,
Broad elm, and cypreſs riſing in a ſpire;
The wat'ry willows hiſs before the fire.
Now glow the waves, the fiſhes pant for breath,
The eels lie twiſting in the pangs of death:
Now flounce aloft, now dive the ſcaly fry,
Or gaſping, turn their bellies to the ſky.

---

correſpondent to the original in all it's circumſtances, is replete with elegance and ingenuity; and exhibits, I think, one of the fineſt ſpecimens of our tranſlator's extraordinary powers.

Ver. 405. *While Vulcan breath'd the fiery blaſt around.*] It is in the original, ver. 355:

Πνοιῇ τειρόμενοι πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.

The epithet given to Vulcan in this verſe (as well as in the 367th) Ἡφαίστοιο πολύφρονος, has no ſort of alluſion to the action deſcribed: for what has *wiſdom* or *knowledge* to do with burning up the river Xanthus? This is uſual in our author, and much exclaimed againſt by his modern antagoniſts, whom Mr. Boileau very well anſwers. "It "is not ſo ſtrange in Homer to give theſe epithets to perſons upon "occaſions which can have no reference to them; the ſame is fre- "quent in modern languages, in which we call a man by the name "of Saint, when we ſpeak of any action of his that has not the leaſt "regard to his ſanctity: as when we ſay, for example, that St. Paul "held the garments of thoſe who ſtoned St. Stephen." P.

Ver. 413.] An open vowel, particularly unpleaſant, I would diſcard by ſubſtituting ſimply, *And* eels —.

Ver. 415.] This verſe is entirely the production of the tranſlator, not unaſſiſted by Ogilby:

And fiſhes which 'mongſt ſilver billows glide
Beneath his boyling waters *gaſping* dy'd:

At length the river rear'd his languid head,
And thus, ſhort-panting, to the God he ſaid.
Oh Vulcan! oh! what pow'r reſiſts thy might?
I faint, I ſink, unequal to the fight——
I yield——Let Ilion fall; if Fate decree—
Ah——bend no more thy fiery arms on me!
He ceas'd; wide conflagration blazing round;
The bubbling waters yield a hiſſing ſound.
As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe,
To melt the fat of ſome rich ſacrifice,
Amid the fierce embrace of circling fires
The waters foam, the heavy ſmoke aſpires:

---

or, probably, by Hobbes:

And eels and fiſhes in the water hote
Tumbled and *turn'd their bellies* up with heat.

Ver. 416.] We are indebted for this imagery to the tranſlator. His original ſays only,

The ſtream, in pain with heat, beſpake the god.

Ver. 424. *As when the flames beneath a caldron riſe.*] It is impoſſible to render literally ſuch paſſages with any tolerable beauty. Theſe ideas can never be made to ſhine in Engliſh, ſome particularities cannot be preſerved; but the Greek language gives them luſtre, the words are noble and muſical:

Ὡς δὲ λέβης ζεῖ ἔνδον ἐπειγόμενος πυρὶ πολλῷ,
Κνίσσῃ μελδόμενος ἁπαλοτρεφέος σιάλοιο,
Πάντοθεν ἀμβολάδην, ὑπὸ δὲ ξύλα κάγκανα κεῖται.

All therefore that can be expected from a tranſlator is to preſerve the meaning of the ſimile, and embelliſh it with ſome words of affinity that carry nothing low in the ſenſe or ſound. P.

Ver. 426.] This elegant verſe might be ſuggeſted by Chapman's verſion:

Till all the caldron be *engirt* with a conſuming blaze:

for the *ſimile* may be thus literally repreſented:

As boils a caldron, haſten'd by the blaze
Of copious fire from well-dried wood, while ſeeths
A melting well-fed brawn, all-bubbling round.

So boils th' impriſon'd flood, forbid to flow,
And chok'd with vapours, feels his bottom glow.
To Juno then, imperial Queen of Air,
The burning River ſends his earneſt pray'r.
Ah why, Saturnia! muſt thy ſon engage
Me, only me, with all his waſteful rage?
On other Gods his dreadful arm employ,
For mightier Gods aſſert the cauſe of Troy.
Submiſſive I deſiſt, if thou command;
But ah! with-draw this all-deſtroying hand.
Hear then my ſolemn oath, to yield to Fate
Unaided Ilion, and her deſtin'd ſtate,
'Till Greece ſhall gird her with deſtructive flame,
And in one ruin ſink the Trojan name.
His warm intreaty touch'd Saturnia's ear:
She bade th' Ignipotent his rage forbear,
Recall the flame, nor in a mortal cauſe
Infeſt a God: th' obedient flame withdraws:

Ver. 427.] The concluding clauſe is from the parallel paſſage in Virgil, Æn. vii. 466:

——————— volat vapor ater ad auras:
——————— black vapours riſe in air:

Ver. 431.] More exactly thus:
The *Stream in anguiſh* ſends his earneſt pray'r.

Ver. 43·.] His author preſcribes,
For *other* gods *more aid* the cauſe of Troy.

Ver. 444.] The paſſage would receive equal animation and fidelity by a very ſlight alteration, thus:
Recall *thy* flame.

Again, the branching ſtreams begin to ſpread,
And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.

Ver. 446. A compariſon of this couplet with that of Ogilby,

This ſaid, grim Vulcan quench'd his raging flame,
And back the river to his channell came :

will very happily point out the difference between a mere formal verſifier and a genuine poet. The production of one tranſlator is ſuch as myſelf, or a thouſand others, could hammer out, and perhaps with ſome improvement, after no very painful effort: but the production of the other would defy all the ſtrainings of us vulgar artiſts to eternity, and can only be ſtricken off by the felicity of true genius with unelaborate inſpiration. Juſt in the ſame manner, I would engage to give in a variety of inſtances, and without much difficulty, a more conciſe, and ſmooth, and harmonious verſion, than Mr. Cowper's: but my verſion, on the whole would be flat and inſipid compared with his : a mere twilight, neither night nor day ; unilluminated by thoſe frequent coruſcations of fancy, which throw a luſtre over the whole performance of that elegant tranſlator.

Ver. 447. *And ſoft re-murmur in their wonted bed.*] Here ends the *epiſode* of the *river-fight* ; and I muſt here lay before the reader my thoughts upon the whole of it : which appears to be in part an allegory, and in part a true hiſtory. Nothing can give a better idea of Homer's manner of enlivening his inanimate machines, and of making the plaineſt and ſimpleſt incidents noble and poetical, than to conſider the whole paſſage in the common hiſtorical ſenſe, which I ſuppoſe to be no more than this. There happened a great overflow of the river Xanthus during the ſiege, which very much incommoded the aſſailants: this gave occaſion for the fiction of an engagement between Achilles and the River-God : Xanthus calling Simois to aſſiſt him, implies that theſe two neighbouring rivers joined in the inundation: Pallas and Neptune relieve Achilles ; that is, Pallas, or the *wiſdom of* Achilles, found ſome means to divert the waters, and turn them into the ſea ; wherefore Neptune the God of it, is feigned to aſſiſt him. Jupiter and Juno (by which are underſtood the aërial regions) conſent to aid Achilles ; that may ſignify, that after this great flood there happened a warm, dry, windy ſeaſon, which aſſuaged the waters, and dried the ground :

While theſe by Juno's will the ſtrife reſign,
The warring Gods in fierce contention join:
Re-kindling rage each heav'nly breaſt alarms;
With horrid clangor ſhock'd the æthereal arms:
Heav'n in loud thunder bids the trumpet ſound;
And wide beneath them groans the rending ground.
Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.

---

and what makes this in a manner plain, is, that Juno (which ſignifies the air) promiſes to ſend the *north* and *weſt winds* to diſtreſs the river. Xanthus being conſumed by Vulcan, that is dried up with heat, prays to Juno to relieve him: what is this, but that the drought having drunk up his ſtreams, he has recourſe to the *air* for rains to re-ſupply his current? Or, perhaps, the whole may ſignify no more, than that Achilles being on the farther ſide of the river, plunged himſelf in to purſue the enemy; that in this adventure he run the riſk of being drowned; that to ſave himſelf, he laid hold of a fallen tree, which ſerved to keep him a-float; that he was ſtill carried down the ſtream to the place where was the confluence of the two rivers (which is expreſſed by the one calling the other to his aid) and that when he came nearer the ſea [Neptune] he found means by his prudence [Pallas] to ſave himſelf from his danger.

If the reader ſtill ſhould think the fiction of rivers, ſpeaking and fighting, is too bold; the objection will vaniſh by conſidering, how much the heathen mythology authoriſes the repreſentation of rivers as perſons: nay, even in old hiſtorians nothing is more common than ſtories of rapes committed by River-Gods; and the fiction was no way unprecedented, after one of the ſame nature ſo well known, as the engagement between Hercules and the river Achelous. P.

Ver. 454. *Jove, as his ſport, the dreadful ſcene deſcries,*
And views contending Gods with careleſs eyes.]

I was at a loſs for the reaſon why Jupiter is ſaid to ſmile at the diſcord of the Gods, till I found it in Euſtathius; Jupiter, ſays he, who is the lord of nature, is well pleaſed with the war of the

The Pow'r of battles lifts his brazen ſpear,
And firſt aſſaults the radiant Queen of War.

Gods, that is, of earth, ſea, and air, &c. becauſe the harmony of all beings ariſes from that diſcord: thus earth is oppoſite to water, air to earth, and water to them all; and yet from this oppoſition ariſes that diſcordant concord by which all nature ſubſiſts. Thus heat and cold, moiſt and dry, are in a continual war, yet upon this depends the fertility of the earth, and the beauty of the creation. So that Jupiter, who according to the Greeks, is the ſoul of all, may well be ſaid to ſmile at this contention. P.

Ver. 455.] This epithet *careleſs* is, perhaps, ſcarcely conſiſtent with the tenour of the preceding verſe. I would propoſe an alteration of the paſſage on this account:

Jove *from Olympus ſees the tumult riſe,*
And views contending gods with *raptur'd* eyes.

Ver. 456. *The pow'r of battles*, &c.] The combat of Mars and Pallas is plainly allegorical: Juſtice and Wiſdom demanded that an end ſhould be put to this terrible war: the God of war oppoſes this, but is worſted. Euſtathius ſays that this holds forth the oppoſition of Rage and Wiſdom; and no ſooner has our reaſon ſubdued one temptation, but another ſucceeds to reinforce it, as Venus ſuccours Mars. The poet ſeems farther to inſinuate, that Reaſon when it reſiſts a temptation vigorouſly, eaſily overcomes it: ſo it is with the utmoſt facility, that Pallas conquers both Mars and Venus. He adds, that Pallas retreated from Mars in order to conquer him: this ſhews us that the beſt way to ſubdue a temptation is to retreat from it. P.

The rhymes are imperfect, and the verſion too conciſe. The following attempt is plain and faithful:

Nor long apart they ſtood: fell Mars began,
Mars, ſhield-deſtroyer; and at Pallas ran.
Thus, while the god protends his brazen ſpear,
With words contemptuous he aſſails her ear.

The former rhymes, I ſince ſee, are thoſe of Chapman: whoſe verſion will probably draw a ſmile from the reader:

———Of them all, thump-buckler Mars began;
And at Minerva with a lance, of braſſe he headlong ran—.

What mov'd thy madneſs, thus to diſ-unite
Æthereal minds, and mix all heav'n in fight?
What wonder this, when in thy frantick mood
Thou drov'ſt a mortal to inſult a God?
Thy impious hand Tydides' javelin bore,
And madly bath'd it in celeſtial gore.
He ſpoke, and ſmote the loud-reſounding ſhield,
Which bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful field;
The adamantine Ægis of her ſire,
That turns the glancing bolt, and forked fire.
Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighb'ring land,

Ver. 463.] After this verſe, a line is dropped by our poet to the following purport:

Now wilt thou rue, I think, thy late miſdeeds.

Ver. 464.] His original runs accurately thus:

He ſpake; and, ſpear in hand, her Ægis ſmites,
Deep-fring'd, terrific; 'gainſt Jove's thunder proof:
There with long lance ſmote blood-polluted Mars.

Ver. 468. *Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand*
A ſtone, &c.]

The poet has deſcribed many of his heroes in former parts of his poem, as throwing ſtones of enormous bulk and weight; but here he riſes in his image: he is deſcribing a goddeſs, and has found a way to make that action excel all human ſtrength, and be equal to a deity.

Virgil has imitated this paſſage in his twelfth book, and applied it to Turnus; but I cannot help thinking that the action in a mortal is ſomewhat extravagantly imagined: what principally renders it ſo, is an addition of two lines to this ſimile which he borrows from another part of Homer, only with this difference, that whereas Homer ſays no two men could raiſe ſuch a ſtone, Virgil extends it to twelve.

There fix'd from eldeſt times; black, craggy, vaſt:
This, at the heav'nly homicide ſhe caſt.
Thund'ring he falls, a maſs of monſtrous ſize;
And ſev'n broad acres covers as he lies.
The ſtunning ſtroke his ſtubborn nerves unbound;
Loud o'er the field his ringing arms reſound:
The ſcornful dame her conqueſts views with ſmiles,
And glorying thus, the proſtrate God reviles.
Haſt thou not yet, inſatiate Fury! known
How far Minerva's force tranſcends thy own?
Juno, whom thou rebellious dar'ſt withſtand,
Corrects thy folly thus by Pallas' hand;

"——————Saxum circumſpicit ingens
"Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat,
"Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis."

(There is a beauty in the repetition of *ſaxum ingens*, in the ſecond line; it makes us dwell upon the image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the vaſtneſs of the ſtone:) the other two lines are as follow:

"Vix illud, lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

May I be allowed to think too, they are not ſo well introduced in Virgil? For it is juſt after Turnus is deſcribed as weakened and oppreſſed with fears and ill omens; it exceeds probability; and Turnus, methinks, looks more like a knight-errant in a romance, than an hero in an epick poem. P.

Ver. 471.] Exactly, thus:
This *on the neck of the fierce God* ſhe caſt.

Ver. 475.] Thus, more faithfully:
Soil'd were his locks: his ringing arms reſound.

Thus meets thy broken faith with juſt diſgrace,
And partial aid to Troy's perfidious race.
The Goddeſs ſpoke, and turn'd her eyes away,
That beaming round, diffus'd celeſtial day.
Jove's Cyprian daughter, ſtooping on the land,
Lent to the wounded God her tender hand:
Slowly he riſes, ſcarcely breathes with pain,
And propt on her fair arm, forſakes the plain.
This the bright empreſs of the heav'ns ſurvey'd,
And ſcoffing, thus, to war's victorious Maid.
Lo! what an aid on Mars's ſide is ſeen!
The Smiles and Love's unconquerable queen!
Mark with what inſolence, in open view,
She moves: let Pallas, if ſhe dares, purſue.

Ver. 484.] His author may be given in a ſingle couplet:

The goddeſs ſpake, and turn'd her *radiant* eyes:
Jove's *beauteous* daughter *aids him as he lies.*

Much in the ſame manner his Eloiſa:

Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray.
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.

Ver. 489.] The concluſion of this verſe has nothing correſpondent in the original; but ſo Chapman:

——————but *from the preaſe* of death
Kind Aphrodite was his guide:

and Hobbes:

——————Then to him went
Venus, and led him groaning *from the place*—.

Ver. 492.] This form of the *genitive* in *two* ſyllables Mars's, is bad, I think, even in theſe colloquial and unadorned paſſages.

Minerva ſmiling heard, the pair o'ertook,
And ſlightly on her breaſt the wanton ſtrook:
She, unreſiſting, fell; (her ſpirits fled)
On earth together lay the lovers ſpread.
And like theſe heroes, be the fate of all
(Minerva cries) who guard the Trojan wall!
To Grecian Gods ſuch let the Phrygian be,
So dread, ſo fierce, as Venus is to me;
Then from the loweſt ſtone ſhall Troy be mov'd—
Thus ſhe, and Juno with a ſmile approv'd.
Meantime, to mix in more than mortal fight,
The God of ocean dares the God of light.

Ver. 497.] Rather,

With her rude hand the wanton's *boſom* ſtrook:

as Chapman:

Strooke with her hard hand, her ſoft breaſt.

Ver. 499.] Homer ſays only:

And thus, they both on earth, all-foſtering, lay:

ſo that the ſatirical interpolation was derived from Ogilby:

And thruſting Venus on the boſome, caſts
Down with her *paramour*.

Ver. 500.] I ſhall give a literal verſion of this ſpeech, to aſſiſt the reader in his judgement of our tranſlator:

Juſt ſuch may all, that aid the Trojans, prove,
When pitch'd in battle with the warriour Greeks;
So bold and hardy they, as Venus now,
Whilſt Mars ſhe ſuccours, and oppoſes me.
Sure then our war long ſince had ſeen an end,
And we in ruins well-built Troy had laid.

Ver. 506.] This couplet ſeems to have been conſtructed from Chapman:

What ſloth has ſeiz'd us, when the fields around
Ring with conflicting pow'rs, and heav'n returns
the ſound?

Next, Neptune and Apollo ſtood, upon the point of field;
And thus ſpake Neptune:

for that portion of Homer, which correſponds to this and the following diſtich, runs thus:

Then thus th' earth-ſhaking Power to Phœbus ſpake:
Why ſtand we thus apart? it fits not us,
Whilſt others have begun.

Ver. 507. *The God of ocean dares the God of light.*] The interview between Neptune and Apollo is very judiciouſly in this place enlarged upon by our author. The poem now draws to a concluſion, the Trojans are to be puniſhed for their perjury and violence: Homer accordingly with a poetical juſtice ſums up the evidence againſt them, and repreſents the very founder of Troy as an injurious perſon. There have been ſeveral references to this ſtory ſince the beginning of the poem, but he forebore to give it at large till near the end of it; that it might be freſh upon the memory, and ſhew, the Trojans deſerve the puniſhment they are going to ſuffer.

Euſtathius gives the reaſon why Apollo aſſiſts the Trojans, though he had been equally with Neptune affronted by Laomedon: this proceeded from the honours which Apollo received from the poſterity of Laomedon; Troy paid him no leſs worſhip than Cilla, or Tenedos; and by theſe means won him over to a forgiveneſs: but Neptune ſtill was ſlighted, and conſequently continued an enemy to the whole race.

The ſame author gives us various opinions why Neptune is ſaid to have built the Trojan wall, and to have been defrauded of his wages; ſome ſay that Laomedon ſacrilegiouſly took away the treaſures out of the temples of Apollo and Neptune, to carry on the fortifications; from whence it was fabled that Neptune and Apollo built the walls. Others will have it, that two of the workmen dedicated their wages to Apollo and Neptune; and that Laomedon detained them: ſo that he might in ſome ſenſe be ſaid to defraud the deities themſelves, by with-holding what was dedicated to their temples.

Shall, ignominious, we with ſhame retire,
No deed perform'd, to our Olympian ſire?
Come, prove thy arm! for firſt the war to wage,
Suits not my greatneſs, or ſuperiour age:
Raſh as thou art to prop the Trojan throne,
(Forgetful of my wrongs, and of thy own)
And guard the race of proud Laomedon!
Haſt thou forgot, how at the monarch's pray'r,
We ſhar'd the lengthen'd labours of a year?

The reaſon why Apollo is ſaid to have kept the herds of Laomedon, is not ſo clear. Euſtathius obſerves that all plagues firſt ſeize upon the four-footed creation, and are ſuppoſed to ariſe from this deity: thus Apollo in the firſt book ſends the plague into the Grecian army; the ancients therefore made him to preſide over cattle, that by preſerving them from the plague, mankind might be ſafe from infectious diſeaſes. Others tell us, that this employment is aſcribed to Apollo, becauſe he ſignifies the ſun: now the ſun cloaths the paſtures with graſs and herbs; ſo that Apollo may be ſaid himſelf to feed the cattle, by ſupplying them with food. Upon either of theſe accounts Laomedon may be ſaid to be ungrateful to that deity, for raiſing no temple to his honour.

It is obſervable that Homer, in this ſtory, aſcribes the building of the wall to Neptune only: I ſhould conjecture the reaſon might be, that Troy being a ſea-port town, the chief ſtrength depended upon its ſituation, ſo that the ſea was in a manner a wall to it: upon this account Neptune may not improbably be ſaid to have built the wall. P.

Ver. 512.] Thus Ogilby:

Begin, thou younger art; firſt to engage
Suits not with my experience nor age.

Ver. 518.] An aggravating clauſe of his original is here omitted:

——————— and he, imperious! orders gave.

Troy walls I rais'd (for ſuch were Jove's commands)
And yon' proud bulwarks grew beneath my hands:
Thy taſk it was to feed the bellowing droves
Along fair Ida's vales and pendent groves.
But when the circling ſeaſons in their train
Brought back the grateful day that crown'd our pain;
With menace ſtern the fraudful king defy'd
Our latent godhead, and the prize deny'd:
Mad as he was, he threaten'd ſervile bands,
And doom'd us exiles far in barb'rous lands.
Incens'd, we heav'nward fled with ſwifteſt wing,
And deſtin'd vengeance on the perjur'd king.
Doſt thou, for this, afford proud Ilion grace,
And not like us, infeſt the faithleſs race;
Like us, their preſent, future ſons deſtroy,
And from its deep foundations heave their Troy?

Ver. 527.] The taſte of Ogilby was leſs ſqueamiſh, than that of our author, and has expreſſed all his original:

Vowing that he would bind thy hands and feet,
And ſend to iſles far diſtant in his fleet;
Nay with his pruning knife our ears to crop.

Ver. 533.] His author ſays,

Like us, their *children and their wives* deſtroy.

Ogilby is not much amiſs; and ſeems to have been followed by Pope:

Rather than joyn with us 'gainſt perjur'd *Troy*,
And *root and branch* that curſed race *deſtroy*?

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind
Ill ſuits the wiſdom of celeſtial mind:
For what is man? Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nouriſhment to earth;
Like yearly leaves, that now, with beauty crown'd,
Smile on the ſun; now, wither on the ground.
To their own hands commit the frantick ſcene,
Nor mix immortals in a cauſe ſo mean.
Then turns his face, far-beaming heav'nly fires,
And from the ſenior Pow'r, ſubmiſs retires;

Ver. 535.] More accurately as follows:

Apollo thus: To combat for mankind
Might well impeach the wiſdom of *my* mind.

But the whole ſpeech is executed with incomparable ſkill.

Ver. 537. *For what is man?* &c.] The poet is very happy in interſperſing his poem with moral ſentences; in this place he ſteals away his reader from war and horrour, and gives him a beautiful admonition of his own frailty. "Shall I (ſays Apollo) contend "with thee for the ſake of man? man, who is no more than a leaf "of a tree, now green and flouriſhing, but ſoon withered away and "gone?" The ſon of Sirach has an expreſſion, which very much reſembles this, Ecclus. xiv. 18. *As the green leaves upon a thick tree, ſome fall, and ſome grow, ſo is the generation of fleſh and blood, one cometh to an end, and one is born.* P.

Ver. 544. *And from the ſenior Pow'r, ſubmiſs retires.*] Two things hinder Homer from making Neptune and Apollo fight. Firſt, becauſe having already deſcribed the fight between Vulcan and Xanthus, he has nothing farther to ſay here, for it is the ſame conflict between humidity and dryneſs. Secondly, Apollo being the ſame with Deſtiny, and the ruin of the Trojans being concluded upon and decided, that God can no longer defer it. Dacier. P.

Him, thus retreating, Artemis upbraids,
The quiver'd huntreſs of the Sylvan ſhades.
And is it thus the youthful Phœbus flies,
And yields to Ocean's hoary ſire the prize?
How vain that martial pomp, and dreadful ſhow
Of pointed arrows, and the ſilver bow!
Now boaſt no more in yon' celeſtial bow'r,
Thy force can match the great earth-ſhaking Pow'r.
Silent, he heard the Queen of Woods upbraid:
Not ſo Saturnia bore the vaunting maid;
But furious thus. What inſolence has driv'n
Thy pride to face the Majeſty of Heav'n?
What tho' by Jove the female plague deſign'd,
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind,
The wretched matron feels thy piercing dart;
Thy ſex's tyrant, with a tyger's heart?

Ver. 557. *The female plague* ———
Fierce to the feeble race of woman-kind, &c.]

The words in the original are, *Though Jupiter has made you a lion to women.* The meaning of this is, that Diana was terrible to that ſex, as being the ſame with the moon, and bringing on the pangs of child-birth: or elſe that the ancients attributed all ſudden deaths of women to the darts of Diana, as of men to thoſe of Apollo: which opinion is frequently alluded to in Homer. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 560.] Our tranſlator, I preſume, thought one of the ſcolding *cat-tribe* the moſt ſuitable reſemblance of a *cæleſtial vixen*,

What tho' tremendous in the woodland chaſe,
Thy certain arrows pierce the ſavage race?
How dares thy raſhneſs on the pow'rs divine
Employ thoſe arms, or match thy force with mine?
Learn hence, no more unequal war to wage—
She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts with eager rage;

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againſt the dictates of his author, (as indeed he himſelf informs us) who may be ſufficiently ſeen through the medium of Hobbes:

I know to women you a *lion* are.

Ver. 566. *She ſaid, and ſeiz'd her wriſts*, &c.] I muſt confeſs I am at a loſs how to juſtify Homer in every point of theſe combats with the Gods: when Diana and Juno are to fight, Juno calls her *an impudent bitch*, κυνὸν ἀδδέες: when they fight, ſhe boxes her ſoundly, and ſends her crying and trembling to heaven: as ſoon as ſhe comes thither, Jupiter falls a laughing at her: indeed the reſt of the deities ſeem to be in a merry vein during all the action: Pallas beats Mars, and laughs at him: Jupiter ſees them in the ſame merry mood: Juno, when ſhe had cuffed Diana, is not more ſerious: in ſhort, unleſs there be ſome depths that I am not able to fathom, Homer never better deſerved than in this place the cenſure paſt upon him by the ancients, that as he raiſed the characters of his men up to gods, ſo he ſunk thoſe of gods down to men.

Yet I think it but reaſonable to conclude, from the very abſurdity of all this, (ſuppoſing it had no hidden meaning or allegory) that there muſt therefore certainly be ſome. Nor do I think it any inference to the contrary, that it is too obſcure for us to find out: the remoteneſs of our times muſt neceſſarily darken yet more and more ſuch things as were myſterious at firſt. Not that it is at all impoſſible, notwithſtanding their preſent darkneſs, but they might then have been very obvious; as it is certain, Allegories ought to be diſguiſed, but not obſcured: an allegory ſhould be like a veil over a beautiful face, ſo fine and tranſparent, as to ſhew the very charms it covers. P.

Theſe in her left hand lock'd, her right unty'd
The bow, the quiver, and its plumy pride.
About her temples flies the buſy bow;
Now here, now there, ſhe winds her from the blow;
The ſcattering arrows rattling from the caſe,
Drop round and idly mark the duſty place.
Swift from the field the baffled huntreſs flies,
And ſcarce reſtrains the torrent in her eyes:
So, when the falcon wings her way above,
To the cleft cavern ſpeeds the gentle dove,
(Not fated yet to die) there ſafe retreats,
Yet ſtill her heart againſt the marble beats.

Our tranſlator, I preſume, had his eye on Chapman, who is in ſome reſpects more exact:

——————— Sodainly, with her left hand ſhe catcht
Both Cythia's palmes, *lockt* fingers faſt; and with her right, ſhe ſnatcht
From her faire ſhoulder, her guilt bow; and (laughing) laid it on,
About her eares.

Ver. 571.] This couplet is imagined from *three* words of his author:

——————— and the ſwift ſhafts fell out.

Ver. 573.] Thus, conformably to Homer:

Without her bow the baffled huntreſs flies.

Ver. 578.] This fine effort of poetical enthuſiaſm is entirely the production of our tranſlator.

To her, Latona haſtes with tender care;
Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.
How ſhall I face the dame, who gives delight
To him whoſe thunders blacken heav'n with night?
Go matchleſs Goddeſs! triumph in the ſkies,
And boaſt my conqueſt, while I yield the prize.
He ſpoke; and paſt: Latona, ſtooping low,
Collects the ſcatter'd ſhafts and fallen bow,
That glitt'ring on the duſt, lay here and there;
Diſhonour'd relicks of Diana's war.
Then ſwift purſu'd her to her bleſt abode,
Where, all confus'd, ſhe ſought the ſov'reign God;
Weeping ſhe graſp'd his knees: th' ambroſial veſt
Shook with her ſighs, and panted on her breaſt.
The Sire, ſuperiour ſmil'd; and bade her ſhow
What heav'nly hand had caus'd his daughter's woe?

Ver. 579.] No part of this line alſo is authoriſed by his original.

Ver. 580. *Whom Hermes viewing, thus declines the war.*] It is impoſſible that Mercury ſhould encounter Latona: ſuch a fiction would be unnatural, he being a planet, and ſhe repreſenting the night; for the planets owe all their luſtre to the ſhades of the night, and then only become viſible to the world. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 588.] An interpolated verſe, with a vicious rhyme; as is that alſo of the next couplet.

Ver. 594.] Our tranſlator baniſhes the dialogue-form of his author, and gives full ſcope to his fancy. The tenour of the original may be ſeen from Ogilby's verſion:

Who, deareſt daughter! thus unkindly us'd,
And like a malefactor thee abus'd?

Abaſh'd, ſhe names his own imperial ſpouſe;
And the pale creſcent fades upon her brows.
Thus they above: while ſwiftly gliding down,
Apollo enters Ilion's ſacred town:
The Guardian-God now trembled for her wall,
And fear'd the Greeks, tho' Fate forbade her fall.
Back to Olympus, from the war's alarms,
Return the ſhining bands of Gods in arms;
Some proud in triumph, ſome with rage on fire;
And take their thrones around th' ætherial fire.
Thro' blood, thro' death, Achilles ſtill proceeds,
O'er ſlaughter'd heroes, and o'er rolling ſteeds.
As when avenging flames with fury driv'n
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n;

She ſighing then reply'd; Juno thy wife,
Who ſtill foments contention here and ſtrife.

Whence the reader will diſcover, that moſt elegant poetical fancy in verſe 596 to be the pure device of our poet.

Ver. 597.] Our admirable tranſlator ſeems to have forgot, that the Gods were not on Olympus, but on the *duſty fields* of Troy, as verſe 587 and 601. Homer ſays only:

Thus with each other they converſing ſat:
Meanwhile, Apollo goes to ſacred Troy.

Ver. 607. *As when avenging flames with fury driv'n.*
On guilty towns exert the wrath of heav'n.]

This paſſage may be explained two ways, each very remarkable. Firſt, by taking this fire for a real fire, ſent from heaven to puniſh a criminal city, of which we have example in holy writ. Hence we

The pale inhabitants, ſome fall, ſome fly;
And the red vapours purple all the ſky:
So rag'd Achilles: death and dire diſmay,
And toils, and terrours, fill'd the dreadful day.
High on a turret hoary Priam ſtands,
And marks the waſte of his deſtructive hands;

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find that Homer had a notion of this great truth, that God ſometimes exerts his judgments on whole cities in this ſignal and terrible manner. Or if we take it in the other ſenſe, ſimply as a fire thrown into a town by the enemies who aſſault it, (and only expreſſed thus by the author in the ſame manner as Jeremy makes the city of Jeruſalem ſay, when the Chaldæans burnt the temple, (*The Lord from above hath ſent fire into my bones*, Lament. i. 13.) Yet ſtill thus much will appear underſtood by Homer, that the fire which is caſt into a city comes not, properly ſpeaking, from men, but from God, who delivers it up to their fury. Dacier. P.

Ver. 610.] This beautiful image was probably ſuggeſted by Chapman's verſion; for Homer ſtands literally thus:

As when aſpiring ſmoak high heaven aſcends:

but thus our poet's predeceſſor in tranſlation:

——————— And as a citie fir'd
Caſts up a heate, that *purples* heaven.

Ver. 613. *High on a turret hoary Priam*, &c.] The poet ſtill raiſes the idea of the courage and ſtrength of his hero, by making Priam in a terrour that he ſhould enter the town after the routed troops: for if he had not ſurpaſſed all mortals, what could have been more deſirable for an enemy, than to have let him in, and then deſtroyed him?

Here again there was need of another machine to hinder him from entering the city; for Achilles being vaſtly ſpeedier than thoſe he purſued, he muſt neceſſarily overtake ſome of them, and the narrow gates could not let in a body of troops, without his mingling with the hindmoſt. The ſtory of Agenor is therefore admirably contrived, and Apollo, (who was to take care that the fatal decrees ſhould be punctually executed) interpoſes both to ſave Agenor and

Views, from his arm, the Trojans ſcatter'd flight,
And the near hero riſing on his ſight!
No ſtop, no check, no aid! With feeble pace,
And ſettled ſorrow on his aged face,
Faſt as he could, he ſighing quits the walls;
And thus, deſcending, on the guards he calls.
You to whoſe care our city-gates belong,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng:

Troy; for Achilles might have killed Agenor, and ſtill entered with the troops, if Apollo had not diverted him by the purſuit of that phantom. Agenor oppoſed himſelf to Achilles only becauſe he could not do better; for he ſees himſelf reduced to a dilemma, either ingloriouſly to periſh among the fugitives, or hide himſelf in the foreſt; both which were equally unſafe: therefore he is purpoſely inſpired with a generous reſolution to try to ſave his countrymen, and as the reward of that ſervice, is at laſt ſaved himſelf. P.

Ver. 616.] This verſe, excellent as it is, ſeems capable of improvement. Our tranſlator ſhould have written, not only from fidelity to his author, but with a view to the natural exaggeration of *fear* in theſe circumſtances, in which reſpect the paſſage is truly ſublime; our tranſlator, I ſay, ſhould have written thus:

And the *huge* hero riſing on his ſight.

For a further and circumſtantial elucidation of this beauty, I beg leave to refer the reader to my remarks on the Eumenides of Æſchylus, verſe 44. where he may gratify his taſte by a profuſion of poetical luxuries from ſome fine writers of antiquity.

Ver. 617.] This ſtring of little words certainly enfeebles and degrades the paſſage. I ſhould prefer ſomething of this complexion:

All ſtrength, all courage gone.

Ver. 619.] Thus Ogilby:

Thence ſtraight *deſcending* haſtens to the *walls*,
And thus to th' out-guards and bold warders *calls*.

For lo! he comes, with unreſiſted ſway;
He comes, and Deſolation marks his way!
But when within the walls our troops take breath,
Lock faſt the brazen bars, and ſhut out death.
Thus charg'd the rev'rend monarch: wide were flung
The opening folds; the ſounding hinges rung.
Phœbus ruſh'd forth, the flying bands to meet;
Struck Slaughter back, and cover'd the retreat.

Ver. 624.] Chapman might ſuggeſt this ſublime perſonification: *Deſtruction* comes.

And among the grandeſt and moſt ſucceſsful images of this character may be juſtly numbered, I think, one in a very claſſical alluſion to a cuſtom of the ancient Romans, by Dr. Young in his Conſolation:

Stars ruſh; and final *Ruin* fiercely drives
Her plowſhare o'er creation!

Ver. 626.] The latter clauſe repreſents this verſe of his author:

I fear, this baneful man may leap the wall.

Ver. 627.] The proper *grammatical* forms may eaſily be reſtored in this place: and, however unpleaſant they may appear at firſt, we ſhould inure our ears to the ſound, if we wiſh to recover, and eſtabliſh with additional accuracy, the *analogical* proprieties of our language. At the ſame time, I ſhall propoſe further ſubſtitutions:

Thus charg'd the reverend monarch. Wide *they flang*
Th' *unfolding gates: their maſſive* hinges *rang*.

Ver. 630.] This at leaſt is plainly derived from Chapman:

Had not Apollo ſallied out, and *ſtrooke Deſtruction*
(Brought by Achilles in their neckes) *backe:*

Homer ſays literally:

——————— but forth Apollo ſprang
Againſt him, warding ruin off from Troy.

On heaps the Trojans croud to gain the gate,
And gladſome ſee their laſt eſcape from Fate.
Thither, all parch'd with thirſt, a heartleſs train,
Hoary with duſt, they beat the hollow plain:
And gaſping, panting, fainting, labour on
With heavier ſtrides, that lengthen tow'rd the town.
Enrag'd Achilles follows with his ſpear;
Wild with revenge, inſatiable of war.
Then had the Greeks eternal praiſe acquir'd,
And Troy inglorious to her walls retir'd;
But * he, the God who darts ætherial flame,
Shot down to ſave her, and redeem her fame.
To young Agenor force divine he gave,
(Antenor's offspring, haughty, bold and brave)
In aid of him, beſide the beech he ſat,
And wrapt in clouds, reſtrain'd the hand of fate.
When now the gen'rous youth Achilles ſpies,
Thick beats his heart, the troubled motions riſe,

Ver. 631.] Our tranſlator gives full ſcope through this paſſage to the luxuriance of his fancy. The following attempt exhibits a plain repreſentation of the original to his concluſion of the paragraph:

Straight fled they to the city and high wall,
Parching with thirſt, all-duſty, from the plain;
He with his lance cloſe-following. Fury fell
Seiz'd all his ſoul, and rag'd to reap renown.

Ver. 642.] There ſeems to be, in the former clauſe of this verſe, the ſame impropriety as that mentioned at verſe 597.

* Apollo.

(So e'er a ſtorm, the waters heave and roll)
He ſtops, and queſtions thus his mighty ſoul.
What, ſhall I fly this terrour of the plain?
Like others fly, and be like others ſlain?
Vain hope! to ſhun him by the ſelf-ſame road
Yon' line of ſlaughter'd Trojans lately trod.
No: with the common heap I ſcorn to fall—
What if they paſs'd me to the Trojan wall,
While I decline to yonder path, that leads
To Ida's foreſts and ſurrounding ſhades?

Ver. 649.] Our tranſlator has expanded to a *ſimile* the metaphorical language of his author, which may be thus diſplayed in an Engliſh dreſs:

His heart with gloomy fluctuation wav'd:

but he took Dacier's verſion for his guide on this occaſion: "Agenor, "voyant approcher le furieux Achille, ſent ſon cœur agité "d' autant de divers mouvemens que la mer eſt agitée de vents "contraires pendant la tempête."

Ver. 651. *What, ſhall I fly?* &c.] This is a very beautiful ſoliloquy of Agenor, ſuch a one as would naturally ariſe in the ſoul of a brave man, going upon a deſperate enterpriſe: he weighs every thing in the balance of reaſon; he ſets before himſelf the baſeneſs of flight, and the courage of his enemy, till at laſt the thirſt of glory preponderates all other conſiderations. From the concluſion of this ſpeech it is evident, that the ſtory of Achilles's being invulnerable except in the heel, is an invention of latter ages; for had he been ſo, there had been nothing wonderful in his character. Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 658.] The rhymes are vicious: both they will be improved, and greater attention to the original preſerved, by this alteration:

To Ida's foreſts and *entangled meads*.

So may I reach, conceal'd, the cooling flood,
From my tir'd body waſh the dirt and blood,
As ſoon as night her duſky veil extends,
Return in ſafety to my Trojan friends.
What if?——But wherefore all this vain debate?
Stand I to doubt, within the reach of fate?
Ev'n now perhaps, e'er yet I turn the wall,
The fierce Achilles ſees me, and I fall:
Such is his ſwiftneſs, 'tis in vain to fly,
And ſuch his valour, that who ſtands muſt die.
Howe'er 'tis better, fighting for the ſtate,
Here, and in publick view, to meet my fate.
Yet ſure he too is mortal; he may feel
(Like all the ſons of earth) the force of ſteel;
One only ſoul informs that dreadful frame;
And Jove's ſole favour gives him all his fame.
He ſaid, and ſtood, collected in his might;
And all his beating boſom claim'd the fight.
So from ſome deep-grown wood a panther ſtarts,
Rous'd from his thicket by a ſtorm of darts:

Ver. 659.] Chapman has the ſame rhymes, but deſerves not quotation.

Ver. 674.] More agreeably to the ſpirit and language of his author, thus:

Though Jove's *high* favour give him all *this* fame.

Ver. 675.] Milton, in ſimilar language, Par. Loſt, iv. 985:

——————On t'other ſide Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated ſtood.

Ver. 677.] So Chapman:

——and ſtares forth, *from* out *ſome deepe-growne wood.*

Untaught to fear or fly, he hears the ſounds
Of ſhouting hunters, and of clam'rous hounds;
Tho' ſtruck, tho' wounded, ſcarce perceives the pain;
And the barb'd javelin ſtings his breaſt in vain:
On their whole war, untam'd the ſavage flies;
And tears his hunter, or beneath him dies.
Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant heir
Confronts Achilles, and awaits the war,
Diſdainful of retreat: high-held before,
His ſhield (a broad circumference) he bore;
Then graceful as he ſtood, in act to throw
The lifted javelin, thus beſpoke the foe.
How proud Achilles glories in his fame!
And hopes this day to ſink the Trojan name
Beneath her ruins! Know, that hope is vain;
A thouſand woes, a thouſand toils remain.
Parents and children our juſt arms employ,
And ſtrong, and many, are the ſons of Troy.

Ver. 681.] Again the ſame tranſlator, and very faithfully to his model:

Though ſtrooke, though wounded; though quite through, ſhe feels the mortal ſpeare.

Ver. 685.] The incorrectneſs of the rhyme may be remedied by the following adjuſtment of the paſſage; whence the original alſo is more faithfully expreſſed, and *grammatical* accuracy attained:

Not leſs reſolv'd, Antenor's valiant *ſon*
Confronts Achilles, and *diſdains to run*
From trial of his proweſs: rais'd before—.

Great as thou art, ev'n thou may'ſt ſtain with gore
Theſe Phrygian fields, and preſs a foreign ſhore.
He ſaid: with matchleſs force the javelin flung
Smote on his knee; the hollow cuiſhes rung
Beneath the pointed ſteel; but ſafe from harms
He ſtands impaſſive in th' ætherial arms.
Then fiercely ruſhing on the daring foe,
His lifted arm prepares the fatal blow:
But jealous of his fame Apollo ſhrouds
The god-like Trojan in a veil of clouds.
Safe from purſuit, and ſhut from mortal view,
Diſmiſs'd with fame, the favour'd youth withdrew.
Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape,
Aſſumes Agenor's habit, voice, and ſhape,
Flies from the furious chief in this diſguiſe;
The furious chief ſtill follows where he flies.

Ver. 697.] Homer does not expreſs the *poſſibility* of this *event*, but it's *certainty:* and I would propoſe this correction of the paſſage, as more conformable to the original:

Thee, bold and dreadful as thou art, this day
Shall, on this ſpot, a breathleſs carcaſe lay.

Ver. 709. *Meanwhile the God, to cover their eſcape*, &c.] The poet makes a double uſe of this fiction of Apollo's deceiving Achilles in the ſhape of Agenor; by theſe means he draws him from the purſuit, and gives the Trojans time to enter the city, and at the ſame time brings Agenor handſomely off from the combat. The moral of this fable is, that deſtiny would not yet ſuffer Troy to fall.

Euſtathius fancies that the occaſion of the fiction might be this: Agenor fled from Achilles to the banks of Xanthus, and might there conceal himſelf from the purſuer behind ſome covert

Now o'er the fields they ſtretch with lengthen'd ſtrides,
Now urge the courſe where ſwift Scamander glides:
The God now diſtant ſcarce a ſtride before,
Tempts his purſuit, and wheels about the ſhore;
While all the flying troops their ſpeed employ,
And pour on heaps into the walls of Troy:
No ſtop, no ſtay; no thought to aſk, or tell,
Who 'ſcap'd by flight, or who by battle fell.
'Twas tumult all, and violence of flight;
And ſudden joy confus'd, and mix'd affright:
Pale Troy againſt Achilles ſhuts her gate;
And nations breathe, deliver'd from their fate.

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that grew on the ſhores; this perhaps might be the whole of the ſtory. So plain a narration would have paſſed in the mouth of the hiſtorian, but the poet dreſſes it in fiction, and tells us that Apollo (or Deſtiny) concealed him in a cloud from the ſight of his enemy.

The ſame author farther obſerves, that Achilles by an unſeaſonable piece of vain glory, in purſuing a ſingle enemy, gives time to a whole army to eſcape: he neither kills Agenor, nor overtakes the Trojans. P.

Ver. 719.] This, as indeed the whole concluſion of this book, is finely executed, but not with ſcrupulous attention to his author; who may be accurately repreſented thus:

Nor ventur'd one without the city-walls
To wait his neighbour's coming, and obſerve,
Who 'ſcap'd, and who had died: all gladly pour'd
Tumultuous in, whom ſtrength and ſwiftneſs ſav'd.

END OF VOL. V.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM